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"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

**Neglect, Wrong Care, Ignorance of the Ipana Technique
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"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"

No Wise Woman

Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've noticed that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist at once. For only your dentist can tell you when there's serious trouble ahead. Probably he'll tell you that your gums are simply lazy—that they need more work, more stimulation to help keep them firm and strong.

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* * *

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Shopgirl's Millions . . .

Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls . . . each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!



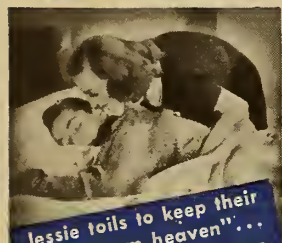
This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others . . . "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.



Fiercely, Jessie grasped at romance—with Eddie, who lives dangerously. Can she win happiness?



The wedding party interrupted by the wealthy Mr. Hennessy. Drama enters her innocent life!



Jessie toils to keep their "three-room heaven" . . . while Eddie gambles—with their love at stake!



"I've only come to you for advice, Mr. Hennessy. Your yacht and pent-house don't interest me!"

JOAN CRAWFORD SPENCER TRACY IN *Mannequin*

WITH
ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz



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Combined With
Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LV, No. 1

FEBRUARY, 1938

Twenty-seventh Year



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The temptations of Hollywood as faced by Clark Gable. Doesn't that excite your interest? When you buy your March copy of MOTION PICTURE you'll want to know what the screen's most popular actor has to say about Hollywood's temptations. You'll also want to know Who's Who in Hollywood, and whether a certain temperamental young actress is warring with the studio town. And Bette Davis reveals a startling new side to domesticity. These are but a handful of exceptional features that make up the March MOTION PICTURE. So get in line. Order your copy now from your favorite newsdealer.

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor

CHARLES RHODES
Staff Photographer

SERVE SAVORY SOUPS

By **CHRISTINE FREDERICK**

SOUPS make the "first impression" of your dinner. If you are anxious to have your dinners "get off on the right foot," as it were, be sure that this customary first course is interesting, and something over which your guests will exclaim. "What a delicious soup. Do tell me how you make it."

Soups fall broadly into three important classes:

1. Thin clear soups which stimulate appetite.
2. Thin cream soups, delicate in flavor, but nourishing.
3. Thick heavy soups, sufficiently hearty to serve as an entire meal.



Velvet-smooth soups or rich-textured cream soups, garnished with toasted bread, are relished by young and old



If the meal is to be elaborate or formal, the soup should be thin and clear, well seasoned and guaranteed to whet, not dull, appetites. Here are included the bouillons, consomes, Julienne, Madrilenne, etc. All may be bought in canned form or prepared at home very inexpensively. Always this type of thin soup should be served in a bouillon cup, never in a large shallow soup plate.

If meat stock is expensive, then the thin soups may be made from bouillon cubes or from a spoon of bottled meat extract sauce. Clear soups made with a combination meat and vegetable base are the easiest of all soups to make. They are liquid food in its simplest form. Combine broths or [Continued on page 74]

Daintiness is IMPORTANT

This Beauty Bath Protects it...

STAR OF THE
20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION
"Second Honeymoon"



THE GIRL WHO
ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T
HOPE TO WIN
ROMANCE—
LUCKILY ANY GIRL
CAN HAVE THIS
CHARM! HERE'S
AN EASY WAY—



USE **LUX TOILET SOAP**
AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS
ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN
SMOOTH, FRESH-FRAGRANT
WITH A DELICATE PERFUME
THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

LORETTA YOUNG



IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, *sure* of being sweet from top to toe—and you *look* it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

SOME PEOPLE THROW *Figs* THE ROMANS THREW *Nuts!*



● The custom of throwing rice originated with the Hindus and Chinese. Some Southern Europeans throw figs—the Romans threw nuts at bridal couples.* One custom, however, that seems universal in America, among women of all ages, is the desire for a soft, smooth skin.

Have you ever tried Italian Balm for skin protection and skin beauty? In a survey, coast to coast, 97.8% of Italian Balm users said—"It over-

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 8]

Lynn Rodney—and NOT her singing stand-in, Irene Crane.

MOTION PICTURE admits its mistake and is glad to make this correction about Miss Crane, a famous operatic singer who has sung all over Europe, and who for two years was soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. You will see and hear her in the role of *Martha* in Grace Moore's new picture, *I'll Take Romance*.

Miss Crane, who is the wife of Dr. Stetson Humphrey, noted Hollywood voice coach (he was brought to the Coast by RKO for voice research) recently visited New York for an audition with radio executives. She was offered a 26 week contract by a broadcasting company for a coast-to-coast program, but turned down the offer because she doesn't want to be away from her husband whose work is in Hollywood.

BABY TALK IN HOLLYWOOD:

Old Doc Stork is busier than a Hollywood casting director these days. Right now he's hovering around waiting to leave a little stooge at the Ted Heals.

From there, it's a toss up whether he goes to Bob Burns' with a new bazooka player or to the Henry Fonda's.

Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby are also expecting another visit from him...ditto Doris Warner and Mervyn LeRoy.

And come spring, Clara Bow and Rex Bell will retire to that Nevada ranch of theirs where the old bird will bring little Tony Bell a brother or sister.

Other crib-buyers include, the Bela Lugosi, the George Barneses (he's Joan Blondell's ex, and father of her boy), Lou Holtz and Phyllis Gilman.



—Wide World

With a figure that would put Venus to shame Diana Lewis, a Warner starlet, poses for a ship's figurehead, which is to be used in a Warner film, *Larger Than Life*

ALLAN JONES and Irene Hervey—who will be mama and papa any minute now—have found a way to end all family arguments concerning the baby's name. In the Jones' house are two small boxes—in one they put all the names they can think of if it's a boy, in the other those for a girl.

And if it is a boy, Allan gets the job of drawing a name out of the box—if a girl Irene does it. And they hope they like the name!

THE Bob Youngs have finally decided on "Barbara Queen" for their few-months-old daughter.

GOOFIEST celebration-of-the-month was held by Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on their second wedding anniversary.

Joan and Franchot were both working hard so they celebrated with lunch in Joan's studio dressing room. Joan wore a gorgeous creation that she models in *Mannequin*, and Franchot the bathing suit that he wears in *Man-Proof*.

MOST surprise engagement of the month was that of Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben, the director.

Virginia and Jack have known each other for nine years, but up to the time he started to direct her in her latest M-G-M picture, they were nothing more than Hollywood friends.—in fact, until that time everyone expected Jack to marry Judith Barrett.

Virginia has kept herself out of emotional entanglements ever since her divorce from the late John Gilbert, and all her friends

[Continued on page 70]



LORETTA YOUNG'S RECIPE FOR BEAUTY IS TO BE CONSISTENTLY FEMININE AND WELL-GROOMED

TWO women can make cakes from identical recipes, yet arrive at very different results. They can also follow the same beauty routines and in one case the finished product will be a triumph, in the other case a flop. When I interviewed Loretta Young, charming 20th Century-Fox star, I discovered that her "recipe" for beauty was as simple and practically the same as that used by hundreds of other girls who somehow don't get the same effect.

It didn't take me long to figure out the missing links—pains-taking care and a subtle accent on femininity. When Loretta brushes her hair, she uses a good brush, never skimps on the number of strokes, and makes each one count. After cleansing her skin, she never yawns and decides to skip the final application of skin tonic. When she touches up her manicure each day, she doesn't fail to massage a bit of cuticle cream around her nails. When she applies mascara, she doesn't leave some of the lashes clinging together. That's why her hair glistens like polished metal, that's why her skin is clear and firm. That's why her finger tips are smooth and soft, her lashes so fetching.

Besides keeping her hair in perfect condition, Loretta uses

common sense in choosing her hairstyle. When many women are following a vogue for high-piled curls and intricate arrangements, Loretta wears her hair in a long, simple bob because (1) her hair is the soft type that stays neater when arranged with a minimum amount of fussiness and (2) soft masses of hair around her long, slim throat soften its slimness and also make her face seem more oval. Loretta has always clung to this basic coiffure, varying it slightly now and then to conform with the current styles. At the moment she is wearing it in the popular page-boy style, with the ends loosely turned under instead of being tightly curled.

This soft naturalness in her hairstyle has another motive. Loretta shies away from any fad in clothes, coiffure or make-up that would detract from the basic idea of natural charm and femininity that she tries always to convey—and succeeds, as everyone knows.

"I think that physical attractiveness means complete femininity in appearance, dress and manner rather than any set perfection of features or figure," Loretta told me. To Loretta's mind, hair that looks soft and touchable, [Continued on page 60]

She Was Ashamed of Her Skinny Body!

But She Added 7 Flattering Pounds With 1st Bottle of Kelpamalt—Now Looks Fine, Feels Great!

Read This Actual Letter From Our Files

"Kelpamalt Company. Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said:

"If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress." Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner.

Three cheers for Kelpamalt. The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me."

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

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PICTURE PARADE

CONQUEST

—AAAA—



Not only in title, but in fact, is *Conquest* a conquest for the producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; the stars, Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer, the director, Clarence Brown; and all who took part in the production of this gorgeous, glamorous historical drama relating the story of Napoleon and his romance with Countess Walewska, a Polish patriot. If you are a stickler for facts you will find criticism with the accuracy of the story, but if you love romance—and who doesn't?—you will commend the authors for taking poetic license. For in the end this is a beautiful, stirring romance of a great hero and a woman who loved, perhaps not wisely, but well. Charles Boyer is supreme as Napoleon and is the strongest character ever to play opposite Garbo. His role is more dramatic than Garbo's but does not overshadow her's, for as *Countess Walewska*, Garbo is beautiful, appealing and emotional. Others in this elegant cast who earn encomiums are Reginald Owen, Marie Ouspenskaya, Henry Stephenson, Dame May Whitty and Alan Marshall.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

TRUE CONFESSION

—AAAA—



We must confess that while *TRUE CONFESSIONS* is very close and dear to us, being one of our very own publications, we are not being partial when we say that the film *True Confession* deserves raves. Raves, RAVES. It is the maddest, screwiest, goofiest comedy of the year and if you don't agree with us, we suggest a visit to your family physician, at once. If you think we are being too intimate, wait until you see Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray as Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett. They are so terribly in l-o-o-v-e and so terribly foolish. Why Helen Bartlett, Carole Lombard, is so much in love with her dear, darling, starving Ken—a lawyer without a practice, but with ethics—that she even confesses guilt to a murder she didn't commit so that Ken can have a case. He wins an acquittal for his nit-wit wife but there is a nigger in the wood-pile—John Barrymore, who almost steals the show with his characterization of Charley, a bar-fly who has illusions of being a great criminologist. Carole Lombard and John Barrymore give stand-out performances.—Paramount.

[Continued on page 14]

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES



By LEE BLACKSTOCK

A SOFT Southern accent, beautiful auburn hair, and a singing voice that leaves her auditors amazed, are the weapons with which pretty Lynne Carver, daughter of a Kentucky mining engineer, crashed the citadel of Hollywood... But here is no Cinderella story... the first time she tried she failed... But now, under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and triumphant in her first important role, Miss Carver need no longer worry about her Hollywood prospects... Her real name is Virginia Reid Sampson, and her first trial at pictures, when she played a role with Myrna Loy in *Penthouse*, was under the name Virginia Reid... her father, Reid J. Sampson, is one of the best known mining experts in this country... Raised in Lexington, Kentucky, where she was born September 13, and Birmingham, Alabama, Lynne; which is the stage name she has chosen for her new career, early showed promise as a singer... Teachers worked with her... The family moved to California... where among the friends she made was Polly Ann Young, sister of Loretta Young... But after *Penthouse* new jobs didn't come... With her savings she went to New York to study voice... on her return in 1936 she was called to the attention of M-G-M executives... Tests and a three months' trial contract followed, during which the name Lynne Carver was chosen for her... Then came her first really big "break," as the sweetheart of Tom Brown in *Maytime*, singing vehicle of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy... It resulted in a contract, and plans for important parts... Oddly enough, though she thought her principal claim to fame was as a singer, she does not sing, but plays an ingenue role in the picture... However, she will sing later. In her contract the studio has provided for vocal and musical training... Lynne is a very positive little person, with very decided views of her own... She is willing to work day and night to attain success... "I've had enough hard knocks to realize there's no royal road to doing your job right," she remarks... "I expect to work, and work very hard... But I think I can make the work count..." Five feet, six inches tall, with graceful, willowy figure, light auburn hair, and gray eyes, Miss Carver has an unusual youthful charm... She lives in Beverly Hills... Her favorite pet is "Sugar Foot," a Spaniel... Among those who have taken a deep interest in the young singer is Irene Dunne. Her most recent appearances were in *The Bride Wore Red*, starring Joan Crawford, with Franchot Tone and Robert Young, and *Madame X*, starring Gladys George.

I'VE GOT A DATE!

SO I'M BATHING
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CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP...IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!

HERE'S HOW
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WORKS...ITS RICH,
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REMOVES EVERY TRACE
OF BODY ODOR. AND
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PERFUME CLINGS
TO YOUR SKIN!

TO BE ALLURING, A
GIRL JUST MUST KEEP
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THAT'S WHY I BATHE
WITH CASHMERE
BOUQUET, THE LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP!

ALL EVENING LONG,
THIS LOVELY PERFUME
LINGERS...MAKES
YOU FEEL SO SURE
OF DAINTINESS!

NOW I SEE WHY
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WAY TO AVOID
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You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP



**You'll have
more fun when
the SKIN is clear
from WITHIN**

NO MAN or woman wants to have a finger poked at them or receive sympathy because of an unhealthy skin appearance.

Some skin troubles are tough to correct, but we do know this—skin tissues like the body itself must be fed from *within*.

To make the food we eat available for strength and energy, there must be an abundance of red-blood-cells.

Worry, overwork, undue strain, unbalanced diet, a cold, perhaps, as well as other causes, "burn-up" your red-blood-cells faster than the body renews.

S.S.S. Tonic builds these precious red cells. It is a simple, internal remedy, tested for generations and also proven by scientific research.

It is worthy of a thorough trial by taking a course of several bottles . . . the first bottle usually demonstrates a marked improvement.

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You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that *natural* health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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PICTURE PARADE

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

—AAA $\frac{1}{2}$ —



A Damsel in Distress derives its title from the predicament of Miss Joan Fontaine, RKO's pretty new starlet who has the romantic role opposite Fred Astaire in his first solo starring picture. The charming personality and terpsichorean qualities of Miss Ginger Rogers are conspicuously absent, although we must admit that Gracie Allen and George Burns go a long way in making us forget. Fred Astaire is a dancing sensation—and we mean sensation—and George Burns his agent. Fred accidentally meets Miss Fontaine, learns of her plight and his gallantry is aroused. The highlight of the film is comedy and it is played to its hilt by the principals, plus Reginald Gardner and Ray Noble. Burns and Allen not only deliver the gags but help out in the dance routines and Gracie proves herself a fine hooper as Astaire's partner. The tunes are lilting and Astaire's dancing par excellence in new and engaging routines. And while Miss Fontaine is at a disadvantage, trying to fill the spot left vacant by the experienced and talented Miss Rogers, she does neatly and we predict a bright future for her.—RKO-Radio.

THE HURRICANE

—AAA $\frac{1}{2}$ —



Here is the picture that is rightly named. It pulls you right off your chair and makes you an actual participant when the hurricane develops and destroys the island, snuffing out lives, toppling over a cement church—the wind whistling and screeching, the swirling water sweeping everything in the mad deluge. And seeing it and thrilling to it, you overlook the errors which make up a good share of its melodramatic thrills. Even though Jon Hall doesn't age after years in prison and remains sartorially perfect; even though the survivors look pretty well groomed after the storm subsides, these faults are insignificant in the eye-compelling and pulse-quickening scenes of this story which might be called a South Sea *Jean Valjean*. Or a Tarzan with waves. The heroics are splendidly achieved by Jon Hall—who also attends to the romance, along with Dorothy Lamour. But Thomas Mitchell has the acting honors. It's magnificently staged and packs the year's greatest wallop. That hurricane is a triumph of technical skill.—Goldwyn-United Artists.

[Continued on page 16]

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES



By HAL WHITEHEAD

ERNEST TRUEX, pint-sized comedian who has starred in scores of New York and London stage productions, during the past 20 years, has quit the theatre... He has signed a long-term contract with Samuel Goldwyn... and brought his wife, known on the stage as Mary Jane Barrett, and their three-year-old son, Barry, to settle permanently in Hollywood... Truex's first assignment under his new Goldwyn commitment is as *Binguccio*, the foot-sore stooge to Gary Cooper in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*... This isn't Mr. Truex's first screen role—not by some twenty-four years... in July 1913, Truex, then 22 years old, played the leading role opposite Mary Pickford in *The Good Little Devil*... This was Miss Pickford's first feature film, and it also was historic in another respect... it was the first feature production of the Famous Players Company, now known as Paramount... Truex and Miss Pickford had acted in *The Good Little Devil* on the New York stage for David Belasco... Immediately after completing this first film, Truex and Miss Pickford did another picture *Caprice* together... A few years later Truex acted in Vitagraph pictures with Shirley Mason, Louise Huff, Dorothy Kelly and other silent picture stars who were favorite of the generation now grayning about the temple... Born in Kansas City, Missouri, forty-six years ago, Truex got off to an amazing start as a thespian... Every actor's secret ambition is to play *Hamlet*... Truex played *Hamlet* when he was five... In fact, between the ages of five and nine, Truex toured the Middle West billed as "The Boy Tragedian"... He played *Hamlet*, *Richard the III*, *Othello* and other dramatic Shakespearean roles... While Truex is forsaking the stage, his two sons are carrying on the family tradition. James is acting in *Tovarich* while Phillip is appearing in *Richard III*... Several years ago, when Truex headed the *Whistling In the Dark* troupe on a tour to the Pacific Coast, talking pictures got him for the first time... He acted in the film, *Whistling In the Dark*, and later appeared with Elissa Landi in *The Warrior's Husband*... He was not happy with the experience... "I was unknown to movie audiences, yet I was handed to them in starring roles," he said... "I should have been passed out to them gradually, appearing in featured roles for a time until they became used to me"... So Truex went back to the stage, to remain until the Goldwyn offer came along... Truex is the film's tiniest adult featured player. He's 5 feet 3 inches tall.



But were they?...It's a girl's own fault when she offends with underarm odor...

Poor Marion—to have overheard such talk! Ann had said: "Heaven knows why Marion *thinks* she doesn't perspire. Wearing a woolen dress should put *anybody* wise!" And Jane added, "Mr. Wilson's bound to notice, and he won't stand for underarm odor in *any* of us girls!"

Poor Marion? *Lucky* Marion, really. Otherwise she might have gone on for years thinking that a bath alone could keep her safe from odor.

It's no reflection on your bath that underarms need special care. Even when

you don't *visibly* perspire, odor quickly comes. But not if you use Mum. Mum prevents odor *before it starts*, makes it impossible to offend this way.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Winter's hot rooms and warm clothes hold no worries if you always use Mum. A dab in the morning, and you're still fresh at night.

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin. Mum does *not* stop healthful perspiration.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute to use. Mum will not harm fabrics—apply it even *after* you're dressed. With Mum, you'll never risk your job...never risk offending those you want for friends.

SMART GIRLS NEVER TRUST A BATH TOO LONG

MY BATH CAN'T PROTECT ME THRU A HARD OFFICE DAY - SO I ALWAYS USE MUM!

TO HERSELF:
IT'S MUM FOR THE OFFICE, MUM WHEN I'M OUT DANCING, TOO. THEN I KNOW I'M SWEET!

MUM

Avoid embarrassment—Thousands of girls use Mum for **SANITARY NAPKINS** because they know it's **SAFE, SURE.**

Mum
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

HALT THAT COLD!

Give It No Chance to Develop!

A cold is nothing to toy with. It may quickly develop into something else, more serious.

Treat a cold promptly. Treat it seriously. Treat it for what it is—an *internal infection!*

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine (LBQ tablets) are what you want to take!

First of all, they are a real cold medicine, made expressly for colds and nothing else.

Secondly, they are internal medication.

Fourfold Effect!

Working internally, Bromo Quinine tablets do four important things to "knock" a cold.

1. They open the bowels.
2. They check the infection in the system.
3. They relieve the headache and fever.
4. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

Act Wisely!

Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. They are sold by all drug stores, a few cents a box.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, do the wise thing. Go right to your drug store for a package of Bromo Quinine tablets. Start taking the tablets at once and you'll usually stop the cold in a day.

Ask for—and insist upon—Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets.

A Cold is an Internal Infection and Requires Internal Treatment



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Gen. Hugh S. Johnson on Radio!

NBC Blue Network, Mon. & Thurs. 8-8:15 p.m. EST; Tues. & Wed. 10-10:15 p.m. EST.

PICTURE PARADE

THE LAST GANGSTER

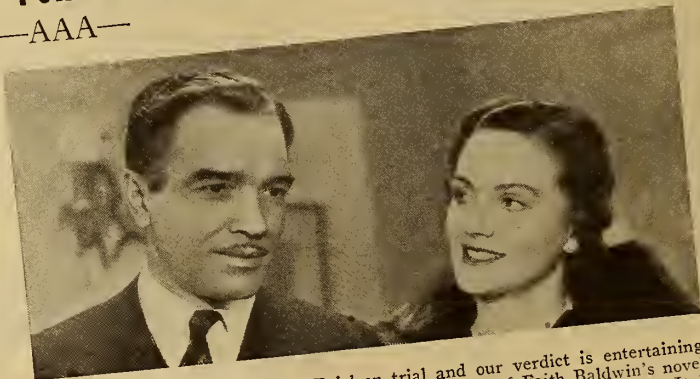
—AAA—



Another title for *The Last Gangster* is *Crime Doesn't Pay*. But while it deglamorizes underworld characters and will do nothing to help build gangsters this will not be the last gangster picture. It is too powerful and dramatic and will probably only excite a fresh flow of underworld thrillers from the picture producers. Edward G. Robinson who gave us *Little Caesar*, the first gangster picture, also stars in this and his characterization of Public Enemy No. 1 is as stirring and brutal a role as you've ever witnessed on the screen. It packs a powerful punch. Opposite Mr. Robinson is Rose Stradner, one of Europe's greatest dramatic stars. She makes her American debut here as Robinson's disillusioned wife. You will see more of Rose Stradner for her first picture predicts a great future for her. The entire cast is of high calibre and includes James Stewart, Lionel Stander, John Carradine, Grant Mitchell, Sidney Blackmer and Alan Baxter. And young Douglas Scott rates applause for his portrayal of the son born to Robinson and Stradner. If you like your drama strong don't fail to see this.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

PORTIA ON TRIAL

—AAA—



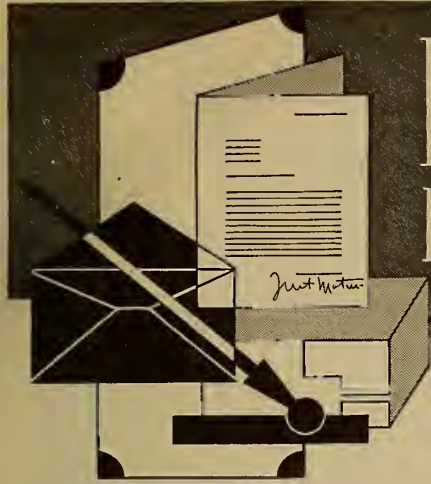
We have just put *Portia on Trial* on trial and our verdict is entertaining. This is a warm, human-interest drama from the pages of Faith Baldwin's novel, but it is so real it might come from the pages of your daily newspaper. It is a story about a woman, a strong woman, who fights alone for the love of her son who was taken from her in infancy by his grandfather, a wealthy but poor-in-heart publisher. *Portia*, Frieda Inescort, a prominent attorney, defends her son's father's mistress on a murder charge, at the risk of losing her career. It is a moving drama of motherhood and Miss Inescort is powerful as the lady attorney. Also in the feminine contingent are Ruth Donnelly and Barbara Pepper who handsomely take care of the laughs. And you will like Walter Abel as the sympathetic district attorney, Neil Hamilton as the boy's father, Heather Angel, his mistress, Clarence Kolb as the domineering grandfather and Anthony Marsh as the boy. It's a tense, moving drama that warms the cockles of the heart. Don't miss it.—*Republic*.

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION FEBRUARY MOTION PICTURE

PRIZE LETTERS

HOW READERS RATE THEM!



THAT THING'S HERE AGAIN

\$15 Prize Letter

ART can have no nationality—it is too vast to be restrained. That is my answer to the shouting against foreign stars. It is all very well to try to keep our routine jobs for Americans, but that should not apply to the field of art in general nor the field of drama in particular. If we want the American screen to remain at the top in cinematic accomplishment, we must admit the greatest talent, regardless of nationality. English actors have improved American diction. Voices like those of Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and Basil Rathbone have won our envy and spurred us on to improving our own speech. Then there is the deep emotional quality of such foreigners as Garbo, Rainer, Muni, Bergner and others. The high standards set by artists who have come to our country to act, sing, direct, photograph, etc., should not arouse anger. They should command our respect and gratitude. *Margaret A. Connell, 811 Hickman Road, Des Moines, Iowa.*

NO ROMANCE FOR EDGAR

\$10 Prize Letter

I WAS dismayed when I saw this statement about Edgar Bergen in a recent issue of MOTION PICTURE: "It has been proven that Bergen's trained voice is able to express all the human emotions, so why shouldn't Edgar John who is entirely personable with well-cut features and dimples become a romantic actor?" Admittedly, Edgar Bergen is a very handsome, talented young man with a remarkable well trained voice but, please, Mr.



Edgar Bergen

Producer, don't make him a romantic actor. For romance there are so many handsome, talented young Taylors and Gables; but, for humor, there is only one Bergen. He is unique. With Charlie McCarthy he has achieved a phenomenal success and has made himself and Charlie loved by everyone. Leave him in the field of entertainment in which he has proven himself supreme and leave the romancing to others.—*Mary L. Smith, Box 848, Plainview, Texas.*

A HAPPY UNION

\$5 Prize Letter

AT LAST we've something to shout about! Movies and Radio have merged lock, stock and barrel and what a happy union it is! For years we've watched and listened while Hollywood turned up its collective nose at Radio and Radio did 'er darndest to get the edge on Hollywood. The result was unsatisfactory to both sides and annoying to the public in general. Of course, there was no real cause for jealousy between them, for you can't take a movie home with you and certainly you can't satisfy that yen to "see and be seen" lounging by the parlor radio. So while the grounds for battle were conspicuous by their absence, we all profit by this troth between the combatants. The new Maxwell House program is fascinating and it's a joy to see our favorite radio stars on the screen. Orchids to the biggies who made celluloid and ether mix!—*Mildred Mecker, 816 E. 20th St., Anderson, Indiana.*

YOU CAN HAVE EVERYTHING

\$1 Prize Letter

I RECEIVED a thrill when I saw *100 Men and a Girl* because it was one of the best musical pictures I have ever witnessed.



Deanna Durbin

It has plot; it has suspense; it has music by Leopold Stokowski's orchestra; it has splendid singing by Deanna Durbin and it has excellent acting by Adolphe Menjou, Eugene Pallette, Mischa Auer and Alice Brady. The music of the picture is exquisite and the actors gave everything within their power to their parts. It is a musical that is not a mere clothes-horse upon which songs are hung like so many articles of wearing apparel, but a genuine piece of thrilling acting that stands out in my memory like a living, breathing thing that has all the pain, sorrow and joy of life packed within its confines. Indeed, it's a masterpiece. May there be many more like it in years to come!—*Warren E. Crane, 1611 First Ave. North, Seattle, Wash.*

TALL, DARK AN' HANDSOME

\$1 Prize Letter

THERE is a talented young actor in Hollywood who for a long time got only mediocre parts. Yet he never failed to turn in a swell performance.



Cary Grant

He played newspapermen, aviators, itinerant artists and playboys—with a natural ability and a fine sense of comedy when the occasion demanded. Tall and dark, he has a sort of lopsided smile that appeals to women. Yet, he is a man's man, virile and natural, with a touch of the old Nick in him that men like. Recently, some smart casting director woke up to his possibilities—resulting in a grand part as the irresponsible playboy ghost who haunted poor old *Topper*. And now he follows that up with the juiciest role of his career—that of the male lead in the maddest comedy that ever came out of Hollywood—*The Awful Truth*. Good luck to a grand guy—Cary Grant.—*R. Rivers, 2778 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx, N. Y.*

MOVIES, NO PLACE FOR POLITICS

\$1 Prize Letter

WE GO to the theatre to be entertained and not reminded of the state our country is in. I think it is a big mistake to put politics in the movies,



Eddie Cantor

especially with a "big-name" star such as Eddie Cantor. He has lost many friends, including me, because of his work in the new picture, *Ali Baba Goes to Town*, which is a poor satire on the President and his governmental ideas. I think the joke, in the end, will be on the producers. Perhaps Maine and Vermont will like the picture! Eddie, let politics alone and be our jolly but righteous comic again. Don't let them count you out.—*Harold M. Wright, 116 Vine St., Connersville, Ind.*

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—\$15, \$10 and \$5—with \$1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



THE NEW-IDEA
MUSICAL FROM
HIT-MAKING 20th
CENTURY-FOX
...and it's got that
New Year ummph!



Ben
WINCHELL • BERNIE
SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!

LOVE AND HISSES

and LAUGHS AND KISSES!
and MUSIC AND MISSES!

BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
DICK BALDWIN

RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A
Million", "Thin Ice", "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven
hot-and-hissing
songs including
GORDON & REVEL'S
LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone
Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In
Winchell's Column"

Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the
maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you
THE GREATEST 20th CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!





In *Tovarich*, which as a play scored a big hit in Europe and America, Claudette has one of the best roles of her career. She portrays a Grand Duchess who, when Russian royalty is given the air by the Bolsheviks, becomes a Paris domestic. From wearing furs to furbishing pots and pans is a hurdle easy of accomplishment to La Colbert

IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS,
IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

WARNER BROS.

line up the headliners
of screen, air and stage
to give you your great-
est revel in romance,
beauty and song! The
grandest party of the
year, in the gayest spot
on earth!

HEAR

'Can't Teach My Old
Heart New Tricks'
'Let That Be A Lesson
To You'
'I've Hitched My Wagon
To A Star'
'I'm Like A Fish Out
Of Water'
'Silhouetted In The
Moonlight'

Directed by
BUSBY BERKELEY

Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice
Leo and Richard Macaulay - Original
Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and
Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture

HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL • ROSEMARY LANE • LOLA LANE
HUGH HERBERT • TED HEALY

GLENDIA FARRELL • JOHNNIE DAVIS
ALAN MOWBRAY

MABEL TODD • ALLYN JOSLYN
EDGAR KENNEDY
AND

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air
THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

LOUELLA PARSONS

with FRANCES LANGFORD • JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON • RAYMOND
PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
BENNY GOODMAN
& HIS ORCHESTRA

The magic of the microphone becomes the miracle of the movies!



IT'S

"WILL I LAST?"

ASKS TYRONE POWER

WILL I last?—This must be the burning question young stars ask themselves when, having made swift, sensational ascents to the Milky Way of Moviedom, they look down from that astonishing Alp and survey the distance they have covered.

Will I last?—this must be the question asked by such young headline heroes as Tyrone Power, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Taylor, Wayne Morris, Jon Hall, others (we are dealing, here, with heroes only—heroines are, for once, eliminated).

They must feel more than a little dizzy standing there on the heights remembering those who have taken sickening nose-dives into oblivion and obscurity through defects of character, circumstances they could not control and temptations they could not conquer. They must feel curious thinking of those who have survived the ordeals of fame and notoriety and too-much-money-too-fast, Clark Gable being the most notable of these survivors. They must, or they should, study the patterns of Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, men who have remained solid substance though compounded of stardust and crowned with success.

It is all a matter, or so Tyrone Power feels, of the calibre of the man. It is the stuff of which the man is made which answers this question as, actually, it answers all other questions. The metal of the man determines whether he will be catapulted into the limbo of forgotten stars or whether he will remain securely anchored to his peak of eminence.

Perhaps no other male star, with the exceptions of Gable and Taylor has ever scaled the Hollywood heights with so few steps as those taken by Tyrone, age twenty-three. He is much too handsome, one would certainly suppose, for his own good or for his own modesty. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has a dark crown of hair, dark brown eyes—with depths in them. He has such romantic appeal as all maidens' dreams are made of. I dare to prophesy that he will not be caught in the quicksands of flat-tery, passionate pursuit, inflation of ego, because he is fortified with a keen and salty mind, a sense of humor, a perspective, a stable background, a warm and eager heart.

He does study the patterns of Muni and Spencer Tracy. Though when I asked him if he would like, in time, to become "another Muni" he gulped and seemed unable to swallow an idea too big, too flattering for him to acknowledge. He laughed, then, and said: "I want to play in biographical pictures (he may, I hear, do the *Life of Alexander Bell*). The only time I get bored with myself is when I have to play myself." He does NOT want to capitalize on his youth, or that common commodity known as "sex appeal."

He has been active in pictures for only a year and a half. In that brief span of time he has played in *Girls Dormitory*, *Ladies in Love* (where he first met Janet Gaynor), *Love is* [Continued on page 86]

BY JEAN BENEDICT

IN WORKING HARD—WITH BELIEF IN HIS BOSS—AND REMEMBERING HE'S ONE OF MANY TYRONE TRUSTS HE'LL LAST



"I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN" VIRGINIA BRUCE

By GLADYS HALL

VIRGINIA THOUGHT SHE COULD NEVER FALL
IN LOVE AGAIN. BUT ALONG CAME J. WALTER
RUBEN WHO WILL LEAD HER TO THE ALTAR

VIRGINIA said: "I didn't think that this could ever happen to me again . . ." I didn't think it could happen to Virginia again, either, to tell the truth. I was a little afraid for her. I don't think that Hollywood believed it would happen to her again. And I am so glad for Virginia. And Hollywood is so glad for her, with the exceptions (how many!) of those youths who will be left dancing with tears in their eyes, now that Virginia's dance dates are over.

And all of her friends are glad for her, Dolores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, Sandra and Gary Cooper, offering her their houses for her wedding; her warm friends who have watched her through these past years, respecting her for the way she moved with baffled eyes but a quiet heart, with desperation but always with dignity, through the storms and stresses, the great Unquiet of her love for John Gilbert, their marriage, their separation, his death.

No, I didn't [Continued on page 76]





Combining West Point with the mythical kingdom of *Romanza* indicates plenty of romance, adventure and all the other ingredients that go to make up the extravaganza *Rosalie*—which introduces the Hungarian Rhapsody, Ilona Massey (above), surrounded by the ensemble in one of Cole (You're the Tops) Porter's song numbers, *Spring Love Is in the Air*. At the left are ingenue, Virginia Grey, and Ray Bolger as a dancing kay-det, while (lower left) you see Eleanor Powell and La Massey again. Across the page is Nelson Eddy in the dress uniform of a West Pointer—and telling admirer Eleanor Powell how he will score touchdowns as well as song hits in M-G-M's most lavish musical. In the circle is Eleanor Powell who executes the most novel dances of her career. *Rosalie* looks like entertainment plus—with the voices of Massey and Eddy, the dancing of Powell and Bolger pointing the way—to say nothing of the words and music—and girls

ROSALIE



"DON'T LET HOLLYWOOD CHANGE YOU!"



DEAR Danielle:
After talking with you the other day, after seeing you in your French films, *Abus de Confiance* and *Mayerling*, I feel like writing you a letter which, actually, I could sum up in six words—Don't Let Hollywood Change You! But of course I won't confine myself to six words. What woman ever does?

But I will make the point I want to make first, instead of putting it in a post-script, another common feminine whimsy. And this main point is: Don't let Hollywood change your mobility of expression and emotion, your self-confidence, your belief that new worlds are manufactured for the express purpose of being conquered.

You have the most mobile, the most changeable face I have ever seen. You have the most varied emotions of any actress I've ever seen with the possible exception of Bette Davis. I've only met you the one time, Danielle, but that one time was long enough to make me feel that I'd met half-a-dozen different girls in one. You are a child as well as a sophisticated woman of the world, you are the little country girl who grew up in the Bordeaux country with the simple-hearted peasants. You are the screen star of France, of Berlin, of Bulgaria, of Czecho-Slovakia where you have made pictures; you are gay, you are emotional, you are dignified, you are mocking. And the transitions [Continued on page 62]

Danielle Darrieux debuts here in *The Rage of Paris*. Top, with Charles Boyer in a European sensation, *Mayerling*

THIS MEANS YOU, DANIELLE—

AFTER EUROPEAN TRIUMPHS, THE FRENCH STARS, DANIELLE DARRIEUX AND ANNABELLA, HAVE COME OVER TO STAR IN AMERICAN FILMS. MOTION PICTURE TELLS THEM HOW TO TAKE HOLLYWOOD

OPEN LETTERS FROM FAITH SERVICE

DEAR Annabella:
I feel a perfect fool writing this letter. For if ever words of well-meant advice were totally unnecessary these will be the words. You don't need advice, Annabella. You know what to do, how to do it and when. You are as self-reliant, as independent as the date of your birth—July 14th, Bastille Day in your own Paris—a

day corresponding in historical significance to our own Independence Day, July 4th. Not for nothing were you born on an Independence Day, my dear Madame Murat! (I didn't know that you were married, Annabella, until you told me the other day—married two years—your husband "an actor in the cinema" and soon to join you over here in Hollywood). [Continued on page 83]



Annabella made French versions for 20th-Fox. She is back to star in *Jean*. Top, with Leslie Banks in *Wings of the Morning*

—AND YOU TOO, ANNABELLA

They may not be buddies to each other, but they are buddies to you. The FANettes of America have placed Charles, John and Randy on a pedestal 'cause they command not only "wim an' wigor" but also the art of making grand love to fair ladies. Charles is now wooing Claudette Colbert in *Tovarich*, John is saying sweet nothings to Lily Pons in *Hitting a New High* — and Randy is Shirley Temple's Big Moment in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. We defy you to name three worthies more deserving of your laurels, or your fan mail, or your photo album, or, being mentioned in your sleep



CHARLES BOYER



RANDOLPH SCOTT



JOHN HOWARD

SOTHERN EXPOSURE

IN EXPOSING ANN SOTHERN TO THE PRINTED PAGE YOU FIND HER FRANK ABOUT PAYING DEBTS OF GRATITUDE. SHE GIVES A LARGE CHUNK OF CANDOR

By ROGER CARROLL

YOU are sitting in the living room of the furnished English house in which Ann Sothern lives alone, except for servants, and doesn't like it.

It is a medium-sized room, attractive but—rather dark. A fireplace, two doorways, two small windows, a small bay window and a stairway leading to a banistered mezzanine attend to that. And the small windows let in precious little sunlight. On either side of the fireplace, facing each other, are two divans, which fill the center of the room. They are light. The rest of the furniture is dark.

You wonder (to yourself) if this room is one reason why Ann is always working, always at the studio, whenever she is in Hollywood—one reason why she escapes as soon as she finishes a picture. (The main reason, of course, being Roger Pryor, her traveling orchestra-leader husband.) She finished *She's Got Everything* the other day, so she could join Roger in Dallas.

This dark room doesn't fit a girl with shining blond hair, lively blue eyes, an airy sense of humor and young ideas. Particularly a girl in a white slack suit. You tell her so.

Sitting opposite you on the other divan, Ann grimaces. "I'm developing a mania about having a house," she says. "I'm cutting out clippings about houses, by the carload. I'm buying linens and things. I've been looking frantically for months for a place I could call mine. I haven't found one. Not one that wouldn't cost a fortune.

So I'm going to build."

She doesn't know yet exactly what she wants. (The trip to Dallas may help her decide.) Something white, inside and out.

Something Early American, probably—with not too many rooms, but every room large and airy. Not a show-place. A home.

"But what," you
[Continued on
page 65]

The large portrait shows Ann as she is today, and (left) as she appeared when on the stage—and likewise making her first movie





IN A LITTLE sheltered cove up at Lake Arrowhead, Director Wesley Ruggles had instructed his crew to set up for action. Just beyond the little cove and sheltering the cottage that was perched on the shore from strong winds, a small point jutted out into the lake.

It was around this point that we saw the famous John Barrymore row in a small boat. When John reached the "hearing range" of the "mike" he suddenly stood up in the boat, said a few words and toppled overboard into the lake. Such antics were indeed puzzling, but upon questioning, we found that this was all part of the script and that John was merely doing his bit to make one of the screwiest comedies that ever hit the screen that much more comical.



TRUE CONFESSIONS FROM

To put three such people as Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and John Barrymore in a picture and not expect a smash hit out of the resulting efforts of such a clever trio would be sheer insanity and the worst sort of pessimism.

Comical as it seemed at the moment, John's falling into the water that day would not have been possible had it not been that Carole proved once and for all that a Lombard never forgets. There was a strong drama enacted behind the scenes when Barrymore was given a part in that picture along with Lombard and MacMurray!

Three years ago when Carole was just another leading lady struggling to achieve fame and real distinction, she was cast in a picture called *Twentieth Century*, in which John Barrymore was the star. The great Barrymore with his years of acting experience took an interest in the young actress and went out of his way to coach her in the tricks of the trade.

Carole said then, as she has many times since, that she learned more in that six weeks about acting than she had in the previous six years.

Since that time, three years ago, Lombard has skyrocketed to a place among the first five feminine actresses in Hollywood. But the breaks haven't been so good for John—the man who once put the American stage on its ear, and who has starred in the best class "A" pictures, lately has been

[Continued on page 57]

At left are husband Fred MacMurray and wife Carole Lombard, who are at odds with each other. Above, John Barrymore and Una Merkel who add their two cents worth to the fun. Also Carole and Edgar Kennedy add their bit

A ROLICKING COMEDY IS COMING YOUR WAY—WITH
A CAST THAT KNOWS ITS HUMOR. WHY NOT, WHEN
HEADED BY LOMBARD, MacMURRAY AND BARRYMORE?

Below, Carole and Eleanor Fisher,
TRUE CONFESSIONS Magazine
Contest Winner—also Toby
Wing and Porter Hall. Right,
Fred chokes the truth out of
Carole, and lower right, Director
Wesley Ruggles in a rehearsal



By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF



"TRUE CONFESSION"



AND A LITTLE CHILD STILL LEADS THEM

A PLACE among the ten best box-office draws of Hollywood is to the movie world what the accolade used to be to the world of chivalry. To be one of the ten is more than most hope for. To be first of the ten is a goal few dare even vision. Until last year no one had reached it twice.

At six-and-a-half, a child moved in at the head of that glittering galaxy. At seven-and-a-half she not only held her throne, but had widened the distance between herself and her nearest competitor. At eight-and-a-half—well, as this goes to press, the scores have not been made public. But the little birds who tell, and the little whispers that travel the grapevine route all twitter the same story—that for the third time in a row Shirley will be crowned queen.

Any way you look at it, it's an amazing achievement. Shirley's not the first child who has captured the world's imagination. Jackie Coogan did it in *The Kid*. But appearing as he did in a Chaplin picture, Jackie was guaranteed his audience. Shirley's first picture was

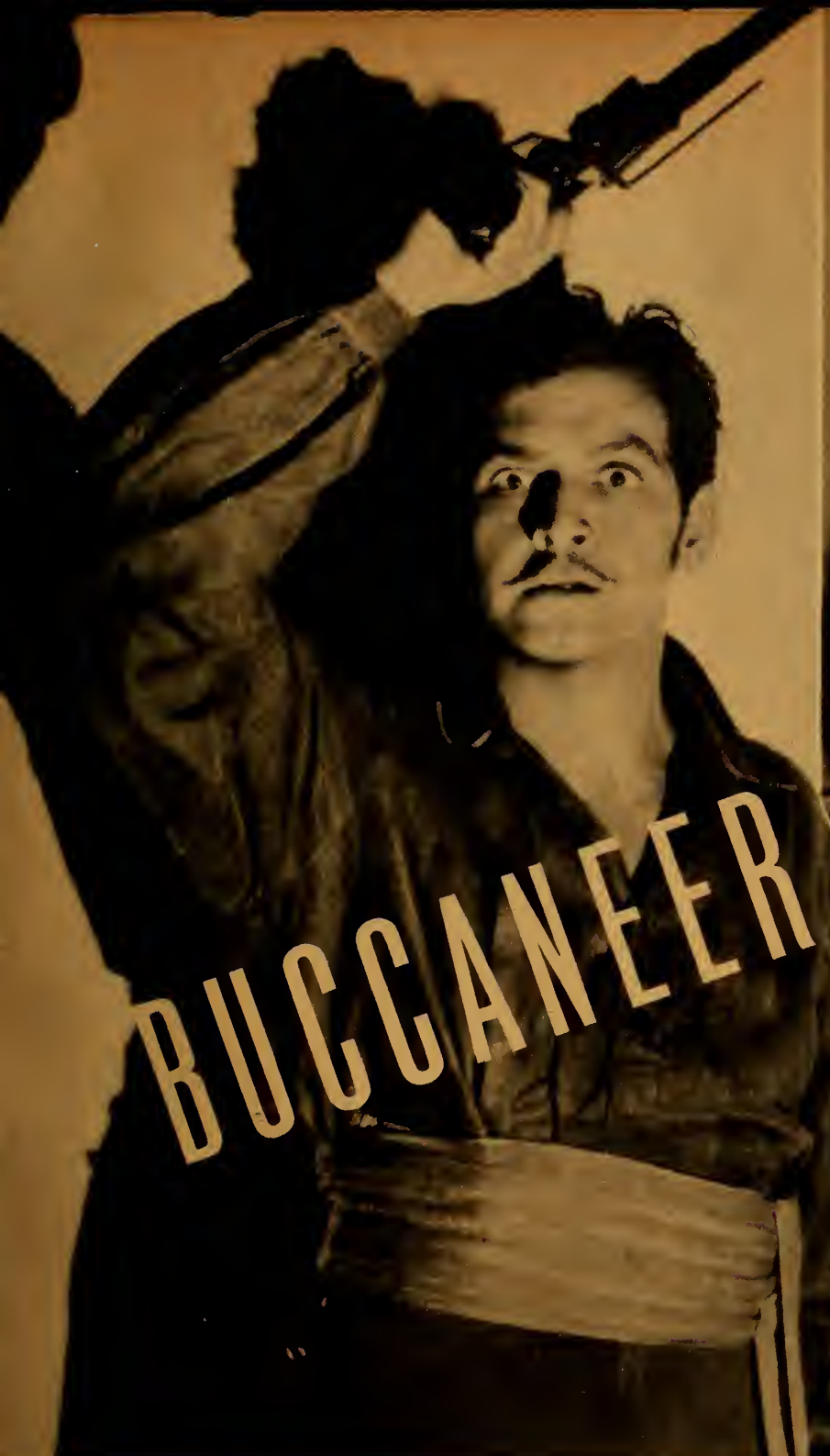
a little number that gained its only importance through the fact that she was in it. Jackie Cooper did it in *Skippy*. But when you say Jackie Cooper, you think of *Skippy*. When you say Jackie Coogan, you think of *The Kid*. Each of them is inseparably identified with one great picture. When you say Shirley Temple, you think of Shirley Temple, as you saw her grow from four to eight in a succession of pictures, not even the poorest of which could dim by the lightest shadow the love you bear her.

Other children have found a place in your hearts—Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers, Deanna Durbin. But about the quality of your affection for Shirley, there is something special. It's almost as if she were one of your own, stirring that intimate tenderness and warmth generally reserved for the child who is near and dear to you.

What is there about her that sets her apart? She's a pretty child, but there have been prettier. She's an intelligent child, but so are most movie children. It's true that [Continued on page 73]

By IDA ZEITLIN

**FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN A ROW
PUBLIC FAVORITE SHIRLEY TEMPLE
LEADS AT THE BOX-OFFICE**



BUCCANEER



C. B. DeMille has an enviable record as a producer-director of great pictures. All signs point to his new opus, *The Buccaneer*, as the triumph of his career. With Fred March as *Jean Lafitte*, the swashbuckling pirate who helped Andrew Jackson stand off the British in the war of 1812—and Franciska Gaal as his light o' love, you have stars who fit right into the scheme of things—a scheme calling for colorful action and adventure





CHARLIE MCCARTHY'S

Charlie has a crush on Andrea Leeds, above, and on Vera Zorina, below. If you ask why women fuss over him he'll answer: "TECHNIQUE"



CHARLIE MCCARTHY, THE GREAT LOVER OF HOLLYWOOD, DODGES WOODPECKERS TO GIVE YOU THE LOWDOWN ON LOVE. MY, MY, IT'S ALL IN THE APPROACH

HE IS the Great Lover of Hollywood. Women fight over him, fuss and fume. When they kiss Charlie they touch wood. He's their Lucky Boy, their riveted Romeo. Even Shirley Temple cries for him. And the secret of this strange McCarthy charm?

"Technique, my dear, technique," said Charlie firmly. "I have studied the matter thoroughly—



By
JERRY
LANE

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN



According to Edgar Bergen, Charlie was never sex-conscious till he came to Hollywood. But Charlie wooden agree to that



In composite photo, above, Charlie shows how he makes Gable jealous when wooing Carole Lombard. Below, he gets prettied up for ladies



and I must say Hollywood offers a remarkable field for research."

"The fact is," interposed Edgar Bergen, his half-silent partner so to speak, "Charlie was never sex-conscious until he came here."

"Oh, I *wooden* say that. I had my romantic moments, you know, when I was nothing but a young sprout really. A mere sap-ling." The little fellow adjusted his monocle and eyed me gravely. I began to wish I'd worn my new hat.

"Have a lemonade, Miss Lane?" Now I *knew* I should have worn it!

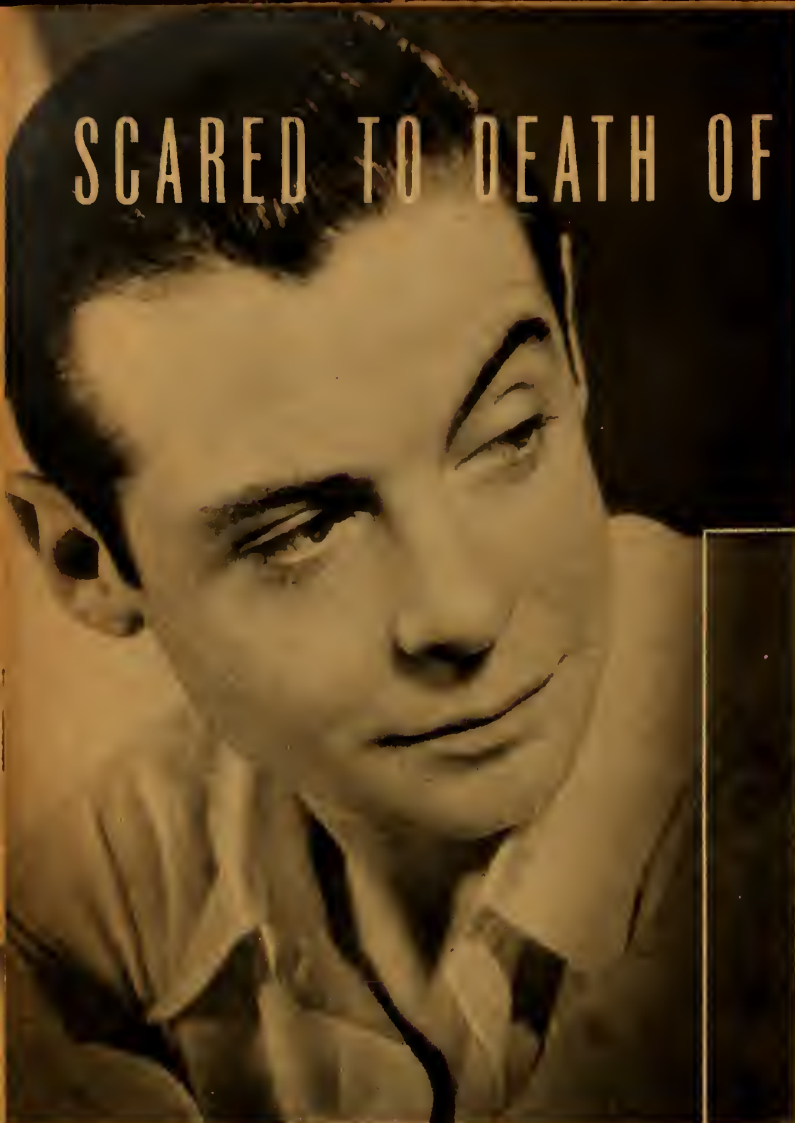
It was warm in the garden where we were sitting. The blue-tiled swimming pool glistened in the sun. (Young Mr. McCarthy does very well by himself and Mr. Bergen; it's a mansion they have now with butler and all.) A woodpecker looked at Charlie. [Continued on page 52]

SCARED TO DEATH OF

FILM SUCCESS WAS LIKE A PRIZE-FIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP TO FERNAND GRAVET. BUT THERE'S NOTHING "OO-LA-LA" ABOUT HIM

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

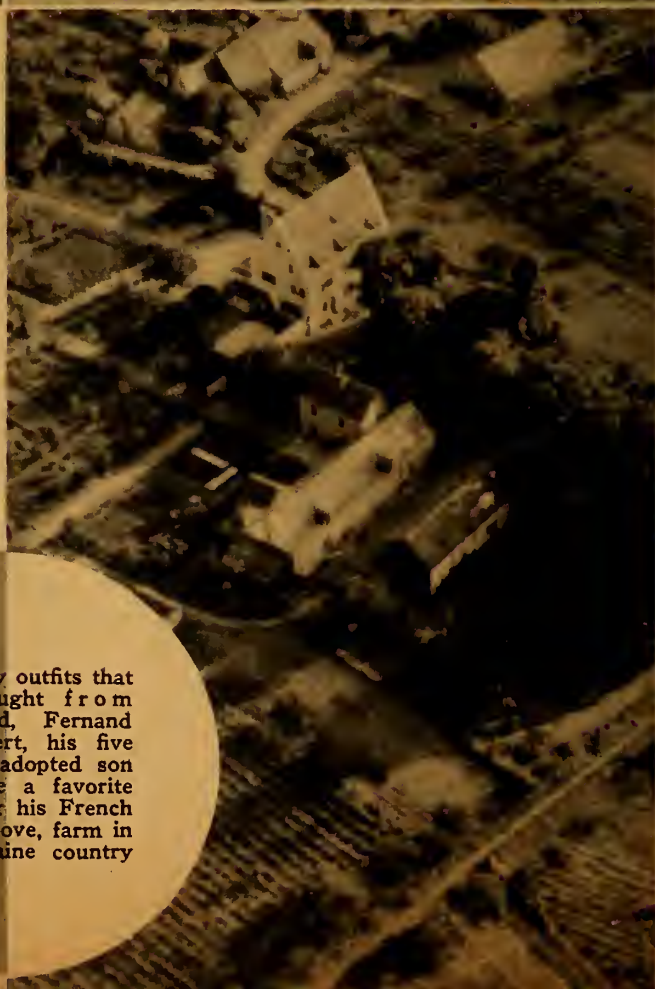
'OLLYWOOD



THE reasons why France's No. One Glamor Actor, Fernand Gravet, tarried so long on Gallic shores before embarking for America and 'Ollollywood are two. Totalled, they equal fright. He says, minus all the eyebrow elevating of his first and successful American film, *The King and the Chorus Girl*: "I was scared to death. 'Ollollywood success is like a prize-fight championship. If you lose in 'Ollollywood, you lose everywhere else in the world. You have no prestige. 'Ollollywood has found you a failure. No one else will gamble on you."

Gravet says this earnestly, for earnestness is the greatest part of this import's charm. He has the mannered gravity of Charles Boyer. He lacks the off-stage glumness that distinguished Maurice Chevalier. You feel, nevertheless, that in principle Gravet concurs with yesteryear's French importation, the laughing-lipped Maurice. A photographer once asked Chevalier to give his famous smile as he entered a theatre foyer. "The smile," answered Chevalier, grimly, "will be ready when you need it." With Gravet, the twinkle will be ready when the cameras need it.

The other reason why this thirty-ish gentleman, late of France's shores, was in no hurry to rush to 'Ollollywood was that no actual commitment had been given him. He turned down at least ten contracts proffered by film producers anxious to have his name on their players' lists. Managerial shrewdness (he makes his own contracts in Europe; in America is under personal contract to Mervyn LeRoy Productions) recalled to him *Confrere Boyer's* 'Ollollywood predicament. Monsieur B., was shunted from small part to small part [Continued on page 84]



In cowboy outfits that were brought from Hollywood, Fernand and Robert, his five year old adopted son (top) ride a favorite horse over his French farm. Above, farm in the Touraine country

WHY MEN LIKE MYRNA LOY

THERE ARE PLENTY OF REASONS WHY MEN FALL FOR MYRNA. SPENCER TRACY SUMS IT BEST BY SAYING—"JUST LOOK AT HER!"

DEEP down in every man's heart is enshrined the idealized image of woman, as wife, sweetheart, and mother of his children. If I were a painter and tried to give expression to this cherished image of the elemental woman on canvas, I'm sure I'd make it look very much like Myrna Loy.

For this exotic beauty from the hinterlands of Montana personifies the supreme feminine art of being a lovely lady—a rare accomplishment in these days. No other cinemactress gets more letters of admiration from men, and among her fervid fans there are not only schoolboys from the four corners of the earth pouring out their souls to her, but doctors, lawyers and intellectually mature men in all walks of life.

Undoubtedly, she is the secret passion of all the discontented and disillusioned husbands in the Republic. Men are crazy about her because by some strange alchemy she embodies in her all the physical and spiritual qualities of the tender sex which they seek with all the force of their deep-seated instincts and cravings. She represents the composite picture of all the beautiful and lost mothers and wives and sweethearts in the world.

When I first met her I was prepared to be disillusioned. I thought the Myrna Loy of the screen was simply too incredibly good to exist in real life, [Continued on page 78]

by CYRIL VANDOUR

In every man's heart Myrna is wife, sweetheart and mother of his kids. That's how she clicks with men. (Right) Myrna with husband Arthur Hobbes and man of her heart



THIS



DRAMATIC WORLD

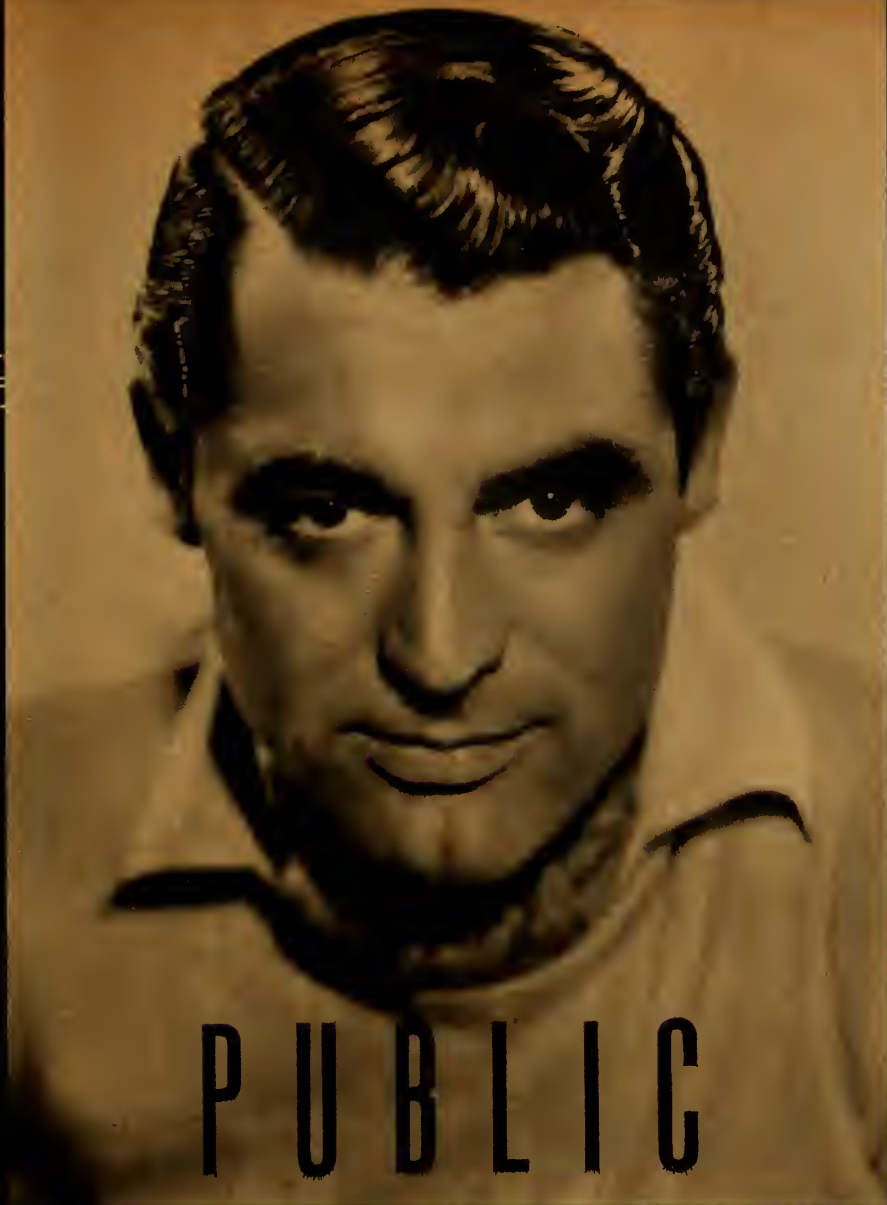


FOLLOW HOLLYWOOD'S TREND AND SELECT YOUR CLOTHES FOR DRAMATIC VALUE

A classic column and artful draping lend dramatic value to Loretta Young's Imperial blue crepe roma dinner dress, left. Sapphire and diamond bracelets adorn her wrists. If Degas were alive he'd probably want to paint Loretta, poised on her toes, far left, in her ballet inspired evening frock. It's of triple net in pink, blue and black. In the circlet, Loretta's fragile beauty is emphasized by a diaphanous white tulle and silver sequin gown which she will wear in *Second Honeymoon*, her latest picture. Black and white velvet, moulded to the figure, lends dramatic importance to Gloria Stuart, above. A velvet shoulder cape, bordered in white fox completes the ensemble. Claire Trevor, above and right, wears this black net corded in silk braid in *Second Honeymoon*. An off-shoulder bodice, held by halter straps, adds the dramatic touch



Above, Lynne Carver makes a dramatic entrance in her red fox cape and shaded chiffon dinner gown with fullness in the front. For cocktails, dining out, or the theatre, wear a black suede suit like Lynne Carver's, above and left. A slit at one side of the skirt strikes a dramatic note. Tuck in a white ascot. A dramatic climax is Lynne Carver's black velvet dinner dress, left. Rows of taffeta under the full skirt make it stand out.



Cary Grant used to be that way about Mary Brian. But now he is attentive to Phyllis Brooks—who in turn likes Cary

While Cary has played the field there were times when he favored Betty Furness. He likes girls who lay off baby talk

PUBLIC

BACHELOR NO. 1 CARY GRANT



IN LONG, swinging steps Cary came bouncing into his dressing-room on the jungle set of *Bringing Up Baby*, at RKO. "Sorry, I couldn't see you before," he said in that deep, resonant voice of his. He still speaks with a trace of English accent. "There's a leopard in this picture, and they have closed the set to everybody. The whole picture is based on Miss Hepburn's attempts to hide the leopard. I'm playing a professor of zoology."

He pulled off his coat and tie, unbuttoned the collar of his shirt, and, seized a towel from a rack, wiped the beads of perspiration off his face. "It's

terribly hot in the lights," he explained. From the catwalks batteries of incandescent lamps poured their hard light on this man-made forest. There he was, the long-legged, arms-flying Cary Grant in the flesh, his thick mop of hair just as black and well-combed and wavy as you have seen it on the screen. His teeth are perfect and very white in the dark background of his tanned face. He is just as good-looking off the screen.

Cary Grant is an extremely popular star today, and producers are dickering and yammering for his services. But there [Continued on page 80]

By **LEON SURMELIAN**

W
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Wendy Barrie is one of the last words in appealing femininity. She has that electric, indefinable Something which is invariably labeled Personality. The English actress has two pictures coming up which will establish her appeal in your mind. One is *Prescription for Romance*, the other—*A Girl With Ideas*

NEW "IT" GIRL

By JAMES REID

Lana's appeal was irresistible in *They Won't Forget*, Great Garrick. Now look for her in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*

LISTEN!! LANA TURNER IS ANOTHER CLARA BOW. SHE IS MISS SEX APPEAL OF 1938!!

LANA TURNER walked across the screen, wearing a schoolgirl's skirt and sweater, and Hollywood rubbed its eyes and looked again. The girl was a sensation. No one had seen her before. No one saw more than a few brief flashes of her now—as the business-school student whose murder in the opening sequence of *They Won't Forget*, precipitated the whole bitter tragedy of that powerful document against prejudice. No one had time to decide whether or not she could act. But that question was unimportant. The important thing was that she had that certain something that only one girl in every movie generation seems to have. That electric, youthful, inescapable, indefinable something.

And, oddly enough, that one girl always seems to be a schoolgirl.

Clara Bow, for example. Clara had it. Had it in such lavish measure that she was called "The IT Girl."

Then, there was Jean Harlow—tragic, unforgettable Jean. She had it to such a superlative degree that no one compared with her. Many tried. But to the end, she was THE Platinum Blonde.

Clara was a schoolgirl in Brooklyn, New York, when she won the beauty contest that catapulted her onto the screen. Jean was a Kansas City school-girl-bride of 16, honeymooning in Beverly Hills, [Continued on page 68]



MISS SEX APPEAL OF 1938

Height	5 ft. 4 in.
Weight	109 lbs.
Bust	34 inches
Waist	22½ inches
Hips	35 inches
Hat	22½ size
Dress	14 size
Hose	9 size
Shoes	6A size
Gloves	6¼ size

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

■ If you've been wondering why you don't hear much about Neil Hamilton's off screen doings—here's the answer. For the past five years, between eight in the evening and ten o'clock "lights out" Neil has been spending his time reading to the men at the Veterans' Hospital at Sawtelle. Right now, he's somewhere toward the middle of *Gone With The Wind*—figures another three months and he'll be able to start a new book.



The comedy of the Goldwyn *Follies* is furnished by Bobby Clark and Ella Logan

Hailing Daddy's Shadow

■ It's all right for Don Ameche and his wife to go to Palm Springs for a short vacation—but young 4-year-old Don, Junior, isn't so hot about the idea. While his folks were away, Donnie's nurse took him to his first movie—one in which his Dad appeared. And when the little fellow recognized his Dad and heard him talk, he expressed himself on this vacation business by demanding at the top of his voice: "Hey, Daddy, when are you coming home?"

Came Pay Day

■ When Ethel Merman was a star in George White's *Scandals*, one of the gals in the first row of the chorus borrowed ten dollars from her "till pay day."

The other day out on the 20th-Fox lot, where Ethel is now appearing in *Sally, Irene and Mary*, Ethel received a note from Alice Faye. It was a note of thanks and a ten dollar bill—Alice was the borrowing chorine.

Premiere danseuse of ballets is Vivien Fay, signed by M-G-M after debut in *Day At the Races*



THE TALK OF

Standing In For Stand-In

■ There's really a lot of these good deeds going on in Hollywood, if you look for them. Take Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. Just the other day, her stand-in, Holly Barnes, was rushed to the hospital for an appendectomy—but refused to enter the operating room unless Barbara was with her. So Barbara got all tied up in a nurse's sterilized outfit and held Holly's hand throughout the operation. And if you think that's easy—just take a whiff of anesthetic sometime when you don't have to!

Mons. Gablerelli

■ Don't look now—but that's Clark Gable designing clothes for Alice Marble, Carole Lombard's tennis-playing gal friend.



It's fair swimming-pool weather for Basil Rathbone and his pet spaniel

Say It Aint So, Ginger

■ In spite of all evidence to the contrary, Ginger Rogers doesn't think her legs are good looking—and, because of that, kills about fifty percent of her still photographs. And her excuse always is that her legs look too skinny.

Hill-Billy

■ Once every three months, Charlie Chaplin pulls himself together and goes to the barber. He hates to have anyone fuss with his hair and in between visits, works out with a hand mirror and clippers.

Strong

■ Gary Cooper doesn't use a dressing-room very much on the set these days. His own is being remodeled, so the studio loaned him Ida Lupino's to use in the meantime. And if you could see Gary in the midst of fluffy pink cushions, lace ruffles and crystal perfume bottles—you'd know why he prefers to stand around on the set between shots.



HOLLYWOOD

Answer "Yes or No"

■ I don't know what's the matter with Freddie Bartholomew. The kid has been in more law suits and court appearances in the last two years than anyone in Hollywood. ('And that's a record'!) And you would think he had seen enough of the inside of courts.

But now Freddie comes forth with the announcement that when all this acting business is over with, he is going to study to be a *lawyer*! Maybe it's just that he wants to ask the questions for a change.

Backward Oh Backward

■ Sixty-one year old Bill Robinson has sent a challenge to Irving Jaffee, ice-skating speed champion. Bill is ready to wager from one thousand dollars *up*, that he can run backwards faster than Jaffee can skate backwards. The distance to be 75 yards. Bill holds the running-backward record for this distance—eight and one-fifth seconds. And remember, Bill, no Shag, Suzy Q or Big Apple allowed.

Why She's Eggsquisite

■ Every day, every week, all year long, its two *raw* eggs in beef broth for Sonja Henie's lunch.

This Is So Sudden

■ Declarations of affection and proposals of marriage aren't uncommon things for stars to find in their fan mail. But Mary Boland thinks she has the prize. A long letter from a would-be husband ended with this happy thought: "Even if your apparent feeble-mindedness is a permanent state, I don't mind. I'll marry you anyway."

Flocks Of Maguires

■ Little Mary Maguire, the Australian actress who has made a name for herself at Warner Brothers, has brought her four sisters to Hollywood. They are all trying for movie careers—two of them working in the Deanna Durbin picture, one of them is making a test at M-G-M, and the oldest, Patricia who is twenty-one, is exercising to get rid of extra pounds before she crashes the field.

If they all click, it will be the biggest bunch of sisters that has made good in Hollywood.

The American Ballet's Heidi Vosseler, in Goldwyn *Follies*, has the best figure of all ballet dancers

Mutual Admiration Society

■ The two newest members of Hollywood's Mutual-A-Admiration-Society are Greta Garbo and Deanna Durbin.

Garbo was so impressed with Deanna's singing when she saw *100 Men and a Girl* that she wrote a note to the little actress inviting her to a studio showing of *Conquest*.

But don't get excited—Garbo hasn't gone social. Deanna attended the preview, but Garbo wasn't there. And the child wonder is wondering if Garbo isn't a myth after all—Greta being as elusive as a rope-climbing Hindu who disappears into thin air.



New *Tarzan* is Olympic champ, Glenn Morris. Mate, ex-swimmer, Eleanor Holm



If these lion cubs were full-grown they would take Joan Woodbury in *their* arms

Correction

■ MOTION PICTURE regrets the publication of the item about Betty Blythe that appeared in The Talk of Hollywood department of the October 1937 issue as follows: "Working on a movie set recently was Betty Blythe, once a multi-thousand dollar a week star, now working as a \$7.50 a day extra."

This item is not factual and MOTION PICTURE is glad to retract it. In reality Betty Blythe does not work as an extra and has not worked as an extra—and currently is appearing throughout the United States as a supporting player and member of the cast in the M-G-M picture, *Conquest*, starring Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer, portraying the role of *Princess Mirka*. Miss Blythe also enacted a leading feminine role in *Rainbow on the River*, featuring Bobby Breen.



When not shooting pictures, Katharine Hepburn shoots a good game of golf. Here's a shot to the green



Leatrice Joy Gilbert, daughter of late John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy, studies screen test with the aid of her mother



Sculptor Roger Noble Burnham finishes his plaque of Betty Grable who, as model, depicts *Spirit of Hollywood*
— *Wide World*



THE TALK OF

Sneezes From Snooty

■ If you don't have a prize-winning dog or a blue ribbon horse—you just aren't up on the current Hollywood trend. And right now it's dogs.

Jeanette MacDonald has a kennel of prize winners, so in a gesture of appreciation for some lovely costumes designed for her—she presented Adrian with one of her most valuable Bedlington terriers. Adrian entered right into the spirit of the thing and named it "Snooty." Then he began to sneeze—Adrian, not the dog. He kept it up so long that he had to give up his kennel foundation and return Snooty to Jeanette. Seems anything with fur on it gives Adrian hay fever!

Still Dog At Heart

■ George Brent is another prize-winning owner—he has one of those huge, soulful-eyed, Doberman Pinschers. So George, in order to give his dog the manners befitting his position, sent him to one of those dog-training schools. For a month. And when that month was up, the hound was so glad to be home, he immediately tore up a pair of George's shoes.

Doris Weston, voluptuous newcomer of Warner's, has a table for one to watch golfers at the Lakeside Club

Preparedness

■ George Raft has no illusions about the screen life of an actor. He knows that some day his pictures just aren't going to click, and against that day, George is preparing himself. He spends all his spare time at the studio studying to be a director. Right now he is studying in the art department and from there will find out what really goes on in the cutting-room.

Hobnobbing With The Queen

■ There's a mother in Hollywood who admits it is very nice that her small daughter had a chance to visit Shirley Temple—but wishes she hadn't been so enthusiastic about it.

This little girl, with two others, was standing outside the Temple gate, hoping for a glimpse of Shirley. Shirley saw them—and always anxious for some one to play with—invited them to come in.

The afternoon was spent in Shirley's playhouse at the edge of the swimming-pool, looking at her dolls and playing house.

Just as they started to leave, the idea of playing with Shirley got the best of one little girl, and she jumped into the swimming-pool—clothes and all. She came up, looked around, and shouted to her playmates: "Come on in kids—you'll never get this chance again!"



HOLLYWOOD

In *A Damsel in Distress*, Fred Astaire, George Burns, Gracie Allen have fun in a revolving barrel. *Shades of Coney Island*



Lily Pons, as a vision in white, takes to the platform to hit high C in her new film musical, *Hitting a New High*



Without benefit of smock, but with playsuit and bare legs, Ginger Rogers pursues her hobby as an artist



Loud Pedal Now

■ There's another happy kid in Hollywood. He's Ronald Sinclair; the child actor. Ronnie has lived in apartments all his life, and has always had to be careful not to make too much noise. The other day, he moved into his first house—and spent the entire morning running from room to room shouting at the top of his voice.

An About Face

■ Dick Powell hasn't got over it yet. It happened in Chicago. You remember last time Dick went there on personal appearances—he was fairly mobbed for autographs. And so it was with a little fear that last week, when he and Joan Blondell arrived there for another appearance, he saw about 500 fans waiting for him at the station. But what he is trying to puzzle out is this—instead of asking him and Joan for their autographs—the president of his fan club presented him with a book containing the pictures and *autographs* of the members of the club!

Soda-Jerker

■ Every afternoon Allan Jones treats his fellow workers to malted milks which he makes at the soda-fountain he rigged up in his trailer-dressing room.

For A Pal

■ Proving again what a swell gal she is, Joan Crawford broke her rule of not working after six o'clock. Joan learned one afternoon that the next day was an important anniversary in the Spencer Tracy household. So that Spence might have the day off, Joan worked until eleven o'clock that evening.

'is 'ome in 'ollywood

■ Bob Taylor is in England—6,000 miles away from the ranch where his new house is being built. So three times a week, Ed Marin, Bob's director friend at M-G-M, sends a photographer out to the house to take pictures of the construction—then sends the pictures on to Bob so he'll know where he is going to live when he comes home.

Tact

■ Many a Hollywood party has been spoiled when two of the "best-dressed gals" appeared wearing the same model. And it was nothing but Norma Shearer's tact and friendliness that saved an embar- [Continued on page 89]

Farm papers please copy. Down thar in lower acre Farmer Lombard milks a cow. Isn't she on the wrong side?



L U L I D E S T E

The foreign invasion of Hollywood goes on apace. Here are two newcomers, Luli Deste (left) of Vienna—now working in her first American opus, *I Married an Artist*; Dolly Haas (below) of Vienna and Berlin—who will pick a good plum from the Columbia lot, and Heather Angel (lower left) of England who has been over here for several seasons—and who has endeared herself to American fans. She is seen as a girl charged with murder in Republic's *Portia on Trial*. All three have charm and chic, plus beauty, brains, personality an' that standby—S. A. Could you ask for anything more?



H E A T H E R A N G E L



This New Cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

Brings more direct aid to Skin Beauty

*"Smooths lines out
marvelously — makes
texture seem finer,"*

Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.



Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!

Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it is making texture seem finer; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth! . . . And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health

Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream



Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt, Jr.

famous for her beauty here and abroad. "Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream is a great advance—a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

(Right) On her way to an embassy dinner in Washington.



with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

**SEND FOR THE
NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 6-CO, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

ALICE



FAYE

The blue-eyed and fair-haired Alice, who recently married the boy friend, Tony Martin, steps back to the days when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp *In Old Chicago* and set the town on fire. The coiffure worn by Alice in old Chicago days is more or less in favor today. Let the fire rage, it's nothing but smouldering embers compared to the love torch carried by Alice and Tyrone Power here

Hollywood's Trick Parties

MOST-Original-Party of the month was the "Moving Out" party given by Ernest and Mary Jane Truex. . . . The Truexes have just completed a brand new home in Hollywood; they want to celebrate, but didn't want to ruin the newness of their home with a house-warming. So the night before they moved, they had a moving out party at the old house. . . . The game of the evening was an old-fashioned spelling bee, and the word that stumped the Hollywood guests was none other than "innocence"! . . . Those who were spelled down included Grace Bradley and Bill Boyd, Marian Marsh and Al Scott, the Walter Pidgeons, Claire Trevor and Wilmer Hines.

FRANK McHUGH came forth with the party-for-the-goofiest-reason. Frank has just added a sound-proof music room to the North Hollywood home. And to prove whether or not the room really was sound-proof, Frank invited fifty of his men friends to a stag party. . . . The contractor should be given a prize for that room because from the outside you couldn't hear a peep of the reveling of such funsters as Ted Healy, Hugh Herbert, Ralph Morgan, Jimmy Gleason, Bert Wheeler, Andy Devine and all the other comedians in Hollywood.

WHEN a fellow only gets a dollar a week spending money it takes a long time to save enough to give a party. But this didn't stump Freddie Bartholomew when he wanted to entertain for his Aunt Cissie on her birthday. . . . With exactly three dollars and fifty cents cash, Freddie took his aunt out for the evening. After dinner which they ate in their car at one of those outdoor drive-in eateries, they finished the evening with a trip to the neighborhood movie house.

THE piece-de-resistance at the most recent informal dinner party at the Franchot Tone's was a chafing dish of kidney beans, green peppers and cheese which Joan created from an old recipe handed down from Franchot's grandmother. . . . The evening was spent with the usual movies in the Little Theatre. Those who ate Joan's cooking and viewed two *Charlie Chan* movies and a *Mickey Mouse* included Barbara Stanwyck, Cesar Romero, Helen Craig, John Beal and Jerry Asher.

THE completion of a picture is always an incentive for the star to give a party for cast and crew. . . . Glenda Farrell's "lay-off" party celebrated her latest Warner picture. The members of the cast all gathered 'round at Glenda's home in their old clothes and spent the evening playing "smack the cracker." If you've got a strong head—here's how it's done: . . . Two players are blindfolded, and you manage to make a cracker stick in the handage at right angles to their foreheads. The players stretch out on the floor, full length on their stomachs, each with a rolled-up newspaper in his hand. Then they go to it and smack—the fellow who breaks the other players' cracker first is the winner. . . . Gordon Oliver was champion smacker at Glenda's party while Joan Blondell, Lerh Ray and Jerry Wald were among those who got smacked.

LIFE of the Bill and Mary Gargan party at Palm Springs was Frank Morgan. . . . The party—in celebration of Mary's birthday—finally drifted into one of those throat-lumping, old-time song fests, with Frank Morgan surprising everyone with his rendition of 1890 ballads.

TO CELEBRATE the first anniversary of her break into pictures, Lana Turner entertained with dinner and dancing at the Trocadero—but not before she had taken all her guests to a small cafe-soda-fountain called the "Tops" and treated them to ice-cream sodas! . . . Sounds crazy doesn't it?—but you see, it was while Lana was drinking a soda in that same cafe, right across from Hollywood High, that Billy Wilkerson, Hollywood publisher and owner of the Trocadero, asked her if she had ever thought of a screen career. And from that conversation with Billy came Lana's contract with Mervyn LeRoy. . . . Among the soda-drinkers were Anne Shirley and husband, John Payne, Carole Stone, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable, Tom and Natalie Brown, Dixie Dunbar—and a dozen or so more of the younger Hollywood set.

MOST-TALKED-OF party decoration of the month was the centerpiece at Dorothy Peterson's informal dinner. . . . In a nest of purple grapes rested three brightly polished egg plants! The color scheme was further carried out in the hyacinth-blue papers and glass ware.

Dear Mother, The honeymoon is over!



We've had the nastiest row. I'll never, never forgive him for saying his mother used to get his shirts whiter than I do.

Jane

Dear Jane,
Ted's a nitwit and so are you!
His mother's washes had the meanest case of tattle-tale gray till I told her what ailed them! Her soap was so lazy it left dirt behind. Change to Fels-Naptha like she did—and go on with your honeymoon!
Mother

Dear Mother,

That little guy, Cupid, has nothing on you! I tried your Fels-Naptha and I'll say those marvelous suds of richer golden soap and lots of naptha take out all the dirt. Ted's simply tickled about his shirts. And glory, but it's swell to have him tossing bouquets at me again!

Jane

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

{ P.S. You'll like the
new Fels-Naptha
Soap Chips, too! }

NEWS FLASH!

Men Look First at a Woman's Eyes; Women Notice Masculine Nose

NEW YORK, N.Y.—(U.P.)—When a man looks into a woman's face the first thing he notices are her eyes.

When a woman scans a man's face she pays most attention to his nose. These conclusions were drawn by the beauticians of America after a three-month survey in which 25,000 men and women were asked to explain what interested them most in the facial features of the opposite sex.

Forty-three per cent of the women said they looked first at a man's nose, 19 per cent at the mouth, and the remainder scattered votes for the eyes, hair, ears and appearance of the skin.

Approximately 51 per cent of the men said they looked first at a woman's eyes.

Courtesy: United Press and Milwaukee Journal

**NOW...
who *Dares*
be without
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids**



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara, in gold metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. 75c. Refills 35c.



Maybelline harmonizing Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline harmonizing Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



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Charlie McCarthy's Advice to the Lovelorn

[Continued from page 35]

"The first step," he was saying, "is knowing how to tell the Real Thing. There's a vast difference between flutters and flame."

"Flutters and flame, Charlie?" said Bergen.

"Certainly," said McCarthy. "That girl who serves soup over at the studio—she gives me flutters. But Dorothy Lamour—ah, that's flame!"

"Sometimes, though, it isn't so easy to tell. So I've worked out a test. It's a good one if I do say so. And it works in all climates. Here it is:

"If you feel poetry coming on every time you see her—

"If things go black when you think of her in another man's arms—

"If you can get a glow at 9 A. M. when she hasn't her eyelashes on yet—*THAT'S LOVE!*

"But if you can laugh at the thought of her darning your socks—that's infatuation. Skip it."

THE test for the ladies is based on the same premise, Charlie explained. Do you want to darn his socks? Etc. Etc. Etc.

"As I said to Nelson Eddy (he's using my system, you know), I said 'Nelson, my boy, it's all in the Approach. Making every girl feel important, that she is the Only One in your life.' And he said, 'I think you've got something there, Charlie.' I know darn well I have. Carole Lombard and Dorothy Lamour, for instance.

"You've got to challenge a woman's interest. Be subtle. Offer to treat her occasionally. . . . By the way, Jerry, how about having a lemonade?"

I was beginning to understand many things; what the lovely Lamour had meant, for example, when she was in the midst of that clinch scene with Jon Hall in *The Hurricane*. She looked right up at the six-foot Adonis from Tahiti, one of the screen's newer heart-throbs, and told him: "I can play this scene well if I close my eyes and imagine you're Charlie McCarthy!"

That's what comes of having a technique like the little maestro's!

"Oh, these cardiac disturbances are so polymorphous," he sighed.

Edgar Bergen shook his head sadly. "He's been like that ever since Northwestern University gave him an honorary degree in speech. You can't understand him."

"That's what you think," said Charlie. "Clark Gable understood me plenty. Oh, my, yes. When we met at the broadcast the other Sunday, don't y'know. . . ."

"And how did you handle that situation?" I queried. "Meeting your deadly rival for Carole Lombard's affections?"

He chuckled reminiscently. "I used diplomacy. I always do. It never pays to fight it out—unless you're bigger than I am. . . ."

"I must say though, I was very generous in giving Clark pointers. I said, 'Clark, if you want to get somewhere as a romantic figure, you've got to dress the part. Look at me. When I was a newsboy in baggy pants where did I get? Absolutely nowhere. But when I took to white tie and tails—!' 'Yes,' said Clark, 'but don't you object to being a tailor's dummy?' 'Bergen is no tailor!' I shot right back at him. You have to keep these rivals in hand."

There's more to this art of romance than meets the eye, according to Charlie.

A man should choose the girl to match his mood just as he does his suit. "For example," he declared, warming up to his subject, "for a collegiate evening I'd select a peppy checkered number and Ginger Rogers—or Carole Lombard.

"Then supposing I wax philosophical and witty. I can't imagine anything more fitting than a navy blue tuxedo and Myrna Loy—or Carole Lombard.

"For that candlelight-and-thou mood. . . . A gardenia, top hat and Marlene Dietrich. Oh, definitely Dietrich—or Carole Lombard.

"The next step (and it's one that the American male often slips on) is: If you're romanticizing, *romanticize!* Forget business. Now you take the case of Oscar. That was really sad. Oscar was in the nuts and bolts business. A very promising young man until he fell in love with Delia. He'd never been to college so he knew nothing about women. One evening Delia slithered up to him on the swing and said with that Moist Look, 'Oh, darling, tell me about yourself.'

"And the poor sap did. He told her all about the itzy bitzy bolts and the big ones, about how many nuts he had to handle every day and how many were required to make a state institution. He even told her how crazy he'd been about nuts and bolts as a boy.

"'You're screwy,' said Delia, and shoved off. That was the last he saw of her."

OSCAR and Delia. That's case 435 A in the McCarthy files. And the answer's so simple, says Charlie. When a girl pulls that "tell-me-about-yourself" line on him, he just murmurs sadly, "Oh, I was cut off early in life and simply lumbered along. Now let's talk about you!"

The fine hand of the old master at work. . . .

"Oh, Robert Taylor's a smooth worker, too," admitted Charlie. "And Tyrone Power isn't so bad. Only he's skating on *Thin Ice*, so to speak."

"Yes?" I said.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes. Doesn't even see the sign, *Danger: Love at Work!*"

"How is that?"

"Well, he's *Between Two Women*, isn't he?" said Charlie.

That had me. Tyrone, Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor . . . Hollywood's most publicized triangle.

"What do you do in a case like that, Charlie?"

"I'd square it," he said quickly. "Bring in a third lady, you know. Personally, I'd go West myself!"

THE McCarthy System is to talk your way into love. Don't write, *telephone*. And use a bit of the Continental touch. "I've done very well with it myself," he said. "A crushed spray of lilacs for remembrance—instead of roses (they're so expensive at this time of year.) Soft music in some out-of-the-way restaurant. Be the boulevardier without a bun on. A knight errant with a swing time hot foot. Ply her with soft words . . .

"Why over on the Goldwyn *Follies* set where I'm spending most of my time now you get a perfect example of what I mean. There you have glamorous girls galore. Other men hail them with 'Hi toots! How ya doin'?' But I—I say 'Good morning, my dear. Now I know why the day is so beautiful!'

"And what fellow do you suppose gets the most attention around there?"

Woodpecker (from the tree tops): "Edgar Bergen!"

Charlie sniffed. "Don't mind him. Mind me. And now, Jerry, what about that lemonade?"

How to win against SKIN TROUBLE

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE
COMPLAINTS, DON'T DELAY,
BUT START NOW TO FIGHT
THEM WITH A PENETRATING
FACE CREAM

BLACKHEADS?

YES----- NO-----

These hateful little specks hide in the corners of your nose and chin, and don't show their faces until they have deep roots. Even one blackhead may prove your present cleansing method fails in these corners. To see how quickly blackheads yield to a penetrating cream, send the coupon below to Lady Esther, today.

DRY SKIN?

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Move the muscles of your face. Does the skin seem tight? Can you see any little scales on the surface of your skin? These are symptoms of DRY skin. A dry skin is brittle; it creases into lines quickly. If your skin is dry now, then let me show you how quickly you can help it.

COARSE PORES?

YES----- NO-----

Your pores should be invisible to the naked eye. When they begin to show up like little holes in a pincushion, it is proof that they are clogged with waxy waste matter. When your skin is cleansed with a penetrating cream, you will rejoice to see the texture of your skin become finer, soft and smooth.

OILY SKIN?

YES----- NO-----

Does your skin always seem a little greasy? Does it look moist? If this is your trouble, then be careful not to apply heavy, greasy, sticky mixtures. Send the coupon below to Lady Esther and find how quickly an oily skin responds to a penetrating cream.

TINY LINES?

YES----- NO-----

Can you see the faint lines at the corners of your eyes or mouth? If your skin is dry, then these little lines begin to take deep roots. Before you know it they have become deep wrinkles. The coupon below brings you my directions for smoothing out these little lines before they grow into wrinkles.

DINGY COLOR?

YES----- NO-----

If your general health is good, then your skin should have a clear, healthy color. Very often the dingy, foggy tone is caused by clogged pores. If you want to see an amazing difference—a clearer, lighter, fresher looking skin, then let me send you, FREE, a tube of my penetrating cream.

Have you a Lucky Penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Madam: I would like your directions for (check)

Blackheads -----	Dry Skin -----	Oily Skin -----
Coarse Pores -----	Tiny Lines -----	Poor Color -----

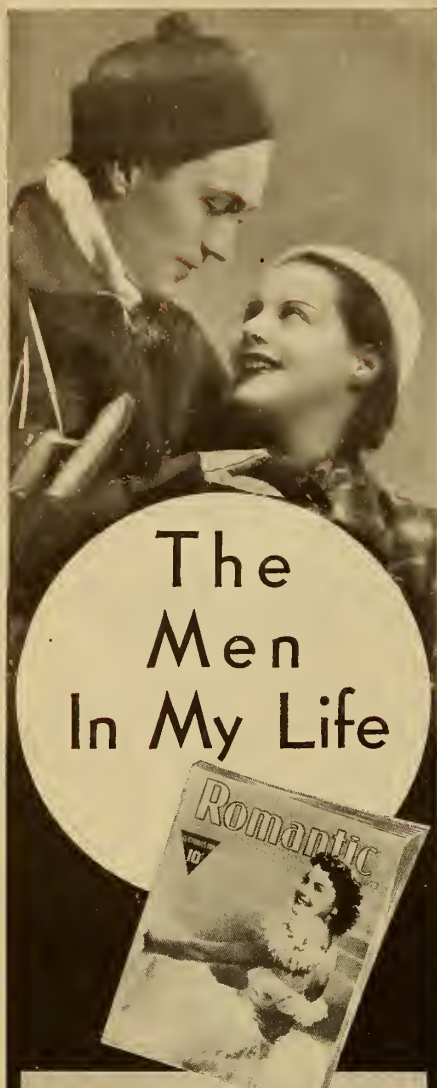
Please send me a tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream, and ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

(39)



The Men In My Life

PERHAPS you've watched her perform, this Michigan girl whose figure skating made her known. But you've never had the chance to learn, as you will here, of the thrilling and dangerous romances that her public didn't know about. Read her story in the February ROMANTIC MAGAZINE, together with:

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- MY CONFESSION—A Husband's Side of the Story

Every one an intimate disclosure of true-life romances.

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Romantic MAGAZINE



In *Submarine D-1*, both Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien love Doris Weston

Second Honeymoon—AAA—Here is a comedy romance with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young that is packed with sex, sentiment and snappy dialogue. The title tells the story. Tyrone and Loretta enjoy a second honeymoon when their divorce fails. The interlude is deliciously delightful and the new team-mates make a gay team. Deserving applause also are Marjorie Weaver, Stuart Edwin, Lyle Talbot, Claire Trevor and J. Edward Bromberg.—20th Century-Fox.

Manhattan Merry-Go-Round—AAA—This has everything and everyone... Harlem hoe-down, cowboy yodelling, operatic arias, gangster thrills, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, Ted Lewis and his boys, Kay Thompson and Ensemble, Louis Prima and his band, Max Terhune, Joe DiMaggio, Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette. Also Ann Dvorak, Phil Regan, Leo Carrillo, James Gleason, Henry Armetta, Luis Alberni and Tamara Geva. If this has made you dizzy, wait till you see *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*. And you should see it.—Republic.

Submarine D-1—AA½—This might have been a gripping drama if it weren't for the weakness of the plot. However, the undersea shots are spectacular and thrilling and will appeal greatly to male audiences. To please the gals there is romance and three sex-appealers—Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris and George Brent, with Doris Weston taking care of the love interest. Appealing to both male and female is Frank McHugh, who scores with a grand performance.—Warner Bros.

Some Blondes Are Dangerous—AA½—A fight picture with dialogue, story and acting so clever that you will be kept on the edge of your seat from beginning to end. The picture packs the same punch that Noah Beery, Jr.'s hard-hitting gloves do—the gloves of a hard-boiled fighter who is built up to championship by the clever handling of his manager, William Gargan. The prizefighter's ladies are Nan Grey and Dorothea Kent.—Universal.

High Flyers—AA½—If you are a Wheeler-Woolsey fan be sure and see this because it is probably their swan song to films as a comedy team. However, it has other merit, particularly Lupe Velez who does her stuff. She not only sings and dances but does some grand imitations of her fellow stars. You'll like the gags.—RKO-Radio.

Murder In Greenwich Village—AA½—Amusing dialogue and a novel story makes this blending of murder and love an entertaining film. Fay Wray and Richard Arlen head the cast and they are supported by Raymond Walburn, Wyn Cahoon,

Preview The Big Hit Movies!

Enjoy all the coming big 4-star movies before your local theatre shows them. Over 250,000 enthusiastic fans do just this every month.

In MOVIE STORY Magazine you will find thrilling story versions of all the new hits, each story generously illustrated with pictures from the film.

This month you can preview *Mannequin*, starring Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy; *Sally, Irene and Mary*, with Alice Faye, funny Fred Allen, and many other favorites; Gladys Swarthout's coming picture, *Romance in the Dark*; Fredric March in *The Buccaneer*. The February MOVIE STORY is a fifteen feature show, and every picture on the program is a hit! Better go to your nearest newsstand and get a copy of MOVIE STORY now. It's only 10c.

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT;
AA—FAIR;

AAA—GOOD
A—MEDIOCRE

Scott Colton, Thurston Hall, Marc Lawrence, Gene Morgan, et. al. It's worthwhile.—Columbia.

Sh! The Octopus—AA½—This doesn't make sense but it does make you laugh, and who isn't ready for a laugh. So go and see *Sh! The Octopus*, it's laugh-proof. Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins are a new team and you will roar at their mad antics. Either one of them is always good for a laugh, but together there's no holding them.—Warner Bros.

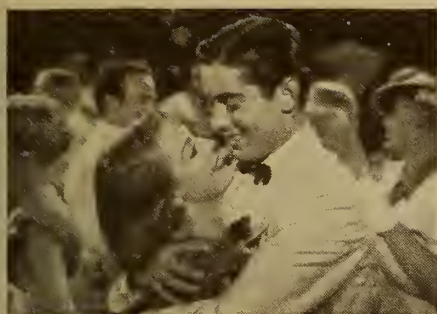
The Lady Fights Back—AA½—Plenty of action and laughs, plus beautiful outdoor scenes makes this one of the "must see" class. Kent Taylor and Irene Hervey have battles galore over a river which has been the exclusive preserve of a fishing club operated by Miss Hervey. Mr. Taylor, an engineer, butts in on the peaceful scene when he is commissioned to build a dam on the site. They start off fighting each other but how they love each other in the end.—Universal.

Danger Patrol—AA½—The title is derived from the name given the heroic handlers of nitroglycerine which is used for fire-fighting and well-drilling in the Texas oil fields. It's a dangerous game and the result is a suspenseful thriller. The capable cast is headed by Sally Eilers, John Beal and Harry Carey and Frank M. Thomas, Edward Gargan and Lee Patrick excel in the supporting cast. If you want stimulation be sure and see this.—RKO-Radio.

Hot Water—AA½—The Jones Family enter politics in the most recent of this popular series, offering entertainment for all members of the family. John Jones, the headman of the family, runs for Mayor and his young son helps the election by publishing a sensational sheet, giving the "inside" on the present mayor. The cast is familiar—Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, Russell Gleason and Kenneth Howell. It packs a fair punch.—20th Century-Fox.

The Barrier—AA½—Rex Beach's tear-jerking melodrama of the northlands is out-standing for the performances of Leo Carrillo and Robert Barrat as the characters of *Poleon Doret* and *John Gale*. The romance between the half-breed Indian girl and the young army officer, the victims of *The Barrier*, is portrayed by Jean Parker and James Ellison.—Paramount.

Under Suspicion—AA—This offers a large cast of talented players, a number of whom are under suspicion for the attempted murder of Jack Holt, a capitalist who wants to quit big business and turn his interests over to his employees. His plan is frustrated and this turns into an exciting mystery. Purnell Pratt scores as the detective who tracks down the potential murderers. Others in the cast are Katherine DeMille, Granville Bates,



Second Honeymoon, reviewed here, co-stars Loretta Young and Tyrone Power

Morgan Wallace, Craig Reynolds, Luis Alberni and others too numerous to mention.—*Columbia*.

Thrill of a Lifetime—AA—An entertaining floor-show variety type of film with The Yacht Club Boys, Judy Canova, Ben Blue, Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney. The romance is handled by Leif Ericson and Betty Grable. The plot is thin, but the music, dancing and singing pleasing.—*Paramount*.

Big Town Girl—AA—Here is a neat little story on how to build a star. Claire Trevor, plugging songs in a local music house is discovered by Alan Dinehart who press-agents her into stardom. It's understandable and real and fairly enjoyable. Donald Woods is the boy-friend.—*20th Century-Fox*.

Trouble At Midnight—AA—A gang of gangsters spell trouble at midnight to the dairy farmers of Illinois by doing a little cattle rustling with the aid of fast trucks. The human interest is injected through Larry Blake, a tough truckman, who turns against his gangster pals to protect the farm of Noah Beery, Jr., the kid brother of his dead buddy. There's also romance—Berry and Catherine Hughes and Blake and Bernadene Hayes.—*Universal*.

Boots and Saddles—AA—This is no horse opera but a thrilling Western with a punch. The incidental ballads by Gene Autry are interspersed subtly and highly pleasing. Judith Allen adds the necessary love interest and there's a grand horse race for excitement.—*Republic*.

Blossoms On Broadway—AA—A fine cast goes a long way towards saving this old and familiar story. The plot concerns Edward Arnold's and Shirley Ross' attempt to extort money from "Death Valley Cora" who comes to New York for ear treatments. A few musical numbers enliven the dreary tale and the talents of Weher and Fields and Rufe Davis keep the picture moving at a fair pace.—*Paramount*.

A Bride for Henry—AA—Anne Nagel, Warren Hull and Henry Mollison in a triangle that is different and fairly amusing. And Warren Hull surprises with a pleasing voice. You'll be entertained with this.—*Monogram*.

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *The Life of Emile Zola*—A great production with a great artist lends greatness to Warner Bros.' picturization of France's great story-teller. Paul Muni in the title role is magnificent. . . . *Stage Door*—Sparkles with smart dialogue and tells a very human story. Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers share stellar honors. If you liked the play you will like this even more. . . . *The Firefly*—Friml's beautiful operetta is magnificently mounted and Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones give fullest expression to the tuneful melodies. It's very colorful. . . . *The Awful Truth*—The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help us, is that *The Awful Truth* is the comedy hit of the year. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant co-star in this and you'll howl and scream with laughter at their goings-on. . . . *Ali Baba Goes To Town*—Tuned as a musical it possesses a swell story, rich in satire poked good-naturedly at the New Deal. And Eddie Cantor goes to town and entertains you in his inimitable style. . . . *Ebb Tide*—Robert Louis Stevenson-Lloyd Osborne's adventure story of the South Seas in Technicolor. The effect is breathtakingly beautiful.



The Glamour Girl

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LINIT MAGIC MILK MASK

THIS beauty-wise girl knows that popularity goes hand-in-hand with a clear, lovely, glowing complexion.

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*Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is so well known as a Beauty Bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the cleansed face and neck. Relax during the twenty minutes it takes to set, then rinse off with clear, tepid water.

HOW FIRM—how clean your skin will feel! The gentle stimulation the mask gives your skin induces the facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter and heightens natural bloom. This is an excellent "guide" to proper make-up, as the bloom indicates where your rouge should be applied. The Linit Mask also eliminates "shine" and keeps your make-up looking fresh for hours.



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.

"I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor



the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or, more frankly, Piles?

The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more crushing or more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

Yet blessed relief from Piles of all forms is found today in the treatment supplied in Pazo Ointment. Three-fold in effect, Pazo does the things necessary.

3 Effects

First of all, it is *soothing*, which relieves soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which makes passage easy and painless. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Results!

Pazo comes in Collapsible Tube with Detachable Pile Pipe which permits application high up in rectum where it reaches and thoroughly covers affected parts. Pazo also now comes in suppository form. Pazo Suppositories are Pazo Ointment, simply in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory as well as the most economical.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a trial tube (with Pile Pipe) will be sent on request. Mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

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Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover packing and mailing.

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YOUR WITNESS

on the STAND



WITH WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. What is the difference between a dissolve and a fade-out?

A. A dissolve is made by super-imposing one scene upon another, the new scene gradually overpowering the preceding one, thus insuring continuity of thought and action. A dissolve continues one action sequence into another without requiring numberless feet of film to record each step in the transition. A fade-out is the cinematic period. It signifies that one particular scene is finished and a new one must be begun. It is the same as dropping a curtain to finish an act on the stage. It consists, literally, of fading out the end of a scene; it generally runs three feet of film in length, and is accomplished by chemically fading the film, by reducing the brilliance of lights on the set, or by gradually 'iris-ing in' the camera lens.

Q. How much is an average light bill for a motion picture studio?

A. All the studios generate some electricity in their own power plants. Most of them pay a flat rate in the neighborhood of \$1.25 an hour for the light they buy. And they have to pay this \$1.25 whether only one bulb is burning or the whole studio is lighted.

Q. Did Ernest Truex ever play in silent pictures?

A. Yes. In July, 1913, this smallest adult film player (he's only 5 feet 3 inches tall) played the leading role opposite Mary Pickford in *The Good Little Devil*. A few years later, in Vitagraph pictures, he played with Shirley Mason, Louise Huff and Dorothy Kelly.

Q. How many foreigners are registered as extras in Central Casting?

A. There are 300 South Sea Islanders; 67 Koreans and Indo-Chinese; 738 Italians; 93 Turks; 165 Russians; 600 Chinese, counting babies; 119 Japanese; 197 Arabs, Egyptians, Kurds and Armenians; 300 East Indians and 17 American Indians. There are very few Germans, Frenchmen and Englishmen.

Q. Why do studios and places like the Westmore Beauty Salon always buy hair for wigs from European peasants?

A. For the reason that these people come from virile stock, and their hair is extremely healthy because it escapes the constant heat treatments, marcel and wavings to which American women subject their hair. The most valuable hair is bought from the natural blondes of the Scandinavian countries and the price is around \$250 per head. Wigs made especially for stars cost at least \$500. When they become shoddy after a good deal of use, they are relegated to the character class, and after long usage they are restricted to long shots.

Q. Is Gloria Youngblood an Indian and where was she born?

A. Her mother is German; her father is a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. She was born in Alton, Illinois.

Q. How much film does a studio use up daily?

A. Major filming companies, when all is running smoothly, pass a total of about 6,000 feet of negative film through their cameras daily.

Q. How old was Barbara Stanwyck when she was in the *Ziegfeld Follies*?

A. She was fifteen. At thirteen, she was working for her living, cutting paper dolls and patterns for a fashion magazine.



Newcomer Gloria Youngblood of Alton, Ill., is half-Indian. Her mother is German, while her father is a full-blooded Cherokee

True Confessions from "True Confession"

[Continued from page 30]

portraying a Scotland Yard detective in Class "C" pictures.

Nobody thought that John was finished, but he was slipping in popularity and all Hollywood agreed that one good picture would put him back where he belonged.

WHEN Carole read the script of *True Confession*, she spotted a part that would fit John like a glove. And, in true Lombard fashion, she got out a great big bat, stepped up to the home plate, and began wielding it for John. . . The result was a starring role—the best he has had in many a weary moon.

And when John landed the role, director Ruggles knew that he would be dealing with the most congenial cast in Hollywood and, as a consequence, the location trip to Lake Arrowhead was not only highly successful in its purpose, but almost became a holiday for the entire cast.

When the company arrived at the lodge at Arrowhead, it was almost deserted—the summer season was just over and it was way too early to attract the crowds for winter sports. The lodge was suddenly turned into a great hall and the motion picture company at once took on the air of an informal house party. Of course, there was lots of work to be done, but then again, the outdoor shots they were making required plenty of sunlight and the short Fall days gave the company ample time for evening diversions and plain old-fashioned horse-play. . . It was on one of those evenings that Lombard, famed for her practical jokes, received a dose of her own medicine.

Himself a frequent Lombard victim, Fred MacMurray borrowed a dozen flashlight bulbs from the photographer. While she was eating dinner, Fred got in cahoots with one of the bell-boys who let him into Carole's room. . . Hastily, Fred exchanged all of the regular globes for flash bulbs.

When Carole returned to her room and turned on the light switch there was a blinding flash that would have put an exploding meteor to shame and sent Carole screeching down the hallway.

IN THE picture Carole plays the part of a girl who is a confirmed liar. Carole, who is a good girl, and who just can't break herself from the habit of lying, plays opposite Fred MacMurray, a struggling young attorney, who stands rigidly against deceit and fraud and who almost starves to death for lack of clients.

A would-be fiction writer, Carole uses her fertile imagination to flood publishers with manuscripts despite mounting rejection slips. She also uses her imagination to stall the butcher and the baker and to paint word pictures to her husband how awful they would look starving to death. Carole wants to get out and find a job, but Fred won't let her. Carole promises she won't make any attempts to get work, but the next day calls on an old friend of the family who has promised her a job. The man turns out to be an old "nasty" instead of a friend, so Carole leaves in a huff forgetting her hat and coat. When she later returns with a friend she finds the man shot to death.

It looks bad for Carole, so she decides to plead guilty just to give her husband a crack at fame defending her. The case turns

[Continued on page 59]

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Many women think they have a shiny skin, when the shine is due entirely to their powder!

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Test it in all lights, day and night — under all conditions. See for yourself how much it improves your appearance — in any light. See the lovely softness

and absence of shine when you use light-proof powder. See how such powder subdues those highlights of cheek-bones and chin, and nose.

How to get light-proof powder

Luxor light-proof face powder is being distributed rapidly and most stores have received a reasonable supply. Just ask for Luxor light-proof powder, in your shade. A large box is 55c at drug and department stores; or 10c sizes at the five-and-ten stores.

Or if you prefer to try it out before you buy it, then clip out and mail the coupon below. Don't postpone your test of this amazing improvement in face powder; sooner or later you will be using nothing else.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

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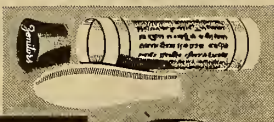
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There is nothing like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal. They contain no quinine or harmful drugs, no cocoa butter to melt or run. Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power combined with its freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

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Each in individual glass vial.



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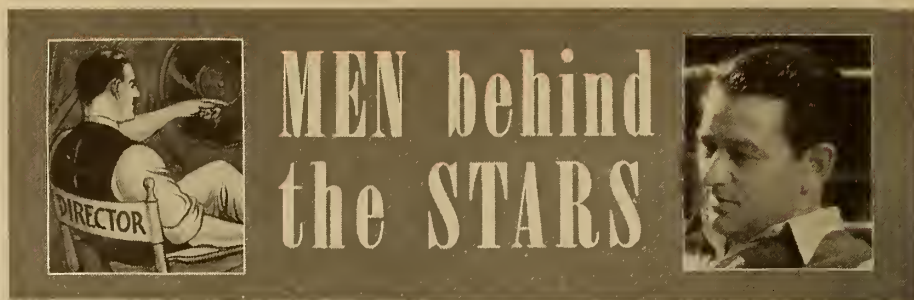


Her Blonde Hair Was Darkening

But New Blonde Hair Shampoo Brought Back Its Rich Golden Beauty and Gleaming Lustre

Here, at last, is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex Shampoo and Rinse to wash your hair shades lighter and bring out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps your hair lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get New Blondex today. New combination package—Shampoo with separate Rinse—for sale at all stores. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE



WILLIAM WYLER

Director of "Dead End"

A VACATION was responsible for William Wyler entering the movies, and eventually becoming one of the top rank directors. For if Wyler had not chanced to visit Paris in the Spring of 1920 he might still be signing expense vouchers and managing his father's department store—a chore which irked him no little.

Instead, after a few years of directing he has achieved an enviable record for really fine productions, the most recent being *Dead End*.

Wyler, who was born in Mulhausen, France, is a meticulous, determined and patient young man—three requisites that are essential to the character of a successful director. Educated in Lausanne, Switzerland, and the Conservatoire Nationale de Musique in Paris, he developed a keen interest in art and drama at an early age.

These qualities were manifested in conversations he had with Uncle Carl Laemmle, whom he chanced to meet on that eventful vacation, with the result that the movie executive suggested that, should he come to America, there might be a place for him in motion pictures.

That was enough for Wyler. Over his father's protests he sailed to America and in a short time was working in Universal's foreign publicity department, and within a year he was Laemmle's publicity director for all Latin-speaking countries.

BUT peddling press notices soon lost its glamor for Wyler, and he looked for new fields to conquer. There was Hollywood and the studios. He had written thousands of words on pictures and how they are made, and being a member of Universal's organization he was practically assured a job on the Coast.

However, it meant starting at the bottom again, and Wyler began his studio career as a "prop" boy. He remained in this capacity for some time before eventually being elevated to a position of third assistant director. He never used his acquaintanceship with Laemmle as a stepping-stone, nor was he disheartened at not being promoted faster, as he was learning the picture business. True, he was getting his education the hard way

but that was what he wanted, actual experience.

Eventually he became a first assistant director to Erich von Stroheim, then the king pin of Universal's directors. This brought him more experience, and after working with Stroheim and other directors at last reached his goal.

He was given a megaphone and a picture to direct. It was a two-reel Western but it was the golden opportunity, and Wyler really started with that first opportunity. It wasn't long before the calibre of his work brought him more important films, five-reel horse operas at first, and then the ultimate—a full length feature without cactus or sagebrush.

It was *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?* with Tom Moore and Bessie Love. Here he had an opportunity to display his ability, and from the day the picture was shown Wyler's stock began to rise. After that he directed several Laura La Plante farces, *The Storm* with Lupe Velez, and *Hell's Heroes*, adapted from Peter B. Kyne's *The Three Godfathers*. This latter film created very favorable comment both in this country and abroad, and Wyler had finally "arrived."

Then followed a long string of Universal pictures, climaxed by *The Good Fairy*, starring Margaret Sullavan, which was the last film he made for this company. In the long string were comedies, dramas and farces. Type of yarn made no difference to Wyler then, nor does it today. He cannot tell which type he would rather direct. All he asks is a good story and he will supply the laughs or drama as needed.

After leaving Universal Wyler went to Fox where he directed *The Gay Deception* with Francis Lederer and on the strength of this picture, a light comedy, he was signed by Sam Goldwyn who was seeking a director for *These Three*, one of the most dramatic films of 1936. Wyler's direction of this picture taken from the stage play, *The Children's Hour*, made cinematic history. Since then he has stayed under contract to Goldwyn as his ace director, and has been responsible for the major portion of *Come and Get It*, then *Dodsworth*, and *Dead End*.



Director Wyler believes in having his players letter perfect. He made Joel McCrea and Humphrey Bogart rehearse over and over for *Dead End*

True Confessions from "True Confession"

[Continued from page 57]

out better than she had expected and fame is theirs. Fred has more clients than he can handle. They buy a house out in the country and everything is lovely until John Barrymore appears on the scene.

Previous to his appearance in Carole's life, John is seen as an old crack-pot who never misses a day at the trial. Anyhow, Barrymore gets the idea that he should get in on part of the fame and fortune enjoyed by Carole and Fred. So he decides, because he knows who the real murderer is, to blackmail Carole.

Fred comes in on the scene and finds that Carole didn't commit the crime, so he starts to leave in a huff.

As Fred stalks out she calls to him gently. If it's a boy, she'll name it after him, she says. Fred gulps and his eyes are tender. Why didn't she tell him? What did the doctor say? When's it going to be? Carole, trapped in one of her lies again, lowers her eyes. But as Fred snorts in disgust at having been a sucker again, she reminds him that it could be true. Fred eyes her narrowly and swings her up in his arms—and that's the end.

AND last, but not least, our own contest winner, Miss Eleanor Fisher, who won the "Miss Typical America" contest conducted by *True Confessions* Magazine appears in the picture. . . This is Eleanor's first effort before a camera. The part is a small one, but keep an eye on Eleanor. She has a start in pictures one girl in a million gets. *True Confession* is one swell picture!



With *Man-Proof* finished, Myrna Loy and husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., are spending their belated honeymoon abroad

Is it Any Wonder SHE'S ATTRACTIVE TO MEN NOW!



It's Marvelous What a Change Can Be Made in a Few Short Weeks

IT isn't normal to be thin and bony so that people consider you gawky and ungainly. Solid, firm, natural flesh is your birthright and noticeable lack of it may be due to a *simple disturbance*.

In many cases this disturbance may be traced to the absence of sufficient Vitamin B in the diet—and science has recently found a way to correct this trouble. Now countless women and girls are following this way to the attractiveness and charm of added pounds of solid healthy flesh.

A Vital Body Element

Science now knows that Vitamin B is *absolutely essential* to health. It is also a known fact that many modern foods are lacking in this important Vitamin B and that *some foods do not contain it at all!*

If your diet is deficient in Vitamin B, you may lack appetite and, more than that, you don't get the most body-building good out of the food you do eat. Thus when this

condition is corrected, the natural build-up is so rapid that it's amazing.

Rich Source of Vitamin B

A particularly rich source of Vitamin B is the pure, cultured yeast in Yeast Foam Tablets. In this form, yeast is easy to take. Yeast Foam Tablets can be swallowed whole—taste good if you chew them. They cannot cause gas or fermentation because they are *pasteurized*.

So if you are thin and look ungainly because of insufficient Vitamin B in your body, start taking Yeast Foam Tablets right away. Note how your appetite picks up and how you get *full value from food*. Watch natural healthy flesh develop. You'll be amazed and elated.

Yeast Foam Tablets are available at drug counters and department stores everywhere. Don't accept substitutes. Yeast Foam Tablets come in 2 size bottles. 10-day size for 50c and 30-day size for \$1.00.



AT ALL DRUGGISTS NOW!
NEW Double Value SIZE
FULL 30-DAY COURSE
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THIS EFFECTIVE WAY TO CHECK COLDS

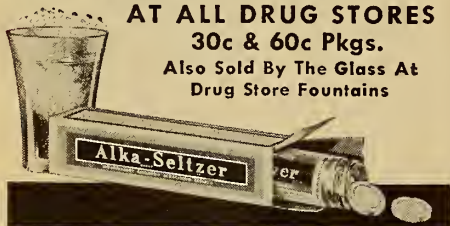
AT the first sign of a cold, just drop one or two Alka-Seltzer tablets into a glass of water. When they bubble up and dissolve, drink the crystal clear, pleasant-tasting solution. It's beneficial action starts immediately. Continue using Alka-Seltzer according to the directions for colds as explained in the direction sheet in every package of Alka-Seltzer.

Since it is a recognized fact that most colds are accompanied by an over-acid condition which may be retarding nature in her battle against the complaint, Alka-Seltzer is especially helpful because it acts to restore your normal alkaline balance. And because Alka-Seltzer contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate) it gives prompt relief from the dull aching feeling of a cold. Thus Alka-Seltzer gives relief in TWO ways.

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as advertised therein.

RUN-R-STOP

Camille, Inc.,

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Care + Femininity = Beauty

[Continued from page 11]

skin that is smooth as a kitten's fur and softly tinted with make-up, clothes that fall in soft, graceful lines are all "musts" for the girl who wants to play up her womanliness and make it synonymous with beauty.

IN USING make-up, Loretta follows the rule of accenting her eyes and her mouth, both lovely in their unadorned state, but because her eyes are so startlingly large and her mouth generously proportioned, she is careful not to over-do eye and lip make-up. She follows the natural lines of her lips in applying lipstick, never trying to make the upper or lower lip smaller than they are; but she chooses a lipstick that is soft in tone rather than flamboyant. A yellow-red shade for daytime, that looks well in sunlight, a deep rose for evening. In making up her eyes,

it dissolves the dandruff as well as dirt, then whip it into lavish mountains of lather by adding warm water. After a shampoo with this preparation, your scalp feels like a new one—all tingly and clean as a baby's skin—and your hair looks as lustrous and highlighted as a movie star's.

You must be your own judge of how frequently to use the shampoo. If your hair is oily and over-inclined to dandruff, then once a week is not too often; but otherwise, a shampoo once every two weeks should keep your hair and scalp in healthy and well-groomed condition. For between-shampoo treatment, the same manufacturer has a hair tonic that stimulates the hair roots, keeps dandruff in check and generally beautifies your locks. Used faithfully with regular hair brushing to complete the trio,



A page boy bob or high-piled curls—with the same new rubber end curlers. That dollar lipstick in luscious tropic tints can

now be purchased in a new 55c size. Lotion your hands and nails often and keep your cuticle smooth with a new special cream

Loretta plays up her long, fringed lashes by using mascara for both day and evening but is sparing with the use of eye shadow or eyebrow pencil. Keeps her brows plucked from underneath, to widen the space between eye and brow, but knows that a plucked or hard line of eyebrow would detract from the soft femininity she wants.

ANY indication of dandruff is as fatal to an impression of femininity as a deep bass voice would be; so if you want to make your hair speak for your loveliness, see to it that dandruff is banished. A famous shampoo that will help you do this now has its guarantee of removing dandruff with the first application backed up by an internationally famous insurance firm. You massage the liquid thoroughly into your scalp, where

these hair preparations will bring comfort and satisfaction for blondes, brunettes and red-heads in all their many variations.

The next step in achieving coiffure beauty, after shampooing and brushing, is keeping the waves smooth and the ends curled neatly. This requires more than a trip to the hairdresser once a week or once every two weeks. If your hair is the type that refuses to stay in curl long, then you should "put up your ends" every day. Once you hit on a convenient, comfortable curler and learn to use it skillfully, you won't find daily attention to straggly ends at all burdensome.

Some new curlers that hail from Hollywood are models of comfort because they are made from rubber—every single inch of them. And they're a light brown color that blends quite unnoticeably with most

hair shades, so that you can wear them around the house without feeling like a call to arms. The rubber flap that buttons onto the end of the curler, fastening the hair securely, can be turned over or under, permitting you to fasten the curl close to the scalp. Another nice feature of these rubber curlers is that they can be sterilized in boiling water without harm, and they refuse to discolor or corrode through contact with moisture. Most inexpensive are these little aids to hair grooming. Want the name?

No one ever claimed that soft white hands add to a man's charm and no one ever denied that they are essential to a woman's. So, if you want to be feminine, even when skiing or skating, see to it that you guard your patties by frequent use of hand emollients. To be specific, why not try the brand new hand lotion that contains the skin vitamin found in the same manufacturer's excellent facial creams? Besides this vitamin ingredient, it contains a new vegetable oil that helps the skin to retain fluids necessary to keep it moist and smooth, and a new type organic solvent that is non-drying and non-sticky. The texture of this new lotion is very creamy, making a few drops do a lot of softening work. It comes in an attractively simple white bottle, indented in the middle for a firmer grasp, with a trick dispenser that works as the inventor meant it to. Costs 35 cents and comes in a trial size at 10 cents. I'll be glad to send the name.

BE AS fussy about keeping your nails and cuticle lovely as you are about your hands. Dry, brittle nails, hardened cuticle and hangnails go down in defeat when they are combatted daily with a certain fine pink cream that is rich in penetrating oils. I've been through the factory where the cream is made, and I don't wonder that it accomplishes all these tasks, now that I've seen the care and scientific research that goes into its making. Every ingredient is tested severely and the hospital-like atmosphere of the laboratory spells purity and precision in the manufacturing process. Even though your nails and cuticle are in normal condition, you should still have one of these smart black and white jars on your dressing table to *keep* them that way. It's grand for softening hardened cuticle and callouses on toes, too. Costs 50 cents for a half-ounce jar.

I'm always delighted to see a favorite cosmetic brought out in smaller sizes because I realize that more and more women will become users. So I gave a couple of editorial cheers when I found that an excellent dollar lipstick had been duplicated in a 55 cent size. The little newcomer—and not so little at that—has the same softness and smoothness, the same permanence, comes in the same five shades as its big sister. Even the case is a "carbon copy," except for size—a silver-metal tube decorated with minute hula dancers. If you are forever forgetting to transfer your lipstick from dressing-table to handbag, here's an inexpensive solution. Buy the small size for home use, pack the larger one in your purse for keeps.

Going feminine this season? Want a new hair style, some suggestions for making up that will bring out the deadly female in you? Then send a snapshot of yourself to Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. She'll be delighted to help you solve your problems. Be sure to enclose a stamped envelope with 3c U. S. postage for her reply.

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Looks Orange—Acts Rose

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes like magic to just your

shade of blush-rose, blending perfectly whether you're a blonde, brunette or red head. Only Tangee contains this famous Tangee color-change principle.

Made with a special cream base, Tangee stays on longer... keeps lips soft and smooth...free from chapping, cracking, drying. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use.



Untouched — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

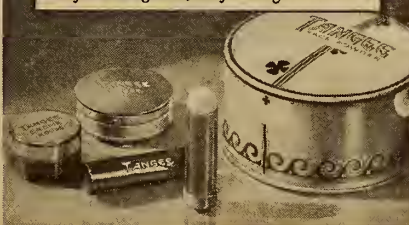
Greasy, painted lips — Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips — Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

FREE—TANGEE CHARM CHART that Actually Measures Your Charm! This amazing new chart analyzes your personality... shows how to improve your charm. Approved by eminent psychologist. Charm Chart will be sent to you FREE with Tangee's 10¢ Miracle Make-Up Set (See coupon.)

Beware of Substitutes! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



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Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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"Don't Let Hollywood Change You!" Danielle

[Continued from page 26]

follow one another so swiftly that they almost escape identification. Which are you, Danielle? One—or all? You are part child and part an experienced woman (of twenty).

You are *all* types now. You even look like half-a-dozen different people during the running of one film. As I watched you on the screen I had, every so often, to look twice to be sure that you were you. There were times when you had such gravity of expression that you reminded me of Norma Shearer, even to the regularity of feature, which is not really yours.

For yours is a beauty, Danielle, of delicate, pliable features, with masses of pale brown hair, dark limpid eyes, a full, luscious mouth—a beauty at once demure and dangerous, naive and naughty. You can even look very plain. At other times on the screen you reminded me of Lillian Gish in her early days, the same fragility and wistfulness; again you had the sophistication of a Miriam Hopkins whom, you tell me, you so admire.

Yes, you are all types in one. That is your greatest asset and your greatest danger. For Hollywood has the Hand of the Potter and moulds the clay of new talent nearer to its heart's desire. And, often, its "heart's desire" takes one shape, one form, one set of gestures. If you should make a sensational hit in your first Universal picture, *The Rage of Paris*, you will really have to be careful lest, Hollywood without end, you play the self-same role, dressed up with different titles, trimmed with a different cast, but essentially the same.

I don't think they'll be able to trap you, Danielle, even if they try to. Because your emotions cannot be captured. But keep on evading being "typed," Danielle, keep on being elusive...

You said to me, in front of the log fire in your home in Bel Air, the house Chevalier once lived in and, later, Miriam Hopkins, you said: "I will not be changed unless I want to change." That's brave talk and I think you mean it. But you should bear in mind the changes that Mother Hollywood, has made in the young things who have come under her sculpturing hand. I don't say that they have not been changes for the better. For the box-office better. Which is, after all, the legitimate objective of stars and studios. That isn't the point at all, whether the changes have been for the better or for the worse.

You may wonder what to do if you feel yourself being fitted into a mould, cut to a pattern? Shall I fight the studios, you ask? Well, I think that under that mobile exterior of yours there is a fighting spirit, Danielle. You've proven that. Of which more later. But a fighting spirit can be a two-edged sword. It can perform operations which either kill or cure. There are the "lessons" which should be learned when one considers Bette Davis and others who have fought—and lost. Although Bette really made capital of her loss since, though the court verdict went against her, she has had better pictures, more variety of parts.

I said that I think you are a fighter. After all, you were a War baby, weren't you? Born May 1st, in that torn year of 1917, in Bordeaux, France, your father having to wangle a furlough from the battle front to be on hand to greet you.

I like the courage implicit in that picture of you, at fourteen, putting away your cello, which was to have been your career, stand-

ing "him" in "his" corner, saying to him "Monsieur Cello, I give you notice that your services are no longer required," and, with a crumpled newspaper ad in your reefer pocket, going to the studio and applying for the job advertised... the leading feminine role in *Le Bal*. Previous screen experience, read the ad, was not necessary. But, "even if they had asked for a successor to Bernhardt," you said, "I would have apply' jus' the same."

And you are always "prepared," I take it, Danielle. You said to me: "I am not so afraid of Hollywood, *I know my job*,"—just as, when you applied for that first job, you had read the book from which the script was written and so were able to talk, intelligently, about the character. Well, you got the screen test and—you got the job. And after that you got the plaudits of the critics and fans.

When you came home from that first interview and said to your mother and father: "I am now a cinema artist," they were delighted. Because, unlike the traditional parents of fact as well as fiction, they were all in favor of your being an actress. You told me that your father, Dr. Darrieux, often said before his death: "I do not worry about the future of Danielle, she will be a fine actress."

You come close, too, to having the theatre in your blood, I'd say. For your father, an eminent oculist, was also a musician, playing the piano for sheer love of it; your mother an Algerian, was a singer of professional calibre. You came from a musical environment, you began your musical education even earlier than did Deanna Durbin, only instead of singing, you took instrumental music, concentrating on the cello. You first dreamed that you might enter the Paris Conservatory and become a concert artist. The nearest you ever came to movies, or to an interest in movies, you told me, was reading the fan magazines.

Yes, you have courage. You told me that you realized it was "the beeg step" to come to Hollywood. For if you should not succeed here your lustre in Paris would be dimmed. But you also said: "I do not worry much about what to do, what not to do. Always I make up my mind, snap-queek, like that." And added: "and so, I come. I come only if my husband come with me. He would have to attend to the business thing' for me. I am no good at the business, the contrac', the way the scrip' mus' go, the detail like that. He is a playwright, my husband. He has written a play for me. He know better than I know, what I can do; what is, what you call, my 'range'."

And while on this subject, Danielle, I'll mention here what I didn't mention when we were talking—your loyalty. Because I have heard tell how practically every major studio in Hollywood tried to get you; how Universal, canny, offered your husband, Henry Decoin, a job, too—and so you came to Universal.

I think, to go back a bit, that you will stand up for what you believe to be right for you, Danielle. I also think that you have enough of the French sagacity, diplomacy, suavity, to take your stand without offense to the Front Office.

For after you made *Le Bal* in France, when you were barely fourteen, after you were put (an old Hollywood custom, too) in as many films in as short a length of time as was humanly possible for you to do, you

realized that you were going too fast; also that you wanted to do "things more serious." You were so gay, so pretty, dressed with such inimitable Parisienne chic that the producers cannot be blamed, perhaps, for casting you in forty films.

They overlooked the fact that you are, also, "deep," as the better novelists would say. So you began visiting the producers' offices with weighty tomes under your arm. You suggested that they make movies out of these volumes. They laughed at you. They accused you of "going highbrow." They told you not to worry, that you were the toast of Paris, what more did you want? But you wanted more, much more.

I think that your appetite for life is not frail at all. And you did worry. You lost weight and pep. In 1934 you were in Berlin—in a picture with Jan Kiepura. You thought, again, that the role was trivial. You finally became ill with a serious throat abscess and there was an operation which might have affected your screen career.

And then one of those things happened which, in absorbing novels, are called a "turning point." Edith Mera came to Berlin to make a film. They told her, at the studio, that a nice French girl, one of her most rabid fans (for you always adored her, you told me) was in the hospital. Edith Mera came to see you. She told you of her own struggles; she left you feeling that nothing is final, certainly not at seventeen! And so you finished your picture with Kiepura; you went on to so many successes that the mere titles would read like a telephone directory; you did such a variety of roles as to make Hollywood shudder at the mere thought of trying to type you.

And then came Romance . . . you were cast, you told me, in *L'Or Dans La Rue*. One of the authors was Henry Koster, who directed *Three Smart Girls*, *100 Men and a Girl*, and will direct you in *The Rage of Paris* (your leading man or co-star has not yet been selected when we talked, Danielle, but there was fire in your eyes when you said you wanted them to get "a beeg star" for you and, most especially, you wish that they could get Gary Cooper).

Well, Henry Koster's co-author was playwright, Henry Decoin. And you thought that no one had ever written scenes that fitted you so perfectly and he thought that you were the finest actress he had ever encountered. And you both thought that it was just a mutual interest in pictures which urged you to call him at four in the morning to ask him why he didn't create for you such a role as Annabella played in *Un Soir Do Rafla* and which made him call you at midnight to ask your opinion of a scene he had just banged out on his typewriter. And neither of you were getting any sleep and both of you, being French and so, thrifty, began to think it would be more frugal to marry than to have to pay such telephone bills.

And then you went to Berlin to make a picture and Henry went, too, to do the adaptation. And after that you never went anywhere without each other again. Nor, you told me, quite fiercely, "evaire will." Don't let Hollywood change your heart, either, Danielle. It has quite a way of shifting hearts about, this Hollywood.

There is another thing you are up against, Danielle: resentment against "foreign importations." There is a strong feeling here,

expressed by our press and radio commentators, that we have quite enough home talent here in Hollywood to cast our pictures very nicely; that we should "Buy American" when we go a'shopping for our stars; that Americans should be given their well-earned chance to show what they can do with stardom before the Simone Simons, Luise Rainers, Hedy La Marrs, Ilona Masseys are pushed into the foreground of fame. It is the old insular prejudice against the "outsider" staking his claim on territory which has been faithfully worked by the original homesteaders. You will need to sidestep this prejudice, Danielle.

You say that you like parties, like to go to them, like to give them, do not intend to mingle only with your compatriots and friends, the Boyers, the Gravets. That is well, I think. The recluse type is patented by Garbo and any imitators fare badly.

You may not need any of the "tips" I have bestowed upon you, Danielle. You seem to have everything it takes to be a star on the screen, a social success in Hollywood. You say that you are domestic but "not a housewife, non, non!" You say that you are NOT thrifty, as your French blood should make you; that you love emeralds and "so swank" cars and luxurious furs and food and wine and gardens. You have acquired, you told me, a Swedish chauffeur, an Hungarian cook, a Japanese house-boy, a "little league of nations in my domicile." And you are young and self-confident and experienced in your work—and many women in one. . . . So I say to you, Danielle: Stay just as you are.

FAITH SERVICE



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YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME PATIENT OF YOURS?



WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME, RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID! TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

DON'T THANK ME—THANK COLGATE'S!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



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TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!

1		2	3	4	5		6		7	8		9
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ACROSS

- Gene Raymond's girl friend in *The Life Of The Party*
- The *Bride* — Red
- Gladys George's husband
- *The Goal*
- Grand National (abbr.)
- The — *Desperado*
- *Have Our Moments*
- The — *Parade*
- Feminine lead in *Counsel For Crime*
- *Of The Town*
- The girl in *King Solomon's Mines*
- *Doctor*
- First name of Miss Hyams
- *Vaughn* is often cast as a maid
- Capt. Delmar* in *Love Under Fire*
- He was *The Go Getter*
- Sound made by Rex, famous film horse
- Initials of Iris Adrian
- Theatre posters, etc. (abbr.)
- He was *Richard* in *Stella Dallas*
- Mr. Motto* looks for these to solve a mystery
- *City*
- Initials of Director Newfield
- Brian Donlevy's birthplace (abbr.)
- Olivia — *Haviland* has feminine lead in *The Great Garrick*
- The villainous banker in *High, Wide And Handsome*

- He directed *One Mile From Heaven*
- Male lead in *A Bride For Henry*
- She lately has *Blonde Trouble*

DOWN

- Mary Boland's screen brother in *Marry The Girl*
- Initials of Miss Pons
- He is separated from Ginger Rogers
- Back — *Circulation*

- Marlene Dietrich's latest film
- The girl in *SOS Coast Guard*
- *Willie Winkie*
- Double — *Nothing*
- Sabu was — *Boy*
- Date in February on which Ronald Colman was born
- Mrs. Rogers* in *That Certain Woman*
- What Bergen's pal, Charlie McCarthy, is made of
- Star of *Charlie Chan On Broadway*
- Constance in *Wife, Doctor And Nurse*
- He directed 5 *Down*
- Thin —
- McClelland Barclay, of *Artists And Models*, is famous for his —
- *Brother's Wife*
- Fiorello Zamarrelli* in *52nd Street*
- Joan Crawford was *Sadie Thompson* in this
- Lynne Carver was formerly known as *Virginia* —
- Her last name is *MacMahon*
- El Brendel generally portrays one in films
- He was *Public Cowboy No. 1*
- It's — *Yours*
- *Quentin*
- Andy Jones* in *Saturday's Heroes*
- Walter Abel's* initials
- The Girl Said* —

Last Month's Solution

T	R	A	V	I	S		C	H	O	R	U	S
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Sothorn Exposure

[Continued from page 29]

ask, tongue in cheek, "will people say? They may say you aren't living up to your income, in the Hollywood tradition."

"That," says Ann, chipperly, "will be ideal."

You think of stars who have thrown fortunes into homes intended as monuments of their success. Stars who have had nothing left but the monuments when success faded—and have lost even those. Stars who have spent it when they had it and now, when they should be gracefully retired, are playing bit parts, despairingly trying for "come-backs." You mention some of them, the irony of it all.

Ann is silent a moment, broodingly silent. "Yes," she says, finally, "in this game, your debts can break you. In any other game, you might be able to start all over again and recoup everything. But not in this one. You have your chance just once. There aren't many Marie Dresslers. . . . But—a funny thing about debts in this game. They can break you. But they can also make you."

She curls one leg under herself, unconsciously becoming comfortable while becoming frank.

"The debts that break you are the kind you can't pay because you don't have the money. The ones that make you are the kind you can never pay, no matter how much money you have. They're intangible."

"I mean—debts of gratitude. We all owe them. We wouldn't be here, if we didn't."

"But, somehow, those debts never get mentioned. For one thing, you can't go around talking about them, without being accused—rightly—of being a Pollyanna. For another thing, on your way up, people see you becoming a star and they don't see anybody helping you. They get the idea that you're self-made, completely and entirely. A few may realize that somebody must have helped you, somewhere along the route, but they think maybe they'd better not ask you about it. You might not like it. One faction gives you more credit than you deserve. The other suspects you of ego. Between them, nobody asks you about your Untold Debts. And you never get the chance to talk about them."

HERE is a large chunk of candor from a high quarter. Ann Sothorn is admitting that she never has told the story of the unpayable debts she owes. You start asking questions that no one has asked her before. You start learning things that no one has known about her before.

"I certainly can't thank myself for my career," she says, curling her other leg under herself. "I didn't have any more to do with the start of it than I did with my start in life as Harriette Lake. And there's a story behind that."

"My parents didn't know what to call me. They settled the question finally by writing names on slips of paper, and having friends

write names, and then having a drawing from a hat, with everybody grouped around Mother's bed. (She has always said it looked like a funeral.) They drew twice. The first name was Gertrude. The second, Harriette. The only reason why I was named Harriette was because my father's best friend at that time was named Harry. Cute, what? That's how close I came to being 'Gertrude'!

"Well, my career was also an accident. I was going to the University of Washington—and didn't have the slightest idea what I wanted to do with my life. I had a vague sort of notion that if I ever did anything, it would probably be in music. Singing was all I knew. That, and playing the piano. And a little dancing. But I wasn't a very good dancer."

"There were three reasons why I came to Hollywood. First, Mother was here—coaching voice. Secondly, I was tired of school. Thirdly, my father had cut me off from any money. If I didn't want to go to school, I had to go to work, earn my money myself. I came down to get what solace I could from Mother. (She and my father had been separated for years.)

"I had no intention of trying to get into the movies. I didn't see myself as a screen possibility. I don't think Mother did, either. The first person who did—the person who started the whole ball rolling—was Sam Koenig, at Warners. I owe my first debt of gratitude to him."

WHAT FOOLS WIVES ARE
TO LET THEMSELVES GET
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

MARRIED TEN
YEARS, BUT...

LOOK WHAT BOB
GAVE ME ON OUR
ANNIVERSARY!
ISN'T HE
WONDERFUL?

YOU'RE PRETTY
WONDERFUL, TOO...
KEEPING YOURSELF
SO YOUNG AND
LOVELY! I'D GIVE
ANYTHING TO
HAVE A COMPLEXION
LIKE YOURS

I'M SURE YOU CAN,
MADGE! FOR A LONG TIME
MY SKIN WAS SIMPLY AWFUL!
SO DRY, LIFELESS AND COARSE-
LOOKING... REGULAR
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN
LUCKILY I TRIED PALMOLIVE...

PALMOLIVE
SOAP?
WHY IS IT SO
MARVELOUS?

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM A
SPECIAL BLEND OF NATURE'S FINEST
BEAUTY AIDS, OLIVE AND PALM OILS.
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO
GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN.
IT SOFTENS,
SMOOTHES,
REFINES
SKIN
TEXTURE!

WELL I'M
GOING TO
CHANGE TO
PALMOLIVE
RIGHT AWAY!

BOB SAYS I'M SO MUCH PRETTIER
SINCE I'VE BEEN USING PALMOLIVE,
THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, TO
KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE



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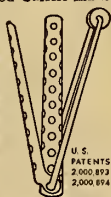
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"He happened to be a friend of Mother's. He heard that I could sing and dance. He offered me a chance as a stock girl. I took it. It was something to do, for the time being.

"It sounds hammy to say it, but it's the truth: I never thought I'd be anything in pictures. The first person who gave me the idea that I could be was Ivan Kahn. He was an agent then; he's a studio talent scout now. I met him through friends. At the time, I didn't know what an agent was or what an agent did. It still amazes me that he saw anything in me. I hadn't done a thing at Warners except pose for some girly-girly 'still' pictures. I didn't know a thing about movies. I wasn't any raving beauty. I wasn't a sensational singer. And I certainly wasn't a dancer. Or an actress.

"But he saw something that no one else, including Harriette Lake, even suspected. I can't be grateful enough for that. He took me to Paul Bern at M-G-M, interested him in me. I was signed by M-G-M as a contract player. Very few people know that I knew Paul Bern. Even fewer know what an important part he played in my life..."

She pauses, thoughtfully reminiscent. Quietly she says:

"He was a great man—a really great man. His greatness lay in the inspiration he gave others. Someone once called him 'the little Father Confessor of Hollywood.' It fitted him. People opened up their hearts to him, confessed to him their hopes and fears, beliefs and doubts. And he helped them. So many have owed their success to his belief in them. Barbara La Marr, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow—countless others. I am only one.

"I WAS signed by M-G-M primarily as a singer. Months went by, and I never stepped in front of a microphone or a camera. All I ever did was one scene, in mud up to my knees, with Buster Keaton. I would go into Paul Bern's office, discouraged, wondering if I should give it all up. He would talk to me. He would encourage me to keep on with my singing, even if nobody seemed to know I existed. He would say, 'Some day, Harriette, you will be a star. Believe me.' Trying to believe him, I learned to believe in myself. No one could ever repay such a debt as that..."

"Then another accident happened. I sang at a party which Florenz Ziegfeld attended. He offered me the second lead in his new show. I went to Paul Bern and told him. He said, 'I will get you a release from your contract. You must take this offer. It will be a great opportunity for you. You will get stage experience. You will become an actress.' I took his advice. I've never been sorry.

"I was in my third Broadway show, and playing the lead, before I saw Paul Bern again. He came backstage after a performance. He said to me—I'll never forget it—"You've gone only a quarter of the way." My greatest regret is that he couldn't have lived to see that his encouragement wasn't in vain.

"Ziegfeld was the first person influential in bringing me to New York and the stage. But the immediate result was discouragement. I didn't seem to 'belong,' any more than I had in Hollywood. Or even as much. I left the show after four weeks—in Boston, before it ever went into New York.

"The second person was Lawrence Schwab, the Broadway producer. I was on my way back to Hollywood when I met him. And he offered me the lead in *America's Sweetheart*. The lead, mind you. The backers and the authors didn't want me.

Schwab was the only one. And he was very stubborn. 'You're what I want in this part,' he told me, 'and you're what I'm going to have.'

"He had faith in me, at a time when no one else did. That set the whole course of my life. Anyone who has unshakable faith in you is bound to be a great guiding force in your life.

"THAT trip East was my first trip to New York. Mother was with me. And without her I would never have got anywhere. She isn't a 'stage mother.' She never has been. Never in any obvious way has she had a hand in anything I've done. Yet she has been behind everything I've accomplished... I'm awfully stubborn. It's one reason, I suppose, why I've got ahead. But that same trait *might* have held me back, with anyone else beside me. Mother, you see, knew how to handle her first-born." Ann smiles in apologetic explanation. "She knew that to tell me *not* to do something was the quickest way to make me do it..."

"I started on Broadway as an ingenue, God help me. Nothing makes me quite so mad as to have anyone call me that today. You can call me anything else, but not that. People have accused me for years of looking 'untouched by life—like an ingenue.' Ann makes a moue denoting mental nausea. "I'm gradually overcoming it—I hope. Really, my freedom from wrinkles has been almost a detriment."

As if better to change the subject, Ann changes her position, again. (She's a squirmer; the epitome of restlessness.) She continues:

"Tom Howard, the comedian, was grand to me. He was the first one to teach me little tricks of the trade. He had learned them the hard way—the way I've had to learn most of them since—from experience. In that first show, he gave me something I wouldn't have had without him: confidence to go out and face an audience alone. He thought I had the makings of a comedienne. I didn't think I'd ever be one. But the fact that he thought so made me keep trying. That's all you need when you're young and ambitious—encouragement from one source that matters. And Tom Howard, on Broadway, decidedly mattered.

"So did Fanny Brice. I met her during my second show, *Everybody's Welcome*. Ann Pennington introduced us. Why Fanny took an interest in me, I can't tell you. Except that she is a great woman, with a heart as big as the Hippodrome; she wants to help everyone. She took one look at me, screwed up her face—"Ann screws up her own face in unconscious illustration—"and said, 'You've gotta change that hair.' It was dark red at the time. I took her advice. I changed it. She took the trouble to help me with my make-up. And make-up, I'll have you know, is important.

"AT THAT time fresh from the open spaces, I was kinda plumpish, with roundish rosy cheeks. A sort of California orange, round all over. Fanny took a look at my shape, shook her head again, and said, 'Part of *that*—you can imagine what—has gotta come off.' The fact that Fanny Brice even noticed me was something. The fact that she befriended me, gave me advice—well, the least I could do in return was to take it..."

"Always, to me, the test of whether a person is a friend or not is the criticism you get from that person. So many people are so foolish about criticism. They resent it. I've never been that way—and I find, over a period of years, that criticism has been my greatest single help... If Fanny hadn't

criticized me; if I hadn't taken her criticism as she meant it; if I hadn't made those changes—I wonder if I'd be here today?

"And that's just one instance. Naturally, you have to respect a person's judgment to accept that person's criticism. But if you're lucky enough to have even one friend whose judgment you *can* respect, my advice is: Listen. I've seen too many instances of people stupidly discouraging helpful frankness."

"To get frankness, you also have to give it. I'm probably frank to the point of stepping in where angels fear to tread. I've put my foot in it more than once, because I was trying to be helpful—the way I like to be helped."

"Just the other day, someone said to me, 'Watch your voice, Ann. You're slurring words, getting careless.' Now, I could have got awfully mad about that. But I didn't. I was glad that someone was enough of a pal to catch me up when I did get careless... No matter who the director of a picture is, or the cameraman, I go to them before shooting ever starts, and say, 'I have a habit of wrinkling my forehead when I talk. I make faces, unconsciously. And I want you to tell me.' All through the picture, they may hound me. But that's what I want them to do. 'Hold your stomach in,' the cameraman may call, when I'm in a glamorous moment—and am I glad! And am I indebted!

"**W**HEN I speak of debts of gratitude, I don't think of the people I've paid to help me—dramatic coaches, voice coaches, dancing teachers. They *are* a help, naturally. But their help has been purchased.

The important people in my life have been the people who have helped me of their own free will, and have gone out of their way to do so—because they thought I had talent.

"What gave them that idea, 'even though I was an ingenue'?" she grimaces at the word—again. "I don't know. I suppose it was partly because I was such an avid kid, so eager to learn. I watched everybody; I asked a million questions; I had insatiable curiosity. I still have it. People fascinate me. And I have terrific intuitions about people. I can pick you out a phoney a block away. The funny thing is: 'bitter experience' hasn't given me that particular asset. I had it as a youngster. And it's come in handy. Mighty handy. To get ahead, you've got to have it in you, not to be taken in by everything—or anything."

"And don't think I'm a cynic. I'm not. I still believe that in this life you only receive what you give."

"And that brings me right up to Roger. So many people seem to think of my screen career as something that keeps Roger and me apart. So few know that, in large part, it is something that he has given to me. I met him for the first time in 1933, in Chicago. I was playing in *Of Thee I Sing*; he was in *There's Always Juliet*. I had never done drama, which I wanted to do. He had never done musical comedy and he was thinking then of organizing an orchestra. His experience helped me; my experience helped him. He taught me 'timing,' so much else that I needed to know. He was more help to me than I can ever say."

"At that time, Felix Young, the Columbia producer, was looking for a new actress. He heard about me, offered me a contract.

I didn't want to come back to Hollywood. He gave me the chance to do drama. Roger gave me the courage to do it."

YOU ask Ann if it's true, as you have read somewhere, that she gives herself four more years on the screen.

"That was a bright effusion from somebody in the publicity department. I never said, 'I give myself four more years,' or anything like it. A statement like that would be presumptuous. In this business, you don't dictate your future. The public dictates it. The public—and your last picture. I'll keep going, I hope, until I've accomplished some of the things I want to accomplish. And I think I'll have the courage to step out when I'm at my peak. I *hope* I'll have the courage!"

"There's no use kidding yourself. You can last only so long, particularly if you aren't a *great* star—a Garbo, or a Shearer, or a Colbert. But if you step out in time, you can still have a future. You can make personal appearances. You can go on the radio. I'll always have to find something to do, have some kind of career. I'm on pins and needles after three weeks of not working. Roger, fortunately, understands. He's in this career business, too."

"You have to be pretty tolerant people to get along, with two careers in the family. So far, Roger and I have done handsomely, despite our 'long-distance marriage.' But I'll never make a statement: I've got the future all figured out. I know what will happen, and what won't. I guarantee this is permanent." In this business, no one ever knows what will happen.

"But"—and she smiles confidently—"meanwhile I'm going to build that house!"

New Cream brings to Women the Active "SKIN-VITAMIN"

FOUR years ago, doctors learned that a certain vitamin *applied direct to the skin* healed the skin quicker in burns and wounds.

Then Pond's started research on what this vitamin would do for skin when put in Pond's Creams. Today—you have its benefits for *your* skin—in Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream. Now this famous cream does more than smooth for powder and soften overnight. Its use now nourishes the skin. Women who use it say it makes their skin look clearer; pores seem finer.

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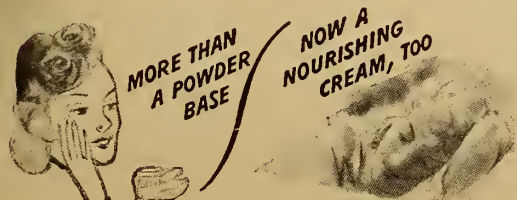
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IN MORE
WAYS THAN
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New "It" Girl

[Continued from page 43]

when, on a dare, she first stepped inside a studio. Neither of them had ever acted before.

Now, here was another schoolgirl coming to the screen, out of nowhere, visually startling the world... The press-agents weren't prepared. They had eyes. They could see Lana's appeal. But they guessed she wasn't a subject for ballyhoo—yet. They guessed she didn't rate a title all her own. They guessed wrong. The public proved it. The public cried: "Have you seen The Sweater Girl?... Now, there is a girl!... The Sweater Girl... She's a natural!... The Sweater Girl... Who is she? Where did she come from?..."

Everyone who saw the picture came away talking about the young girl in the opening sequence. Without doing anything electrifying, she was electrifying. Inarticulately, people tried to express that, tried to say that there was one of the last words in appealing femininity. Inarticulately, they tried to find words for her. They seized upon: "The Sweater Girl."

It embarrassed the studio. Lana blushed. Neither of them had anticipated such a thing. And both of them would have to do something about it. But, meanwhile, it was symptomatic. Symptomatic of the fact that, in her very first picture, in a brief role, no one had been able to overlook the girl in the sweater...

Who is she? Where did she come from? What is she like in person? What is her story?

I DON'T know of any greater test of an actress' personal appeal than a walk across a studio lot at lunchtime, when the entire army of her co-workers, both masculine and feminine, is on the loose, going to or from the commissary. I walked across the Warners' lot with Lana. And it was an experience.

I've never felt so many eyes looking in my general direction at any one time before, even with—well, some of the biggest Names in filmdom. Was I self-conscious? Yes. Was Lana self-conscious? No. Nor was she unconscious of all the attention. Only she seemed to accept it as friendliness—and let it go at that.

She was wearing a smart, but simple black woolen dress, topped with a matching bolero jacket. (Not a sweater.) She wasn't in make-up. She was frankly freckled. Her bobbed hair was being tossed about by one of those Burbank breezes. She wasn't conspicuous. She wasn't a glamor girl. Yet—as we passed this group or that, heads turned, with all eyes following her. From near and far, people called to her, and they smiled when they hailed her. They were obviously glad to be looking upon Lana. Others still didn't know, apparently, just who she was—but their necks turned, too, as they buzzed: "Who's that?"

There's something about Lana that naturally captures attention. And I mean naturally. You anticipate an actressy girl, poised in the glamorous manner. You find a girl who might, in clothes and mannerisms, pass for a pretty high-school or college girl. She's unaffected, natural, innocent of attention-attracting. Yet she has only to walk by for people to look twice. Or even four times.

She isn't strikingly beautiful. Her features are regular, not classical. Her hair is light brown, verging on auburn. Her eyes

are hazel. Her lips are full. But she has an "alive" face. It reacts. There's something about Lana...

LOOK at the map of Idaho. Look at the "stovepipe" that is the very top of the map. There you will find a town named Wallace. That's where Lana was born. And christened Julia Jeanne Turner. "I'm still called that," she says, with an embarrassed grin, "when Mother's mad at me. She'll teach me to behave!"

Her father, Virgil Turner, was a vaudeville dancer until he met and married Mildred Cowan, who wasn't as old then as Lana is now. She had been a fashion model, even so. Now, with her earnings, she became the owner of "a couple of beauty shops." Virgil became an insurance man.

Lana is very proud of her mother—"only thirty-two. I don't look much like her. She's beautiful. I think I look more like my father."

She was an only child, and she has always been sorry. She used to wish that she had brothers and sisters. Now, "I wish I had a twin. Then all this would be twice as much fun. Having someone who'd have the same reactions to everything I have, experience everything I do. Then I could sort of stand off and see how I'm getting along, what I'm doing, what I'm *not* doing that I should, and all."

She gives a mock-sigh of despair. I say "mock-sigh," because, at this writing, she couldn't be capable of a real sigh. Life, at this writing, is a lift to Lana.

When she was five, the Turners moved for the first time. They went to San Francisco. Lana remembers that hegira. They drove. And, part of the way, "my father let me 'drive.' You've seen these proud fathers behind the wheels of cars, holding their children on their laps, letting them 'help' with the driving. Well, my father was that kind.

"One place on the way down, I was in his lap, steering, when he went sound asleep. I didn't know. Neither did Mother, who was sitting in back. She had been asleep, too. Suddenly, she awakened—and every bit of color drained out of her. She could tell from the position of my father's head that he wasn't awake. Little Julia Jeanne was doing the steering. She didn't scream. She didn't dare. She shook him, and said, 'Look at what our child is doing!' I guess"—she smiles again—"I cured them of knowing what to expect from me."

SHE wasn't quite ten, and they had lived in San Francisco and Sacramento and Stockton and other Northern California towns, when her father died. She was old enough to miss him.

"I was great pals with my father. One of the things he did was to teach me tap-dancing."

Lana and her mother went back to San Francisco to live. Her father had been an insurance man who also believed in insurance for himself. They always "had enough." There was no struggle to make ends meet. There was no drama in Lana's growing up.

She can't recall anything unusual about her girlhood, except—her liking for clothes. "Very young, I had ideas about becoming a designer. Yes, I liked dancing, for fun. But I never thought of becoming a dancer. Because I liked clothes so much. I was raised with thoughts of clothes. Mother

used to dress me in silks, instead of gingham, even to go out to play—to the head-shaking horror of neighboring mothers.

"When I was fourteen, I had what was almost a phobia about never wearing a dress twice. That is, so that it looked the same twice. I was always taking something off a dress, putting on another touch. Other girls couldn't understand how I did it. Or how I designed my own clothes."

There is one-half of the explanation why Lana wears clothes so handsomely. (Providence is the other half.)

"Oh, yes," she says, "when I finished grammar school, I did one other thing beyond my tender years. I went across and around the United States alone. One day, out of a blue sky, I said, 'I think I'd like to go on a trip.' I didn't expect Mother even to listen. But she not only heard me; she said, 'When would you leave?' As soon as school was out, I decided.

"I left San Francisco in June and went first to Missouri to visit my father's family. Then, to Chicago, to visit other relatives. And Indianapolis, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans. I saw the country. And passed for eighteen everywhere. Sometimes I think I looked older than I do now. I got as far back toward home as Albuquerque when I ran out of money. The Y. W. C. A. took me in overnight and wired my mother for train fare home. Nobody thought of food money, too. From San Diego north I had to go without eating. . . .

"Yes, that trip probably did a lot for me. I learned how to handle myself as if I were older. I learned how to be self-reliant. I learned how to talk to strangers.

"How did my mother ever happen to let

me go on such a trip—at that age? I seemed older, for one thing. She trusted me, for another thing. Also, she thought it would do things for me. Be an education. Then, too—I was a little 'spoiled,' I think. I usually did what I wanted to do. Now"—and her lips turn upward again—"I'm getting an education in not-burning-up-over-things-I-can't-do. I'm learning how to work for what I get."

SHE and her mother first arrived in Hollywood on the 26th of October a year ago. There was no thought of the movies then. "Mother had to come South for her health." Lana entered Hollywood High School. She was a junior.

I ask her if the youngsters at Hollywood High are movie-conscious.

"Very," she says. "How can they help it? They're surrounded with the movie atmosphere. I thought about movies, yes. Every girl does. But I wasn't serious about it. I was concentrating on art."

How then, did the career happen? It is one of those few-and-far-between genuine Hollywood Cinderella stories:

"It was just before Christmas. This particular day, I didn't feel like going to typing class. I cut it. Besides, I was famished. This was eleven o'clock in the morning—and I didn't see how I was going to hold out till lunchtime. So I went across the street to one of those two-by-four restaurants there for some food. And—I'll tell all—a cigarette.

"I was sitting at the counter when a man walked in and sat down. I didn't know who he was, but I could feel him looking at me. You know that uncomfortable feeling—when you feel someone looking at you and

you don't know what to do about it? 'That guy's certainly fresh,' I thought. I tried to ignore him. Finally, he came over to me and said, 'After you finish school, would you like to be in the movies?'

"I thought he was kidding, or pulling an awfully old line, or something. I said, 'Well, I've never thought much about it.' He said, 'Be over at my office at four this afternoon. I want you to meet someone.' He said his name was Billy Wilkerson, and told me where his office was. The name didn't mean a thing to me. After he left, I asked the man behind the counter, 'Who is he?' He told me: 'Just the publisher of the Hollywood Reporter. That's all.' He pitied my ignorance.

"I went home and told my mother and my aunt what had happened. My aunt knew Billy Wilkerson. Maybe that helped, too. Anyway, she went with me at four o'clock. He gave us a letter of introduction to Zeppo Marx, the agent. In a blue envelope, I remember. Without that letter, I wouldn't have got to Zeppo. Agents don't bother with unknowns.

"He took me around to the studios. He took me to Max Arnow, the talent chief at Warners. Arnow said, 'Come on over with me to Mervyn LeRoy. He's looking for a young girl for a picture he's about to make.' I went over. Mr. LeRoy seemed to like me. He kept me coming back for tests, with about twenty other girls. Then, one day, he said, 'The role's yours—and a contract goes with it.' I was the happiest little girl who ever walked. I rushed home to tell mother. She didn't say anything. She was so happy she couldn't talk."

[Continued on page 71]



"SAY SIS—
HOW DID THEY EVER
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JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS
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Teething Lotion

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 10]

are now glad that she is finding happiness. You can read all about them by turning to page 23.

ALTHO' June Lang seems to be playing the field as far as escorts are concerned—seems that A. C. Blumenthal, financial wizard, is head man right now. Or else why would she get up on a cold, foggy morning and meet the dawn-arrival of his plane from New York?

TWO of the happiest kids in Hollywood are Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable. Because, long before you read this, they will be married after a three year engagement. That's a long time in any town, and particularly in movieland where you can generally make money betting on the outcome of any engagement.

ANOTHER long-time twosome is Russell Gleason and Cynthia Hobart.

Ever since they met, two years ago, neither Russell nor Cynthia has dated anyone else. And when they were finally both cast in *Having A Wonder-*



The stork is hovering over the home of the Allan Joneses—the Missus, Irene Hervey

ful Time, they decided they were having it, and would like to continue—so they announced their engagement and plan to marry around the first of the year.

WHETHER or not Rudy Vallee and Gloria Youngblood are engaged is still a matter of guesswork. But whatever the answer, it doesn't keep Rudy from dancing with Hazel Forbes or spending practically every afternoon playing tennis with Wendy Barrie.

That Wendy gal must like tennis—'cause when it isn't Rudy to whom she is showing the finer points of a love set, it's Brian Aherne.

ROBERT WILCOX couldn't stand the idea of working in Hollywood while his gal friend, Joy Hodges, was making good in New York in the musical take-off on FDR and the New Deal, *I'd Rather Be Right*. So Bob called his gal on long distance and told her that love waited for nothing and she'd simply have to find time off from her show to get married. Didn't take Joy long to say yes—so when Bob finishes his picture,

[Continued on page 72]



"Love me, love my horse," says Marian Marsh, posing with stepper, Triple Threat

New "It" Girl

[Continued from page 69]

Came the contract; came the need for a screen name for her. "We were in Mr. LeRoy's office, talking about names. Gloria, Jeanne, countless others. Suddenly, I thought of 'Lana.' Nobody had ever heard of it. Neither had I. 'How would you spell it?' they asked. I told them. They said it over and over—'Lah-nah.' They decided, 'That's it.'"

SHE had no dramatic training whatsoever. Despite that: "I suffered no agonies during the tests. When I started shooting—that's when I got nervous. A movie career really mattered to me now. It was a big help, having Mr. LeRoy directing. He was so painstaking, so patient, so calm. 'Take your time,' he'd say. 'Don't get excited.'"

Where did she acquire, on such short notice, the Southern accent she had in the picture?

"My father was a Southerner. We used to have a game: imitating Amos 'n' Andy. I was playing then at having a Southern accent. Now I was just playing again."

The closest she had ever come before to acting for a camera was one time in San Francisco when, with two girl-friends, she posed for publicity pictures for the midget-auto races. The girl-friend's father ran the races, which explained that. "I look at those pictures now and shudder. I was blonder then. You should have seen me. I was terrible."

Since *They Won't Forget*, she has made two other pictures. (Both of them were in production before the release of her first, before movie audiences ever saw her and reacted.) She was one of the trio of twittering maids in *The Great Garrick*. Then Samuel Goldwyn borrowed her to play the Chinese maid-servant of Alan Hale in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*—"in a lacquered wig, and with slanted eyes, and my lips different. It was fun."

She isn't conscious of having changed much this past year. But her private life has changed. "We've moved to a nicer house. I have something now I've always wanted: a white living room—a white fireplace, white bear rugs, a white piano. . . . And my own rooms done in gold, with a four-poster bed and a canopy. . . . And I have a car of my own."

LANA won't confess to being the most-dated girl in Hollywood—which she is. The most she will say is—with a grin—"I get around." She *doesn't* have a date every night in the week. Sometimes, on Sunday nights, she goes to the Trocadero. Sometimes, on Mondays, she goes out to dinner. Sometimes, on Wednesdays, she goes out—"just to break the monotony." (The girl has a sense of humor.) On Fridays, sometimes, she goes out to a show. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, she stays home. Especially Saturdays. She likes to be able

to get up at six on Sunday mornings to go horseback-riding. She also swims. She plays tennis. She also admits to comedy wrestling tussles with her young mother.

You get an impression of Mrs. Turner and Lana as being more like sisters than mother and daughter. You get an impression of close companionship, great mutual affection. "Mother is very stately—till she gets started. I think"—she smiles at her understatement—"I think I love her."

She denies that she even thinks she loves anyone else, at this writing. She *will* say, "There was someone—and now there isn't." I think his name was Wayne Morris. But don't quote me.

I ask her what she thinks of the title conferred on her: "The Sweater Girl." She makes a gesture of wanting to hide under the luncheon table. "I wonder," she says, "if I'll ever dare wear a sweater again."

I tell her that countless girls would like to know how to have a Lana Turner figure. She colors ever so slightly. Then her sense of humor comes to her rescue. "That," she says, mischievously, "is *my* secret. . . . Such talk!"

She hopes her youth won't be a handicap (!). She means she hopes that she won't be fated to play "sweet simpering ingenues. I want to play parts I can sink my teeth into. Maybe I can't. But I'd certainly like to try."

And that, for future reference, is Lana Turner—Miss Sex Appeal of 1938.

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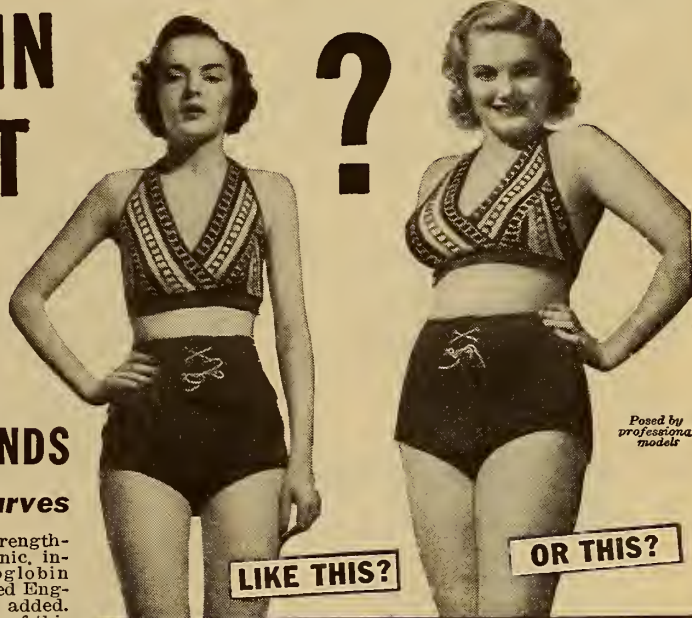
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 70]

it's New York and wedding bells.
For Christmas.

THE diamond bracelet that covers half of Mary Maguire's arm is a present from Joe Schenck, rhumba wizard, just so she wouldn't forget him while he is in New York.

WHILE Martha Raye is keeping herself occupied with Dave Rose—an eastern radio man—and Doug Fowley, her husband-for-awhile, Buddy Westmore, is concentrating on Lana Turner. In fact if you looked real close, you'd find that the ring Lana is wearing is the engagement ring Martha returned to Buddy when they broke up their marriage.

FRIENDS of Gregg Toland—Goldwyn's ace color photographer—are kidding him about his brand new six-pound baby daughter. The little gal has bright blue eyes and flaming red hair—friends insist it's the Technicolor influence.

ANNE NAGEL, the widow of Ross Alexander, is just starting to attend Hollywood social events since the



Against backdrop of sawdust snow Anna Lee Steps out in *Non-Stop New York*

tragedy that ended her marriage. Her most constant companion at the various night spots is Gordon Oliver, who has forsaken Kay Stammers, the English tennis player, for the lovely Anne.

JOHN BARRYMORE and his Ariel celebrated their first year of hectic on-again-off-again marriage—and John presented Elaine with a brand new roadster.

HELEN MACK celebrated her divorce from Charles Irwin by dining and dancing with Lew Ayres.

THE Simone Simon and Gene Markey romance (if it ever was one) is definitely a thing of the past, with Simone concentrating most of her attention on Willie Wyler, ex-hubby of Margaret Sullavan. Gene is busy escorting various of the 20th-Fox cuties to publicity-important events. One night he's with Annabella, the French lovely, and the next with Marjorie Weaver, of Lo'ville, the gal that 20th is grooming for stardom.

[Continued on page 90]



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Paramount's new charmer, Louise Seidel, is a young hopeful on the blonde side

And A Little Child Still Leads Them

[Continued from page 32]

in song and dance, she's in a class by herself. "Without any trouble," says Bill Robinson, "she learned a routine I've never been able to teach a woman."

Darryl Zanuck, boss of 20th Century-Fox, who knows his Shirley, heard a composition of Raymond Scott's called *The Toy Trumpet*. "We'll have words set to it," he decided, "and let Shirley sing it in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*."

"It can't be sung," Scott protested. "Least of all, by a child."

"Shirley can sing it."

Shirley not only sang it, but urged the musicians to "go faster—I can't sing it so slow."

"I don't believe it," moaned Scott. "If these weren't my own ears, I'd say it was a publicity stunt."

Yet if Shirley were merely an expert singer and dancer, she'd be doing specialty numbers in some other star's picture. Her skill in that field forms a charming little frill on the hem of her popularity. For its essence, one must dig deeper.

TO ME the quality which makes Shirley your Shirley and my Shirley and not just another sweet youngster—the quality which no screen child, past or present, has shared with her—is a sublime and sunny faith in the goodness of life—a faith so unquestioning that the presence of evil inspires her less with fear than with a spunky determination

to get past this obstacle to the good waiting just beyond.

When she squares her shoulders and plants her chubby legs apart to do battle with some snake-in-the-grass, you know that the snake-in-the-grass can't touch her spirit, that she'll emerge from the encounter as blithe and trustful as she entered it. When she puts her hand in the hand of some old curmudgeon and smiles up at him as if he were a chorus of caroling angels, there's enough defenceless good will in that smile and gesture to melt the hearts of all the cranks in the audience.

That our faith falls short of hers doesn't matter. That Shirley believes in a world we'd all like to believe in makes it true for a while. We bless her for keeping what we've lost. We'd fight anyone who tried to take it from her. She's a symbol of the enchanted realm of childhood. She's the princess triumphant with the dragon in chains at her feet. That she'll probably stoop to pat the dragon's head instead of putting her foot on him, adds the final touch of worshipful tenderness to our feeling for her.

It must be self-evident that this quality is natural to Shirley. She had it at four. At four no child, given the most skillful direction, could mould for herself an artificial personality. She has it unimpaired at eight. She never knew any baby fears of the dark. She's not even afraid of the crawling ants

and spiders that she doesn't pretend to like. She keeps out of their way, and when they get into hers, she bids them scam.

Her parents have guarded her native trustfulness. Something happened one day to terrify the monkey that played a scene with her in *Heidi*. In his panic he took a nip at Shirley's arm. She was naturally startled. Mrs. Temple gathered the frightened little animal into her arms, where he cowered trembling. Shirley promptly went over to stroke his head. "Poor little monkey," she crooned, where another child would have been sobbing, "Poor little me."

THE Temples are keenly aware of the dangers besetting any life lived in the limelight—so keenly aware that when the first movie proposals were broached, Shirley's father flatly refused to consider them. He was won over, less by dazzling promises, than by a quiet faith in his wife's judgment and in her ability to keep Shirley unspoiled.

Whether Gertrude Temple's understanding of child psychology is intuitive, or whether she learned by trial and error in bringing up her boys, the fact remains that few children reared exclusively at home are as un-selfconscious as the darling of millions. This sounds like a large statement. Large or not, it's true.

How is it possible? At the studio her

[Continued on page 82]



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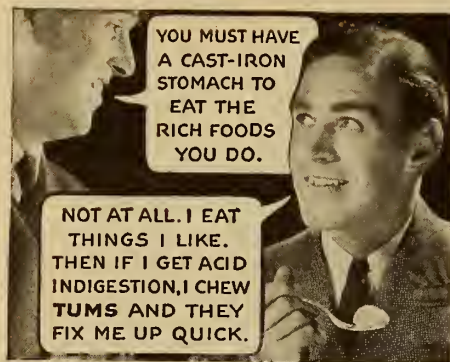
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At Reno so many women are getting divorces because they have been in misery for years! Many women, too, have found new independence and happiness after taking an old physician's prescription called "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," which stimulates the appetite and this in turn increases the intake of food, helping to build up the body.

Then, too, there is the dreaded "change of life" period, called by physicians "menopause." Women of any age who suffer from periodic pains, headache, pains in back, associated with functional disturbances, would do well to try that vegetable tonic, made without alcohol, and favorably known for seventy years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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Smarting, tender skin promptly soothed and comforted by washing with Resinol Soap and applying Resinol Ointment.

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Serve Savory Soups

[Continued from page 6]

vegetable liquids, heat, and strain through a cloth. Serve very hot. The cooking water from such vegetables as carrots, celery, asparagus, cauliflower, etc., should not be thrown away, but saved and used as a base for these thin soups. Here are some tricks in preparing these:

Julienne: Use clear meat stock, or hot water and bouillon cubes, with vegetables shaved into the thinness of match sticks.

Tomato Bouillon: Combine 1 can bouillon with equal amount tomato juice, season with onion juice, and a few drops Worcestershire sauce.

Pimiento Bouillon: To 2 cups canned chicken broth add the pulp of 3 pimientos pressed through fine sieve. Heat, add yolk of 1 egg beaten in cream, and stir to thicken.

CREAM soups are rich in nourishment because they are made with rich milk or cream. Children, and men, too, love this type of thicker rich-textured soup, especially when garnished with squares or sippets of toasted bread or a grating of cheese. By starting off the family dinner with such a soup, one can be economical with the rest of the menu. For luncheon the cream soup is perfect—a plate of soup, a salad and a bit of fruit, and the luncheon is a combination taste and health success.

To make a cream soup use the pulp of any preferred vegetable, particularly carrots, asparagus, celery, mushrooms, pumpkin, etc.,—a pulp made by pressing the vegetables through a fine sieve. To this, add a portion of milk or cream, and heat slowly. To thicken, add what the French call "roux," meaning flour rubbed into butter. For chef's perfection, strain the heated soup once again so the texture will be uniform and velvet smooth. Here's a sample of a delicious cream soup, one very seasonable in winter, and with a special flavor all its own:

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons finely diced pork
- 1 tablespoon leek, chopped
- 2 tablespoons celery, chopped
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 6 cups veal broth
- 1 head cauliflower, cooked
- 4 cups milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup cream
- Sugar, salt, white pepper
- Pimiento stars

Melt butter, add pork, leek, celery, bay leaves and flour. Brown, stirring constantly. Add veal broth and cooked flower, broken into flowerets (reserving some for garnish). Let boil a few minutes longer. Sieve. Add milk, and heat. Add eggs beaten in cream just before serving. Serve in large soup plates with 1 floweret and several pimiento stars to each portion. (A less expensive soup may be made by substituting water for veal broth.) (Serves 8-10)

Other suggested cream soups are: White Turnip Cream Soup, Mushroom Soup, Asparagus Puree, Salmon Puree, etc. All are made by combining a thick pulp (which may be seafood as well as vegetable pulp) with milk, cream and a binding ("roux") of butter rubbed in flour.

AND now for that large and most important class of soups which are or may be an entire meal. What grand soups they are, and how many nations, in their poorer classes, almost live by soup alone! Take the "borscht" or beet soup of the Russians, the "pot-au-feu" of the French, the mutton broth of Scotland and England, and the remarkable onion soups which seem at home in any nation. Yes, these are all "meals in one," and well deserve to be made often and well.

For, when well made, nourishing soup of this hearty type supplies practically everything necessary to good eating, and nothing more is required but plenty of good bread, pilot biscuits or crackers, and a light fruit as a happy ending. In older days, the soup kettle was the most important single piece of equipment which the housewife was proud to own. Today, alas, it seems a bit neglected, although the response from readers on a Soup Contest recently managed by a certain publication brought in 100,000 recipes just for "Soup of the Evening, Beautiful Soup!"

And what are some of these grand old kettle soups which today's daughters might well copy and repeat? Well, they might include English Beef Soup, thickened with barley, rice or vermicelli, or alphabet pastes; Cock-a-leekie, another standby of the Scotch, brimming full of cut vegetables, barley and nourishment, something to "stick to your lugs" as the old man said. Then there's another division of these thick hearty soups which takes beans as the base—the black beans, the white beans, even the red beans! Is there any reader who does not know the goodness of a Black Bean Soup? So that she shan't be unknowing of it a moment longer, we set the recipe down in black and white as follows:

BLACK BEAN SOUP

- 1 pint black beans
- 2 quarts cold water.
- 2 tablespoons onion, chopped
- 2 stalks celery or celery root
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 hardcooked eggs
- 1 lemon

Soak beans overnight; drain, add cold water, and rinse thoroughly. Fry onion in 2 tablespoons butter and add to beans. Add celery and 2 quarts water. Cook slowly 3-4 hours until beans are soft, adding more water as it boils away. Rub through strainer, add seasonings, and heat. Heat remaining butter in saucepan, add flour, and add gradually to hot soup. Cut lemon in thin slices, removing seeds; cut eggs in thin slices; and serve both in soup.

OTHER soups don't appear to fall into any of the main categories but taste just as good all the same. This one, which all men simply rave over, is neither difficult nor expensive to make:

CURRY SOUP

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 onions, minced fine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 teaspoons curry powder
- 2 cups veal broth

2 cups cooked veal, diced
Salt, cayenne

Melt butter, add onion, and saute to light brown. Add flour and curry powder, stirring constantly. Gradually add hot veal broth, and continue stirring until soup is creamy. Season. Add diced veal. Serve with toasted water crackers. (Serves 6-8)

When is a soup a chowder? Of course the ultimate in soup heartiness is Chowder, spelled with a capital "C." A chowder, ladies, if you don't make it often, is a grab-bag of flavor from some sort of fish or seafood, potatoes, pork or bacon, and enough milk to hold the dish together. Thrifty New Englanders know their chowders—and how! No several courses at every dinner for them. Just put everything into the same pot, cook it over one burner (thrifty for fuel, too,) and let it ripen. Then EAT! There are several recipes for simply wonderful chowders—including favorites of the men movie stars, like Russian Duck Soup, which makes the 4 Marx Brothers' Duck Soup taste like water!—in the special leaflet which will be sent you free.

AND one more point: when serving soup, don't forget the details of Soup Etiquette, and what to serve with them. Most cream soups require the contrast of well-browned or fried bread squares—croutons, to you. Clear meat stock soups can handle tiny dumplings, dropped in at the last minute. Little triangles of pastry, plain or filled with chopped cooked vegetables, are delicious to eat with meat soups, and vice versa, using chopped meat fillings with vegetable soups. Toasted bread strips sprinkled with grated cheese are tasty with vegetable soups, the best contrast being a hard bread with the soft soup. Following are other suggestions to improve soup service:

Serve 1 teaspoon slightly salted whipped cream on cream soups.

Sprinkle shredded toasted almonds on cream soups.

Serve small dice of raw vegetable on cream vegetable soup (carrot on carrot soup, celery on celery soup, or cooked peas on cream pea soup, etc.)

Fry thin slices of frankfurter in butter and top each serving of bean soup with 5 little slices.

Due to the overwhelming response to our Mystery Recipe Contest the editors regret to advise that the announcement of the winners has been postponed. The announcement will definitely appear in the March issue.

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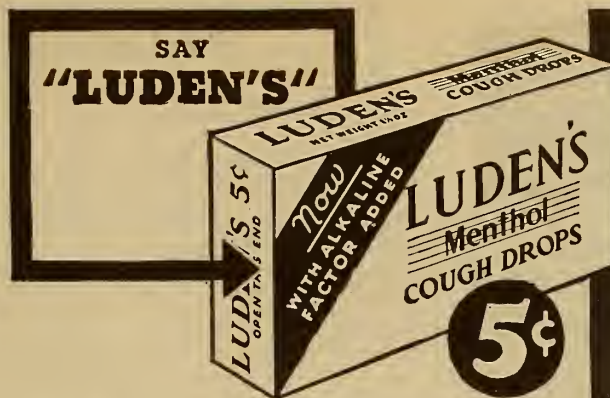
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"I Didn't Think It Could Happen Again"

[Continued from page 23]

think it would happen again, ridiculous as it may seem. For it was ridiculous, actually, to suppose that love wouldn't come again to a girl so young, so beautiful, with such a proven warmth of emotion, such understanding of human frailty when understanding must have been sorely tried. Why shouldn't it come again, with all the young men who have sent her flowers, dined her, danced with her, pleaded for dates, offered their hearts... Cesar Romero, Jimmy Stewart, David Niven, the others...

But Virginia, gay, companionable, seemed always to have a last reluctance, a final reservation. Was she clinging, her friends thought, fearfully, to a dream which would not let her go? Was she clinging, still spell-bound, to a memory more vivid than anything living?

I remember so well the very young Virginia of nine years ago. I talked with her the day after she had announced her engagement to John Gilbert.

THERE was an unbelieving look in Virginia's eyes in those days, a look of incredulity. Even after she married John Gilbert, was the mistress of his home, the mother of his daughter, there was still that slightly dazed, incredulous expression, almost as though she were saying: "I don't believe that this is true, not any of it. Pinch me, please, and I will wake up."

I don't know whether she hoped she would be pinched and awakened or whether she wanted to keep on dreaming. A little of both, perhaps...

But now there is a difference. There is this difference: The look in Virginia's eyes, since she announced her engagement to J. Walter Ruben, dark, much the build of John Gilbert, with a humanness which makes him generally beloved, thirty-six—is a *believing* look, a look not of incredulity, of daze and dream, but a look of confidence and faith and trust. She is not seeing love through a blur now, through mists of Make-Believe; she is looking at love with her eyes wide open, her heart at home.

She was saying: "I didn't believe it could ever happen to me again. It never has—until now. I have gone out with so many boys and men, liked them so much, been interested. But never in love, never once. Of course it never does, never can happen exactly the same way. That is where I made my mistake; that is why I said the things I have said to you through the years... about never marrying again, or not marrying for five years anyway; of it being fatal for me to have loved Jack Gilbert first because he made all other men seem drab by comparison."

"I made the mistake, you see, of supposing the *same love would happen again*. And how, I thought, could it? It couldn't, of course. And shouldn't. There is more than one love in a lifetime, as there is more than one friendship. And one subtracts nothing from the other. It is simply not the same love, that's all."

"I am so happy now, so happy I can't tell you! And I can say this, you see, without disrespect, without disloyalty to my memory of Jack. Because it doesn't touch it at all. I am so happy because I am in love now with my own kind of person, with the kind of love that is mutual, in kind and quality."

"It is so different—for one thing. Sonny *believes in me*. I can't tell you what this means to me. I have so little ego, so little

confidence in myself, as a person, as an actress." (And I thought then, how could she have had confidence in herself, flung as she was with her little experience, hurtled almost directly from her quiet, folksy home-life into the maelstrom which was John Gilbert's life.)

"Sonny," Virginia was saying, "listens to everything I say. *He listens to me*. And he always finds something worthwhile, something sweet and real and good in what I say. It's a wonderful experience for me. He believes in me as an actress, too. He helps me so. He wants me to go on with my work for as long as I want to work." (Later, Jack Ruben told me, *sotto voce*, eyes both tender and laughing on Virginia, "I want her to go on with her career for as long as she wishes, but I hope it won't be—too long!")

It is a protective love, the love Jack Ruben has for Virginia. It is, I am sure, the cherishing, adoring love of the man for the woman.

"I call Jack 'Sonny,'" Virginia explained then, "because—well, I naturally didn't want to call him Jack. It's curious about the name of John and the part it has played in my life. In the first place, it's always been my favorite man's name, ever since I was a little girl. Then, when I was in high school, I had four beaux and every one of the four was named John. Then John Gilbert, now John Walter Ruben."

"And if and when we have a son—and oh, I hope we do, just as soon as possible—I shall name him John, too. But I didn't know what to call Jack Ruben and so I asked him and he told me that his father has always called him 'Sonny' and that he likes it because of his father and that's how it began. At first it was a little difficult for me to say it naturally, without self-consciousness. But now it comes perfectly naturally. And 'Sonny' it is. Anyway," laughed the bride-to-be, "he is like a little boy, sometimes... when he isn't being wiser than any man I ever knew..."

But to Virginia all men are "little boys" at times. Set in that fragile beauty the maternal runs deep and strong.

"WE ARE the same kind of people, Sonny and I," Virginia was saying, with this rich new contentment in her voice, "we have the same dispositions, sort of happy and casual, both of us. We think alike about everything. We like the same people for the same reasons. We speak the same language. We have the same desire for permanence. We both want a home of our own, we want children. I want to have a baby... just as soon as I possibly can. No, I don't care whether it keeps me away from the screen for a time, or not. What is working in a picture compared to having a baby? I'll be so *proud* to have a baby for Sonny..."

"There is something a little old-fashioned and so, to me, very sweet about this love of ours. You see, it's been a long time a'growing. It isn't one of those we-met-at-the-Troc-and-were-engaged-when-the-orchestra-stopped-playing-kind-of-things. I met Sonny at Paramount when I first came to Hollywood about nine years ago. I've known him all this time, a casual friendship sort of knowing."

"He says that he has been in love with me from the very first time he ever saw me. He 'proves it,' he says, by remembering

little things about me, the way I looked with long hair, the places we met. He says that I amused the life out of him because of the way I giggled at everything. I remember him, too . . . but I didn't, of course, think about being in love with him. Oh, not then.

"Then I've seen him a great deal here on the M-G-M lot. And now he has directed me in *Bad Man of Brimstone*. Just before the picture started I went to his office quite often to talk over my part with him. His advice was wonderful. He'd help me with lines, tell me how to read them to get the most out of them. No, I didn't think even then of being in love with him. I really didn't. I don't remember that I even 'catalogued' him as girls do, consciously or unconsciously, when they meet any man. I mean, I don't remember labeling him in my mind as definitely attractive or the reverse. I think now that I just had the sense that he was *there* and that I didn't need to go beyond that.

"Then we went on location, to the little village of Kanab, in Utah. A sleepy, remote little hamlet with live oaks and sort of 'Eastern' trees brooding over it and everyone simple and folksy, and everything as real and heartening as bread and work, and all the hills a sort of dark tangerine color and life so peaceful. Sonny and most of the company were there before me.

"It was my first location trip, the first time I've been out of California in over four years. I was, of course, terribly excited about it. Sonny tells me now how he loved my enthusiasm, loved the interest I took in my part. When he was leaving for Kanab I said to him half in fun (but was it wholly in fun? I doubt it now), that I'd expect him to greet me with a big kiss when I arrived. He promised me. I did arrive, finally, after long hours in the train, a hundred mile drive in a car into what seemed to be Nowhere.

"When I arrived Sonny was in process of taking a shower. But he did emerge presently, wrapped in a robe, and he greeted me with the kiss I had asked for. He hadn't forgotten. Even then I didn't know. But I must have had a deeply comforting sense that he hadn't forgotten.

"IT WAS while we were in Kanab, so peaceful and so far away from everything that had ever happened to me, everything that had been happiness and hurt, that I knew. One night as I was leaving the others to go to bed Sonny asked me, half-laughingly, to kiss him goodnight. And suddenly I felt that I *couldn't*, not then, not in front of the others. Suddenly I felt self-conscious and didn't know what to say or to do and stood there, awkwardly, like an adolescent girl with her first beau. And then I gave him a sort of peck on the cheek and ran off. I think I must have known then, in my heart, though my mind didn't put into words what my heart knew.

"It was on the train coming back that he asked me to marry him. And it was when he put it into words—the words he knows how to use so well that the accumulated emotion I must have been storing up all those months, perhaps years, came real and alive to me. And I knew.

"I remember so well sitting with him in the train, feeling a sort of ache all over me because the trip was over, because when we got into Los Angeles we would be going our separate ways alone, because I would always be alone without him. And then he asked me to marry him. I can't tell you how beautifully he asked me, how reverently. It was the way I had dreamed, long ago, that a man should ask a woman to marry him. It made marriage seem so real and warm and lasting.

"He told me that he was really living for the first time; that he had never believed this could happen to him; never believed that he could feel for any woman what he feels for me—the desire to be together all of our lives, to grow old together, to share every experience and pain and joy together, to be together, in everything. Oh, he said many lovely things! And I knew that he meant them.

"And I said, 'Yes,' because there was no other answer in all the world or in my heart that I could have given, or would have given. I said, 'Yes,' with all of me, for all my life."

AND this is the way love should be, for Virginia. It should be this sense of coming home. For she is a quiet heart, with love of home and children, love of simplicities deep in her heart. A tender heart, a clear and honest mind, these are the fundamentals governing Virginia.

"He is so understanding," Virginia said, "I don't know how other women feel about it but, to me, to have a man understand you, everything about you, everything you have thought and dreamed is marriage. Sonny even understands about Jack and me. He knew Jack, was his good friend, was fond of him. So that I can even talk to him about Jack without embarrassment or constraint. Other boys and men I have gone out with in the past few years have been so different; they have seemed to resent it when I've spoken of Jack; their attitude has been: 'Oh, can't you forget him. . . .' But Sonny knows that every experience becomes a very part of the person who has experienced it and should not be 'forgotten'.

"And he is so tender with me. He makes me feel so taken care of. If I have a sore throat he is frantic; if I am tired, he knows it; if I am thoughtful he enters into my mood with me. He comes to the house, almost every night, and 'calls on me', in the old-fashioned way. He sits with Mother and Dad and Stan and me, and we talk and have fun. And Mother and Dad have come to love him, too. At first they were opposed to the marriage. They didn't want to lose me again, naturally enough, I suppose. They knew that this marriage would mean taking Susan away from them. But now they are happy because they realize how completely happy I am.

"Susan loves him, too, and his interest in her, his fondness for her, his way with her has become a part of my love for him. I have constantly the feeling, now, that there are a pair of arms about me, sheltering me, keeping me safe and secure. And, at the same time, he has made me feel *important*. I've never had this feeling before . . .

"WE ARE going to be married just as soon as possible after I finish my present picture, *Arsene Lupin*. Just the very instant I am finished. I don't know at the moment just where we will be married. I don't like the house Mother and Dad and Stan and the baby and I are living in. Sonny's home is small. Dolores and Cedric Gibbons have offered us their house . . . they are all so kind and interested and they all tell us NOT to run off because they want to see us get married.

"So I don't know . . . after we are married we hope to get away for two months. Sonny would like to take me to Europe. When we come back we will rent a house for six months or so, maybe longer. Until our own house, in Brentwood, is built. Sonny owns some acreage there and we will build our own home. And I believe," said Virginia, strong and sure, "I believe that we will live 'happily ever after'—"

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Why Men Like Myrna Loy

[Continued from page 37]

that she has been created by the sly magicians of M-G-M to ensnare the male contingent of our film-going citizenry. Labeled as the perfect wife of the screen, she has been shown to us as a beautiful, witty, intelligent, gracious, tolerant and understanding help-mate of the harrassed man. But I found her just as attractive off the screen as on, and just as delightful and admirable. That's saying a great deal, and I suppose some will doubt me, but this a sincere statement of my impression of Myrna Loy in real life. She is always in character.

Clark Gable once told me "Myrna knows how to inspire men with chivalry, without ever demanding it. Women have become the equals of men, and that's mighty nice, but the trouble with many of them is that they think they should give up their feminine individualities and acquire masculine traits and characteristics in order to meet men on equal ground. Myrna is no weakling, she has a mind of her own, but she never stops being a woman."

"There is another thing I like about her," Clark added. "She appreciates the comical side of life, and knows how to laugh. I can't imagine a charming woman without a sense of humor. If women appreciate a sense of humor in men, men appreciate it even more so in women."

LA BELLE LOY met me in the doorway of her portable dressing-room on the set of *Man-Proof*. Dick Thorpe was shooting a party scene in a Long Island mansion, and she wore an elaborate modern confection by Adrian. She gives you her hand exactly as she does on the screen, her blue-green, slightly almond-shaped eyes sparkling with a delicious smile.

We were exchanging inconsequential pleasantries, when Spencer Tracy stuck his Irish mug in the door and she beckoned him in. They chatted for a few minutes, with Tracy doing most of the talking. Myrna is not loquacious. She likes to listen—and that, my friends, is another reason why men like her!

AS THIS intensely human personality rose to go, murmuring apologies in my direction, I asked him if he was in a hurry. He said no. "Then will you please tell me why men like Myrna Loy?" I demanded. Myrna gave out a laugh and the color deepened in her cheeks. "Why men like Myrna Loy?" Tracy repeated my question, gaping at me, and seemed to tell me with his eyes, "What a stupid question!" Then he turned around to Myrna, and said to me, "Just look at her. That's why men like her. Just look at her." He spoke as if he were indicating a prize exhibit, whose points were too obvious to need any comment or explanation. He fell to thinking for a moment, rubbed a hand across his chin, and added earnestly:

"A lot of modern so-called sophisticated women wear a defensive armor. They are hard. They don't want to be hurt, and they think they have to be hard in order to protect themselves. Myrna is as soft as they make them, and there isn't a man in all this wide world who would want to hurt her." Myrna sat listening in that inimitably delightful manner of hers, her *retroussé* nose tilted provocatively upward.

"Men," Spence snapped gruffly, "don't like a dame who turns on her battery of physical charms on every guy she meets. You know

the kind of women I mean—exhibitionists constantly on the warpath. Now just look at Myrna. She has charms galore, but she doesn't make an open display of them, but rather *suggests* them, as every woman should. Maybe I'm old fashioned, but that's the kind of woman I like. And there is also a bit of mystery about her that fascinates men."

TRACY took a bow, and was gone. After which our conversation went on like this.

"How do you like your new picture, *Man-Proof*?"

"I like it very much."

"I suppose you have another perfect wife role."

"No, I don't. And I'm glad I don't. I don't like to be typed, not even as a perfect wife. In this picture Roz Russell is a wealthy society girl and she steals the man I love, Walter Pidgeon. They marry, and I act as one of the bridesmaids at her wedding. Then I go to a night club and get drunk."

"Quite a let down for the perfect wife," I mused.

Myrna laughed again. A brief, bubbling laugh. "I'll say!" she said. "To forget the man I'm infatuated with and find a new interest in life I get a job as a commercial artist, and my career eventually leads me to the right man."

"Time was when you were quite adept at stealing husbands yourself—I mean on the screen," I suggested.

"Don't remind me of those vamping Oriental roles!" she pleaded. It's a painful memory with her. But she admitted that playing Chinese, Javanese and other slant-eyed sirens taught her something about love and men and women in general, and helped her in her "perfect wife" characterizations later. "I studied the ways and customs of the Oriental women," she confessed, "and I even used to write my own dialogue! I was impressed by their serenity. That's something we Occidental women lack."

"You don't," I insisted.

"Oh, do you think so? Thank you," she said.

Indeed, Myrna Loy's ability to dismiss a vexing problem or embarrassing situation with a shrug of her shoulders and an upward tilt of her saucy nose, instead of indulging in the luxury of bad temper and hysterical fireworks, has endeared her to male film-goers, and is the most characteristic of her charms.

AS THE theme of *Man-Proof* revolves around the eternal triangle, I was curious to know what she had to say about the "other woman," speaking from her experience as an Oriental *femme fatale* and Occidental perfect wife.

"Every wife dreads the 'other woman,'" she said. "If she will only keep cool and calm when she finds out her husband is infatuated with another woman, and not take the situation too seriously, she is sure to win him back in nine cases out of ten. These infatuations are usually temporary reactions to something novel and new, and when the exciting person ceases to be novel and new, the erring partner returns to the fold."

"Other woman complications would solve themselves without wrecking a wife's home and happiness," she continued, "if she remains sure of herself and refuses to get jeal-

ous. It's jealousy that causes the real mischief in a triangle. The wife thinks her husband doesn't love her any more because she lacks something or other which the other woman has, which is not true in nine cases out of ten, and develops an inferiority complex, withdraws within herself, grows bitter, suspicious, domineering.

"Now, if the other woman does have something which the wife hasn't got, she should analyze herself objectively and try to remedy the defect or find a good substitute for it. The wife who always remains as attractive and interesting as when her husband married her, need not fear the competition of the other woman. She has every advantage over her.

"Of course, it may happen that the husband falls really in love with another woman, who, temperamentally and in other ways, is more suited to him. There is a difference between real love and temporary bedazzlement of the senses. The former is permanent. When that happens, she might as well be a good sport about it and give her husband his freedom to marry this other woman. Refusing to recognize that fact will not help matters."

"That would be a tragedy," I said.

"It will hurt her terribly, of course, but in the end it won't be a tragedy if the wife has a career, something she can go back to, and which can keep up her interest in life. The wife who has a career is always modern. She never stagnates mentally, and her opportunities for meeting other men are far greater than of the woman who can't earn a dollar."

"So you believe in combining marriage and career?"

"Absolutely. The time will come when it will be wrong for a woman to expect her husband to support her when she has no children, as if it were her natural right and her husband's duty. Wives, of course, have always worked, and worked hard, in the past. But with modern mechanical improvements and changed economic conditions, there isn't much left for the childless wife to do at home.

"There is no reason why intelligent women cannot combine marriage and career successfully. One helps make the other more interesting. I know of women who gave up their positions in the business or professional world when they married, but found their home lives so monotonous and were so bored with themselves that they returned to their former jobs, and became far more contented and successful as wives."

IT HAS been said that Myrna Loy has a man's code of living. Men like women who have a man's outlook on life, without losing their essential femininity. The petty qualities of the so called weaker sex can be very annoying to men. Myrna stated emphatically: "Women should not expect to have success in the business and professional world handed to them on a silver platter. They must work and fight for their success just as men do. Now that the inequality between the sexes has been abolished, women should be willing and ready to meet the same terms and conditions with which their male competitors are faced."

If you doubt the fighting qualities of this delectable red-head, remember her salary dispute with her studio some years ago, and how she treated herself to a vacation in Europe until that argument was settled in a business-like and mutually satisfactory way.

The perfect screen wife is true to type in real life. She never figured in the gossip columns before her marriage to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., litterateur and Paramount producer, who was the first man to discover

that Myrna had a talent for other roles besides bizarre Oriental coquetties. When they first met—a fatal encounter!—she was freelancing and Hornblow occupied a producer's berth at United Artists. He put an end to her lurid villainies and cast her in her first sympathetic role in *The Devil to Pay*, which he produced. *Animal Kingdom* definitely increased her reputation as a cinemactress to be reckoned with. *The Thin Man* established the crack marital team of Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, which has proved so enormously popular.

She will tell you that her hobby is her home. She has taken a passionate interest in the designing, building and furnishing of that spacious love nest in Cold Water Canyon, and her idea of a swell interview would be to talk about nothing but her house. It's a country type domicile of Spanish-California architecture, standing in the midst of acres of gardens, where you will find her on her days off from the studio, planting, digging, watering, and carrying armfuls of flowers into her house. Its rooms suggest the sunny provinces of France.

THE Hornblows are continental in their tastes. Myrna likes color schemes of greens and golds. "Not the glittering type of gold," she explained. She glorifies in her fine linens. Each room in the Hornblow menage has its individual linens. "I gather them from all over the world," she asserted with wifely satisfaction. She takes extreme pride not only in her dahlias and chrysanthemums, but in her culinary herbs, such as saffron, sweet basil and thyme, which she grows for use in the amazing bounties of her kitchen. Her soups and salads are famous among the gourmets of filmland. A bowl of *bouillabaisse a la Myrna Loy* is something to write home about. Chestnut soup, pumpkin soup and the hearty Russian borscht are features on her menus.

Myrna collects recipes of all nations with the passion of a philatelist collecting rare stamps, and showed me with an appreciative twinkle in her eye a thick volume on the table of her dressing-room—*Recipes of All Nations*. Next to reading recipes, she likes poetry, and I noticed Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Conversation at Midnight*, a slender volume of lyrics, in her dressing-room.

"I like to plan the menus and do my own marketing," she said, "when I've time. It's so much more fun." She presides over a well-regulated household, in spite of the exigencies of her profession. A star has to get up at six o'clock to be on the set at nine; which means she is an early riser. But on Sundays she gets up late, and likes to have her friends come over for tennis and swimming and serve them a buffet lunch.

The Hornblows crowd their entertaining over week-ends. They prefer to give small, intimate dinner parties, with six to eight guests, good food and good conversation. Among their close friends are the Fredric Marches, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, and a number of Paramount big guns, business associates of her husband.

She has kept the same servants for years. By the loyalty of their servants ye shall know them. I know of mansions in Beverly Hills where there is a new corps of servants every two weeks.

She told me that at home she usually wears housecoats. As I pound out this story on my portable, I can see her in a housecoat, that most charming of feminine apparels, carrying an armful of flowers from her garden, or putting about in her spick-and-span kitchen. I hope you can visualize her, too, and if you still care to ask me, "Why men like Myrna Loy," I'll tell you like Spencer Tracy, "Just look at her!"

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Public Bachelor No. 1

[Continued from page 41]

was nothing about his dressing-room to indicate that its occupant was an actor in the big money, and who in real life enjoys the reputation of being a Hollywood play boy. But if you really knew him in private life, it is precisely the kind of dressing-room you would expect him to have. Severely masculine and unadorned, on the comfortably careless side, it looked more like the den of a life-guard.

We began by asking him a strictly proper question.

"What are your favorite screen roles so far?"

"Well, I enjoyed my part in *Sylvia Scarlett* very much. It was my first picture with Miss Hepburn." We could see that lady doing her hair before the mirror of her dressing-room on the other side of the stage door. "After a series of bad and indifferent pictures *Sylvia Scarlett* put me back on the right road. And of course, I liked *The Awful Truth* tremendously."

"Do you intend to return to the stage?"

"I'd like to play on the stage again if I had the right opportunity. But I've a flock of assignments ahead of me. I have contracted to make two new pictures at Columbia, and another one here."

WE WERE curious to know if he broke into pictures on sheer luck and nerve. "No, not exactly," he asserted. "I was doing fairly well in New York. I came out here more for a vacation than anything else. I wanted to see California. I knew a lot of people out here, due to the fact that Broadway was moving to Hollywood. One day I called on my friend, Marion Gehring. He asked me if I'd like the experience of making a test with a girl in whom Paramount was then interested. The test was to be given mostly for her, I was to supply the masculine foil. But, as it sometimes happens, when the studio executives saw the test, they offered me a contract. The girl, unfortunately, didn't click. This was wholly unexpected. I was intending to go back to New York. In fact, I was under contract for a show there."

He seized a shoe-tree that lay on the floor, and began to play with it. He has powerful hands, browned by the California sun. His feet are big, he wears 10½ size shoes, but his hands do not impress you by their size. It's their color and the steel-like grip of his fingers you notice. Pressing the shoe-tree hard in his hand, he continued:

"There seems to be an impression in certain quarters that I bluffed my way to Hollywood, that all the stage experience I had was walking on a pair of stilts. That isn't true. I wasn't just an acrobat when I came out here. I was an actor, with years experience in a great variety of roles. I've been seventeen years in show business." Cary, as you see, regards himself a seasoned trouper.

At this moment a young woman brought in tea and cakes. "It's a treat from Miss Hepburn," Cary informed us. "She serves tea for the whole crew every day. Isn't the cake delicious?" It certainly was. "You know," he said earnestly, "people have such a wrong idea of Miss Hepburn. Every stage hand who has worked for her is crazy about her. She is such a swell egg. She's really grand! So intelligent, and so darn considerate. Newspaper columnists have been very unfair to her. True, she won't cater to them, but that's her privilege. Peddling

gossip isn't a trade that would appeal to her. People ask how I manage to work with a person they've heard is so temperamental. We've always been on excellent terms, I've never had the slightest disagreement or difficulty with her."

Before he started working with Constance Bennett in *Topper*, they told him she was impossible. But he found her a swell person to get along with, too. They had a lot of fun working in that picture. Or take Grace Moore. She has the reputation of being a temperamental prima donna. But he never had any trouble with her. "On the other hand," he said, "you hear somebody is a little angel, and she turns out to be a regular vixen."

"CARY," was said, "if you were to look at yourself in a mirror, what would you say are your good points, and what your bad points?"

"That's a hard one to answer." He scratched his ear. "Well, I believe I'm tolerant. As I'm far from being perfect myself, I don't expect 100% perfection in others. I claim that if you can't get 100%, settle for 80%. And I'm really a hard worker. I take my career seriously, but not too seriously. I'm hardly that publicized and irresponsible playboy. If you believe everything columnists write, then I haven't a single care or responsibility in the world, and all I do in Hollywood is go to parties, now with one girl, now with another."

"Yes, you are thought of as public bachelor No. 1," we said, and added cautiously, that that was going to be the title of the story we intended to write.

"Don't you dare call me that!" he warned. "Even if you do think it's a striking title. But let me go back to that mirror and tell you about my bad points. I talk too much when I shouldn't be talking, and keep quiet when I *should* be talking. During interviews, for instance. Writers say I'm tough copy, I don't tell them anything. Well, damn it, what can you say that would make interesting reading? They want to make an ordinary incident something tremendously important and exciting. When you come right down to it, who are we actors anyway? We don't rate all this fuss and publicity."

"You aren't bored by any chance, are you?" we shot back at him.

"Bored? I should say not! I'm never bored. I enjoy everything. I like this town, and I like my work. I have no complaint. And let me tell you that I'm without patience for people who bite the hand that feeds them."

THE public bachelor No. 1 expressed his philosophy of life in these words: "You can get only one crack at life, so I say, make the best of it! Yes, just one crack. We're here today, gone tomorrow. I want to get that one crack for all it's worth, make my brief stay in this funny old world as full, harmonious and satisfying as possible,—providing that pursuit brings harm to nobody else. A man's a fool to be overly proud of anything, or take himself too seriously. Nothing is too important. Once I was locked out of my room because I couldn't pay my rent. I know what it means to be hungry and have no place to sleep. Today, I'm a so-called movie-star, and as I look at myself in the mirror. I can't help saying, 'So what?' Here is the way I figure it out:

your work might be important, but the individual himself isn't.

"All you need is a bed to sleep in," he went on, "clean surroundings according to your sensibilities, and enough to eat, again according to your sensibilities. Even the richest man in the world can't sleep better or eat more than a ditch-digger. Chances are the ditch-digger will enjoy his sleep and food a damn sight more than will your rich man. My stand-in, Mal Merrighue, has a small but comfortable place in which to live. He can take his pretty wife and little son to a neighborhood theatre occasionally. In other words, he can find complete happiness with the minimum. Mal sometimes finds me in the dumps, and wonders how a guy like me, making all this dough, can be so gloomy."

Flourishing the shoe-tree through the air to emphasize his words, he stated emphatically, "Actually, I'd do a picture I like for nothing if my manager would let me. But you can't work for nothing, because it would establish a precedent, and be unfair to the guy who can't afford to work for nothing. I'm not in this business just for the money only. I derive a personal satisfaction out of acting which you can't measure in terms of dollars and cents. Once you satisfy your elementary needs, according to your sensibilities, and put away something for a rainy day, money loses its significance. Although frankly, the taxes on bachelors are so terrific, you can't save anything. But I'm not kicking. I realize how fortunate I am to be able to pay a big income tax."

"Why don't you get married and save yourself the extra taxes on bachelors?" we suggested.

"Why I'm not married? I haven't the slightest idea!" He dropped the shoe-tree and began pulling his underlip, as he pondered on this question. "It just hasn't happened, that's all." A beatific smile spread on his features.

"Do you intend to marry again?"

"I hope so. I'd hate to think I'd be a bachelor all my life. It's all right to live in single blessedness for a while, while you're comparatively young. But is there anything more pitiful than an old bachelor? He has no real home, no wife, no children and—no stability!"

"So you'll marry again."

"Definitely, I hope."

He said, "I haven't the slightest idea," when we asked him whom he intended to marry. He insisted his requirements aren't very high, he isn't looking for the 100% ideal girl. He'd be glad to settle for 80%. As for the feminine qualities that attract him, they are so individual, he said, that you can't make general statements about them. Every girl has her own set of attractive qualities. Do you wonder why he is such a sought-after escort and beau, in spite of his predilection for change! But there are two things about women he doesn't like: gluey lipstick, and baby talk! "I despise make-up that is too obvious. I don't like synthetic beauty. And I can't stand baby talk."

HIS current romantic interest is the lovely Phyllis Brooks, a young charmer under contract to 20th Century-Fox. "She is a tremendously good actress," he asserted, "and has good solid experience behind her. Some day she will be a star, I feel sure."

There was a question in our list we hesitated to ask, because a studio official considered it too personal for us to ask him anything about his earlier marital venture and question him about the unhappy ending of his romance with the blonde Virginia Cherrill. But when he told us, "Shoot it!" we mustered enough courage to ask him if

he regretted that marriage, which ended in divorce.

"Not at all, not at all!" he said. "Any experience teaches you a great deal, and my marriage was an experience, a great experience. It made me more tolerant and understanding, more human. And it made me aware of certain faults which I hadn't suspected in me before. I am very sorry it didn't work out, but I don't regret it."

To veer the conversation into a lighter channel, we asked him how many suits he has. He called Mal, who has complete charge of his wardrobe, and was the right person to answer this question. Mal said Cary has twenty-four suits—needs many for his work. Mostly browns, a few greys, and one black with small dots. Englishmen may change their residence and political allegiance, but they remain forever faithful to their tailors. Cary orders his suits from a London firm. But he buys most of his accessories in Hollywood. In shirts, he prefers blues and tans. He likes sport clothes, and drives an open car—a long, lean, powerful machine. He has all the natural ease and nonchalance of the well-dressed Englishman. You are never conscious of his clothes.

HE STILL shares with Randy Scott his famous beach house at Santa Monica. Its comfortably furnished living-room and three or four bedrooms face the blue Pacific, and at the cocktail bar Cary and Randy take turns in mixing drinks for their friends when they hold open house on Sundays. Cary likes to sit at the piano and play sentimental songs, or tunes from his pictures. Townsend Netcher (husband of Constance Talmadge) and Florence Lake are among his close friends.

Cary's favorite form of exercise is an early morning swim in the ocean, and then a sprint along the beach in his bathing trunks. That glorious coat of tan has been acquired by lying in the sun on a private stretch of white sand before his house. He plays badminton and a very good game of ping-pong. For relaxation, he goes to the fights or takes Phyllis to a movie.

Cary is an exuberant and impulsive chap. He lacks the proverbial aloofness of the Englishman. Indeed, he hardly conforms to our idea of the Englishman. He looks more like an Italian. "All my family is dark," he said. "Darker than I am."

As a courtier, Hollywood's public bachelor No. 1 is a born rebel when it comes to such formal amenities as sending a corsage of flowers to the girl before he takes her out for the evening, or at least he is erratic and unpredictable in that respect! "If I happen to think of it, I may," he said, but chances are he doesn't think of it very often, and prefers not to. His idea of a swell date is to call the girl on the spur of the moment and take her anywhere that promises to be interesting, without any previous thought or preparation. The real fun is in the spontaneity of the whole thing, in a certain Bohemian freedom and camaraderie. The girl who *must* have a corsage isn't the kind of girl he likes to step out with.

There was one last question we had to ask him. We wanted him to explain why he is such a wow with women. He burst out laughing. "I'd like to know what makes you think I'm such a wow with women!"

We like Cary's acting. He is tops in his line, which is a special brand of light comedy. But we like the man himself even better. To be sure, he has a fatal fascination for the femmes, which we've had many sad occasions to observe when taking a girl to one of his pictures, but he's also a man's man. He is our idea of a guy to knock around with.



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And A Little Child Still Leads Them

(Continued from page 73)

pictures, and therefore a large group of adults, are centered about her. When she goes out, crowds jostle for a glimpse of her. She is showered with gifts from all parts of the world. Her name and face stare down at her from a hundred posters.

It's possible because Shirley was born sweethearted. Because, remembering no other state of affairs, she takes this one for granted. Because her parents, having been wise enough to foresee the dangers, have also been wise enough to forestall them.

The studio and all its works form a compartment of their own in Shirley's life. There she has a dresser, whose sole concern is to see that Shirley's frock is unwrinkled and her slippers fresh. That doesn't make her feel important. Everyone in the movies has a dresser. When she's ready to change, she calls for Andy. When they're ready for her scene, the assistant director yells: "Hey, Temple," or since she's formed her own police department, "Hey, Chief," or even, "Hey, Cheese," for some wit has dubbed her Cheese of Police, which Shirley considers the acme of humor. She answers her call as promptly as Andy does. That's what they're both there for.

At home she's no movie star. She's the Temples' little girl; and like the butcher's or baker's little girl, she dresses herself. She has never had a nurse or maid. Before she was old enough to get into her own clothes, her mother dressed her. At home, when someone lights a cigarette, Shirley brings an ashtray. When someone asks for a glass of water, Shirley runs to fetch it. All this is as much a matter of course as having Andy to wait on her at the studio. One compartment doesn't touch the other.

THE Temples' close friends are the ones they made long before Shirley was born. They are not movie people. Their children are Shirley's playmates. When they get together, Shirley is as important or unimportant as the others, treated with the same consideration and casualness. If the youngsters have been using the badminton court, and their elders decide they've used it long enough, they're shooed off with as little ceremony as if no one had ever heard of a movie star. What's more, many a pampered brat of my own acquaintance might take a lesson from Shirley's good humor under orders.

She receives innumerable gifts. That is beyond Mrs. Temple's power to control. She's learned, however, that all whims are not made to be gratified. Two years ago she took a yen for a script clerk's stop-watch and begged for one of her own. Any one of a dozen people would have been delighted to supply it. Mrs. Temple put her foot down. "It's too old for you, Shirley, and too expensive a toy." Shirley did without, until she began studying fractions. Then, when she felt it might be of some reasonable assistance to her, Mrs. Temple bought her one.

When crowds gather to wave at her in the streets, "it's because they like you, Shirley. People like everyone who's in the movies." She accepts that statement at its face value. She's been taught that she owes them gratitude in return, and that she can say thank you by waving back, so she waves with a will.

Wee Willie Winkie was the first premiere she attended. Conscious of excitement in the air, she asked: "What's a premiere, Mommy? Is it an honor?"

"It's an honor to the picture, Shirley.

Lucky for you, you happened to be in it."

Thus do the Temples shield their daughter from the knowledge that in the eyes of the world she's a figure of consequence—a knowledge that has turned the heads and upset the values of many an adult.

SHE doesn't dramatize herself. Taken to see her own pictures, she's interested only in the story. At *Heidi* she wept through the scene where the little girl is refused permission to go home to "the grandfather." She had played the scene, completely unmoved. That was Shirley on the set, and she had no reason to feel sorry for Shirley. On the screen Shirley didn't exist for her. She was weeping for *Heidi's* sorrow.

They gave her a surprise Hallowe'en party at the studio. Nobody asked the electricians to wire pumpkins. Nobody asked the propmen to rig up dummies. They are hard-bitten, hard-working men. Movie stars mean nothing to them. Shirley does, not because she's a movie star, but because they like her. If they didn't, though she were ten times queen of the lot, wild horses wouldn't have moved them to drag a foot.

The lights went on slowly, and the band started to play. Five golden pumpkins grinned from a long table. Cardboard skeletons dangled on the walls. Down the catwalk crept a witch, brandishing a broomstick. Shirley stood spellbound, her eyes moving from one marvel to the next. Out came three masked figures in weird costumes. Forming a ring around Shirley, they began to dance. They were Bill Robinson, Geneva Sawyer and Nick Castle. Shirley didn't know that. Their grotesquerie puzzled her, but she hadn't a moment's doubt that they were friends. She spoke no word, asked no questions, broke into no exclamations. Recognizing the spirit in which they had come, her instant response was to enter into that spirit. So, one finger raised, she followed the dance and trucked with them—a small figure, half smiling, half wondering, among three good ghosts.

An old stagehand, thirty-five years in the show business, stood on the sidelines. "Put that kid down anywhere," he muttered, "as suddenly as you've put her here, and she'll rise to the occasion."

OTHERS feel the same profound faith in her, whether the occasion be a Hallowe'en party, or her future on the screen. "She'll never be through," Clark Gable once said. "They'll want to watch her grow up—riding a bike with her curls flying, giggling with other girls, primping for the high-school dance. They don't get tired of watching their own kids, do they? By the same token, they won't get tired of Shirley."

"What do you mean, awkward age?" scoffs Zanuck. "Withers is eleven. Bartholomew's thirteen, Durbin's fifteen, Anne Shirley's seventeen. Where's the awkward age? I expect to be making pictures with Shirley four years and six years and ten years from now."

Only her mother refuses any predictions. "Maybe she'll go on with her movie work. Maybe she'll marry at seventeen as I did. Maybe she'll be a school-teacher. Maybe," she smiles, "she'll revert to her earliest ambition and be a vegetable woman. Whatever it is, it's up to Shirley."

We'll guarantee one thing. She won't play *Scarlett* in *Gone With the Wind*. For Shirley, everything else is possible.

"Don't Let Hollywood Change You!" Annabella

[Continued from page 27]

Anyway, I made up my mind to write you a letter when I saw you in *Wings of the Morning*. So I'll sort of bumble along and tell you what's on my mind and if, when you read it, you tear it up and throw it in the waste-basket—well, so would Garbo!

So, then, when I saw you in *Wings of the Morning* I felt the urge to write to you. Fact, as I watched you on the screen I felt like standing up on my chair there in the darkened projection room and yelling, "Ware Hollywood, Mam'selle, don't let it get its gauzy, glamory hands on you!"

You were so spirited in that picture, Annabella; there was a quality of sternness about your young beauty, a clean-swept quality, very refreshing. You didn't look as though you had ever fallen into the clutches of "experts," neither make-up experts, nor expert "glamorizers," nor expert makers of stars in mass production. You looked fresh-minded and I hoped your appeal would not become blurred and fuzzy. You won't.

You looked as though you have your feet firmly planted on the earth. I should have known that you love the earth, love gardens. I do know it now because you told me: "I will live nowhere unless I can have a garden with all kinds of flowers, *every* kind, flowers I plant and tend myself—unless I can have a garden where I can plant and tend my own lettuces and radishes, beets, sweet-corn, beans. . . ."

I LIKED you especially in *Wings of the Morning* because at no time did you have the lush, glamorized, too-much hair, too-much eyelashes, too-much lip-goo look of so many fair film charmers. You looked, even in sleek evening gowns, straight and level-eyed and honest. I believed you when you said: "I cannot tell the lies, *even* to myself."

I liked you when you came to the party 20th Century-Fox gave for you when you first arrived in Hollywood. You came in wearing a very simple dress, not a "gown" or a "frock" but a *dress*, and no hat, and short white cotton gloves. In the thick of all the minks and silver foxes and veils and sables and smoke and perfume you stood out like a slender blade among a lot of suffocating feathers. There is a kind of stark simplicity about you which is arresting.

I knew that you didn't need any advice, any "open letters" from me or from anyone else when you told me, that day we lunched: "I know I am not beautiful. I cannot be beautiful, so I do not try for that. I do not trouble myself about that. I do as little as possible to myself even on the screen. I make myself up and it takes me about fifteen minutes."

"I do not bother to go to the beauty salons. I do not care about my clothes. I like only to be comfortable. I hate new dresses and hats and coats. I am never happy in anything I wear until I have worn it at least one week and then I am at home in it. I will not be a slave to what I do, no. I do not try to make for myself the sex appeal, the glamor, the beauty. These things are not for me."

THAT you do not have to "trouble yourself" is perhaps beside the point, Annabella. The long, jet black lashes framing your eyes, as brown and as brilliant as eyes can well be, do not cry out for false lashes; your short gold-brown hair does very well; your figure is sufficient unto itself.

You said: "They have said to me here at 20th Century-Fox that they do not want to change me. It was suggested by someone that I have a voice expert, perhaps to take away my accent. But I am told: 'No, no, we keep experts away from Annabella. We have ask Annabella to come here because she is Annabella and we keep her Annabella.' But I would like to be changed a little, anyway, if I can then be more like the American girl."

I think you are a great deal like the best of our American girls, Annabella. You have the American-girl qualities of honesty and plain speaking and love of the outdoors and scorn of pretense.

You always knew what you wanted to be, you told me. And you still know. When you were a tiny child, at home on your father's country estate outside of Paris, you used to play games with your mother and father and two brothers. You used, always, to play one game: You would say: "Maman, I am not Annabella, I am Mitzi," or "I am not Annabella, I am Toinette," or "Maman, I am not a girl at all, I am a boy. My name is Jacques."

You said to me, telling me this: "I always wanted change, change all the time, never to stay in one place for so long, never to stay in one body for so long, never to wear always the same face. I wanted life to be half a dream. I wanted it to be moving, moving, like the seasons and the trees which throw off their old leaves and put on new ones. And very early I decided that only in the cinema could I have this changing life, these changing bodies."

AT HOME, on your vacations, you and your brothers and your cousin played always at making movies. You told me that you labelled the hen-house the laboratory, the chicken-coop you covered with sheets and called it the stage, the garden was location. Your older brother was the director, wearing his father's puttees and brandishing a megaphone, and you and your younger brother and young girl cousin were the cast. And you always played the heroine or, I should say, the *heroines*. For even then, you tell me, you were the despair of your "director"-brother. You would not finish a picture unless it was finished in *one day* because: "I would be so tired if I had to be the same person two days in a running order!"

When you left college you wanted at once to be in the cinema—but how? You did not know and so, you say, you moped and pretended you were some figure in a tragic drama every day of every week, a different figure, every day, *Camille*, *Cleopatra*, *Juliet*, *Desdemona*. . . . One day a guest at your father's luncheon table noticed your pensive face across which many moods, all of them ranging from gray to thunder-black, moved darkly. . . . he asked your parents why you were so quiet and thoughtful. And your father said: "She is mad about the cinema. She worries continually because she is not in the cinema." And the friend replied: "If that's her only trouble I can cure her right away. I know a director very well. He will give her a trial."

"The very next day," you told me, "I reported at a studio in Joinville. I had my letter to the well-known director. I was hired and given small parts and bits. About that time Rene Clair was preparing his cast for his first great triumph, *Le Million*.

[Continued on page 88]

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Scared to Death of 'ollywood

[Continued from page 36]

under a Culver City contract: returned years later, to make an outstanding contribution to film history with his *Napoleon* to Garbo's *Marie Walewska* in *Conquest*. No, Gravet (pronounced Grah-vay) was not going to be 'Olllywood's football.

"Last summer in Paris what I wanted came about," says Gravet. "I was working in a mystery melodrama called *Mister Flow* and Mervyn LeRoy came to me. The night before he 'ad seen one of my cinemas, and he said, 'I want you to come to 'Olllywood.' 'What to do?' I asked. 'A part in a film that I am going to direct. It is called *The King and the Chorus Girl*.' There was something to count on, you see? I had something tangible promised. There would be no taking of that long trip to the United States—and it is a long trip, I think, and then the delay of waiting to be assigned. I said 'yes.'"

On October 21, 1936, *Mons. et Mme.* Fernand Gravet sailed on their first trip to America. They arrived in 'Olllywood, which they found pleasant enough, on November 4. On November 16 the first cameras ground on *Monsieur Gravet's* American debut. On February 21, 1937, at a Sunday night preview at Warners' Hollywood Theatre an audience of critics and fellow-workers (there's not much difference) decided that "Merv" had something in his French discovery." "Merv" had—and under a five-year, three-films-per-annum contract. Gravet's second film will be the all-Technicolor, \$1,300,000 *Food for Scandal*, with Carole Lombard.

WHAT he had was a slim, fairly tall young fellow in his middle thirties, who was not French but Belgian, born in Brussels. He was so far from the preconceived American idea of a Parisian boulevardier (he didn't even wear spats) that there was disappointment in some quarters. "I am a country man," he tells you. His eyes are both brown and hazel. Their expression is gentle. Only infrequently does the left eyebrow flare up, meaningfully, as it does in what M. Gravet calls "the cinema."

As a country man Gravet divides his leisure time, when he is not in Germany or England making cinemas, between his townhouse at St. Cloud "It's a suburb of Paris, but we seldom get to Paris," he parenthesizes) and *Gravier*, his farm in the Touraine district of France. How large is the farm? we ask him, and he puzzles a moment before answering. The British academies (St. Paul's at Hammersmith) where he studied while his country was war-torn, have not equipped him for instantaneous mathematical translations. Nor us.

"Ten hectare. That would be about . . ." he hesitated, with customary charm. It developed, later, that an hectare is 2.471 acres. Roughly, *Gravier*, which in ragged translation means "gravel," and to M. Gravet "river bottom gravel," is about twenty-four plus acres. Three rivers, the Loire, Indres, Cher, feed the soil. Grapes grow at *Gravier*, and the master has his own wine. Cheese, too. He has a splendid racetrack on the grounds, and is a worshiper of fine horse-flesh. You'd know that. There is something kind and quiet and substantial about this pleasant-faced actor, with his thick thatch of dark hair. There is nothing "oo-la-la" about him.

"Oh, ya-es," he answered quickly. "I like 'orses." Then, with slight chagrin, he con-

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fessed that he had only three. "But I am getting more." He also confesses that the reason he likes to make his American films in the 'Ollywood winter season is because the super-fine Santa Anita track is open.

"On my first trip 'ere, I went to the track with Mervyn, and 'e cautioned me not to put much money on the 'orses because I didn't know what they could do. 'All right,' I said, 'but you will 'ave to lend me money even for that, because I 'ave left the 'ouse without any.' And he 'ands me fifty dollars, with a list of 'orses I should bet on. But I don't like them and I decide to play my own 'unches. When the races are over all of Merv's 'orses have lost and I 'and 'im back his fifty dollars. 'Didn't you bet, Fernand?' 'e asks me. 'Ya-es, I bet,' I told him, 'but I didn't use your tips. And I 'ave one 'undred twenty dollars besides your fifty.'"

BACK in St. Cloud and Gravier Gravet does not gamble. Nor does he bother with bridge, *chemin de fer*, *baccarat*. He is much too busy with his hobby, a recreation which brings meaning and inner brilliance to his life. He is an authority on the Napoleonic period. Napoleon, by the way, held his hand to his stomach that way because he suffered from stomach trouble, Gravet informs. The actor has published a volume on Napoleonic uniforms. His farmhouse in the French "chateau country," three miles from the Chateau Cande where the Duke of Windsor married Mrs. Simpson, roofs an army of ten thousand tiny tin soldiers representing all the nations of Europe. He dotes on re-creating, in miniature, hats, uniforms, boots, of bygone fighting regalia.

"Do you know why," he asks you, all enthusiasm, "they 'ad those 'uge fighting costumes in the old days? Imagine the enemy crouched for battle, looking up to see those great, magnificently dressed warriors coming at them..."

"Psychology?" we 'azarded.

"Precisely," is his answer.

What is the cinema world coming to, we 'azarded again, with romantic actors winning off-screen acclaim as historians? The French Museum of History has recognized Gravet's work. America's romance purveyors, the Gables, Coopers, Powers, blur and get out of focus when placed next to young Gravet. "But the work is 'ard. You would not like it," he continues. "I must first go to the regimental headquarters—yes, I go myself—and look through their files and their dirty, dusty, ancient records."

When he is not poring over dusty books, working in the cinema (he has made more than a score of films for French, British, German companies in the past seven years), drawing and painting archaic war bonnets to a scale of about one-twentieth of their original size, Gravet, as he has said, is living the life of a country squire. "There are only two things for a gentleman farmer to do, hunt and fish. And when the fishing season is over, it is time for the hunting season."

THIS evidence of ease may give the idea that the young Belgian, with his snap-brim green felt hat, his plaid jacket, his green twilled trousers (bought of the 'Ollywood *tailleur* Watson) with matching green woolen socks, brown and green handkerchief carelessly (with essential *chic*) tucked in his breast pocket, his brown suede crepe-soled shoes, cares little for artistic achievement. The idea is wrong.

At the completion of his present term with Producer-Director LeRoy, Gravet, whose real name is Fernand Noel Martens (he was born on Christmas Day), plans to direct. In his youth he relieved his father,

a Belgian-German actor, of managerial duties at Belgium's Galleries Saint Hubert. When he completed his first talking film, made for UFA in Germany under Robert Florey's direction, the earnest young actor apprenticed himself to the camera and cutting departments to learn about the new art form.

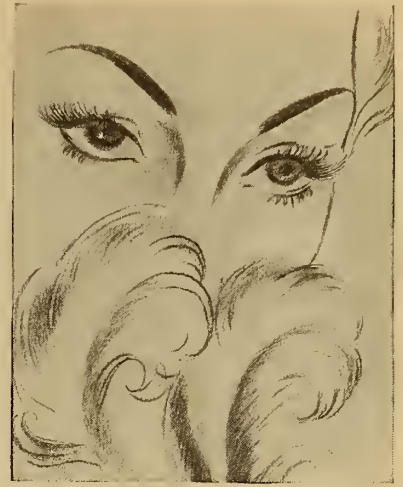
All credit for his amazing likeness (you don't detect it in real life) to Edward VIII, former King of England, in his first American film, the popular *King and the Chorus Girl*, is due the actor. "I 'ad an idea," he said with charming disregard for the alphabet's eighth letter, "and I said to Mervyn, 'Look 'ere, let's not do this ex-king as a stuffy, uninformed fellow. Let's make him like someone who is alive... Edward, for instance.' So I did, even to the derby hat and the yachting outfits. Amazing, too, about later events, wasn't it?" The film was in production during Britain's turbulent December, 1936; finished as Edward VIII went into exile.

IN DOMESTIC life, M. Gravet enjoys a privacy that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor might envy. He has the continental's concern that anyone should want to know about his private life. Whose business is it but his own? He has been married for eleven years to Jane Renouardt, the blonde Parisienne, born in Alsace-Lorraine, with whom he 'eared in musical roles, for he sings, and in drama on the Paris stage. Now retired, Mlle. Renouardt is pleased with her full-time role of Madame Gravet. Pleased, too, to respect her 'usband's wish that she disregard cinema offers. Their marriage, Gravet tells you, is built like a business partnership. Unlike many foreign marriages Madame Gravet has a voice in its management. Robert, their adopted son, aged five, who hopes to grow up to be a 'orseman, rounds out their compact family.

During the long studio hours, Mme. Gravet devotes her time to learning English—with astounding results. After her first lesson she greeted her husband with "You are a 'am!" "Oh, no, darling. You must be mistaken," Gravet answered. "There is no such word as 'am in the English language." At least not one that a wife could apply to her husband. Next day on the set he asked LeRoy: "What is this? My wife says 'er teacher told 'er to say I was a 'am." They explained.

Gravet, who borrowed the name of his Belgian and Spanish mother ("Three times Flanders has been invaded by the Spanish, you remember," he reminds) when he turned actor, has only a trace of an accent. He was in the Belgian *ca-vahl-ry*, he says, serving his required two years. And the first syllable of "*dahn-tist*" (dentist) as he pronounces it bears loving weight. "My wife had two appointments at the same time, one with her *dahn-tist* and the other with the beauty salon. 'I shall break one for you,' I told 'er. 'No. I shall do eet, and spik English, too,' she said. So she called Westmore's salon and this is what she said 'Allo? Thees ees Mcesis Gravet. Mcesis Gravet weel not be able to keep her appointment because she 'as an appoint-ment wiz anoizzer body!"

Rumor has it that M. Gravet came accompanied by his *chic*, blue-eyed wife because he was afraid of 'Ollywood blondes. Although he may have been scared to death of cinema failure—he admits that his stage fright comes *after* the film is over and there is no chance for re-takes—of women this slim, pleasant fellow has absolutely no fear. And no interest. There is such a thing, unfortunately for 'Ollywood glamor girls, as being 'apply married.



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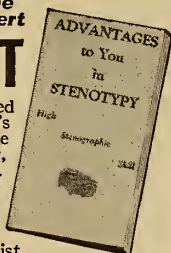
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"Will I Last?"

[Continued from page 22]

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He is rated near the top in the listings and statistics of those players most popular at the box-office. He is the young White Hope of the 20th Century-Fox lot. Every move he makes, every place he goes, every thing he says is News. He has eaten of the Fruit of Fame before it, or he, has really had time to ripen.

IS HE dizzy? No.

"Will I last?" he asks himself. And if he should ask me that question I would answer without quibbling, "Yes."

It seemed to me that he passed the test when he answered the first question I put to him across the luncheon table in the Cafe de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot, as he lit my cigarettes, chatted with Irving Berlin and Peter Lorre, was courteous to the waitress, called greetings to extra girls and assistant directors and was so genuinely more interested in other people than in himself that I knew, even before we began to talk, that there is no danger ahead for Tyrone.

And then I put my first question. I said to him: "What is the first, the greatest temptation you had to meet—and obviously have conquered—since you have found yourself, like a man hurtled to Mars in a rocket, where—well, where you are?"

And Tyrone answered at once, as one who has pondered the question before and knows the answer: "Finding myself saying 'I want' instead of 'May I?'"

He added: "That is always the great temptation for anyone who has gained a little power too quickly. It is what happens to a spoiled child, he demands rather than makes requests. It is like any power, the whole problem being of use or abuse. There is only one hope for those who suddenly attain power of any kind—to grow up, to learn how to handle power as one must learn to handle a high explosive.

"I found myself making demands instead of asking for favors. I soon got over that. Fortunately for me I cured myself before I was slapped down. I don't think that I will ever fall into the error of thinking myself wiser than my producer or director. Remember, I've had nothing to do with my career. Every step I have taken has been mapped out for me. All I've done has been my very best when I've been handed a script. That's all I've done. Mr. Zanuck has told me what to do and if I don't continue to do what he tells me to do, I'm crazy.

"I do believe that one of the best ways of 'lasting' in pictures, or anywhere else, is to fight off the ego-complex as you would a boa-constrictor. Otherwise it will strangle the success out of you. And one of the best ways of lasting is to resist the temptation of believing that you know more than those who have knowledge while you were still wondering how movies are made.

"And as for the ego running rampant—well, I have only to look around me to realize that I am only one of many. For every fan who asks for my autograph two more spring up and ask for the autographs of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Don Ameche, Warner Baxter and so on. I go to a cafe, any public place, and the people crane their necks to have a look at me and I don't have time to feel my head swelling before another player comes in and they are doing head-twisters in the opposite direction to

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look at him, or her. Very tonic, the realization that you are not The One, but *one of the many*.

"WHEN I was in New York recently," laughed Tyrone, "I can't say that I was bothered by autograph seekers. No howling hordes leapt upon my taxi, not a single soul attempted to tear the clothes from my back. I'd been told about the wild ways in which visiting stars are molested. I was a little worried about it. I needn't have been. Very few people recognized me and the few that did seemed to keep their equilibrium and to mind their own business admirably. Maybe they were protecting me," grinned Tyrone, "maybe I arouse the mother instinct, or something. . . ."

"And I think," Tyrone continued, looking so young and speaking so wisely, "that my theatre background stands me in good stead now, even though it seemed, at first, to be more of a handicap than a help. For the son of a famous father does stand out with a handicap—you know, the prejudice about the son trying to capitalize on his father's name, the prejudice, often well-founded, that the son of a famous father is pretty much of a flop. But eventually such a heritage works out for you.

"In the first place, I was brought up in the orbit of famous names. So that, while I am a great respecter of persons, I do not lose my balance and fall over backwards every time I meet the great and glamorous of Hollywood. I've been meeting the great and glamorous all of my life. I was raised in the atmosphere of backstage. And the foundation of the theatre is so earthy and real that it will always be firm under my feet no matter what I build on top of it.

"I believe that early environment affects all the after life. And my early environment was the stern stuff of the theatre, the Shakespearean theatre. I was bred to the tradition that the theatre is hard work, self-respecting work, but *always work*. I first appeared, I mean I was first on the stage *before I was born*. My mother, who is, as you know, an extraordinarily talented woman and actress, once said of me: 'Tyrone was a most considerate baby. I was appearing with Mr. Power in Shakespearean roles during his pre-natal period and I worked on the stage until two months before his birth'—which is amusing. But what matters is that I was steeped, before birth and after birth, in the Shakespearean theatre. I made my very first appearance on any stage at the age of seven when, my mother playing the leading feminine role in John Steven McGroarty's famous Mission Play, staged annually at the old San Gabriel Mission, I played the role of *Pablo*, a neophyte of the Franciscan padres. There was nothing," smiled Tyrone, his dark eyes serious, "nothing flibberty-gibberty about my foundation.

"THE theatre was no light matter to my family, to our friends. My work is no light matter to me. I mean, I *work*. I am not one of those who take it casually as a good racket. I study my scripts, I try to work out the development of the character I am to play, I try to co-operate with the studio, with the photographers, interviewers, in every way possible. I don't mind what is printed about me in the papers. I'll stand back of anything so long as it is true. I do object to stuff being printed that hasn't even a thin little basis in fact. But even then, I don't worry especially. I know all about 'nine day wonders.' I know that what is read today is forgotten tomorrow. I don't believe that publicity can make or mar your career unless it is sustained and pretty bad. . . .

"The fan letters I get keep my head clear and my hopes earnest. When I read a letter which says: 'I just want to thank you for the happiness you have given me,' I feel not only grateful, but awfully *responsible*. Because the ability to give happiness is a responsibility, a big one."

TYRONE believes one of the best ways of lasting in pictures is to *grow up*, to use youth wisely while you have it but to make preparations for relinquishing it when, in the inevitable course of time it fades. And he believes that working in pictures does mature you. He said: "When I was in New York I went to call on a friend of mine, a girl I hadn't seen since I came to Hollywood. I asked her whether she thought I had changed. She said: 'Yes, enormously.' That kind of scared me. I asked: 'How? How have I changed?' And she said: 'You have grown up. You have acquired poise.' I *thought* I had, but I wasn't sure. I know that I am able now to meet and talk with all kinds of people, able to meet situations and face problems that would have floored me two years ago.

"I often think that instead of people giving other people advice on *How To Gain Self-Confidence* they should give advice on *How To Be Successful*. Because only when you have attained a certain measure of success can you have any self-confidence. You *can't* be self-confident until you are successful.

"I think my desire to learn things in pictures and from pictures will help me to last, too. I always try to learn from the character I play.

"I worry only about my job and how I do it, and leave the rest to the other players and the studio."

I ASKED him: "What about getting married? Do you think marriage would endanger your career, have any effect upon your staying power?"

"I doubt it," said Tyrone thoughtfully. "I think a beginner getting married depends, as all major questions do, entirely upon the individual. It all depends on how you approach your work, the kind of thing you are trying to do."

I said: "Well, then, are you going to get married?"

"I don't know," he answered so honestly that I knew that he didn't know—yet. "I can't make any statement about it because I honestly *don't know* at this moment. It's an awfully difficult question to answer, as I well know. Because when I was asked in New York whether Miss Gaynor and I were to be married and I said something about working so hard I couldn't answer, something was printed to the effect that my career was so important to me I had no time for marriage. I can only say that there's no way of predicting anything where the emotions are concerned. Two people in love are like an elastic band, they go along, apart, in parallel lines for a long time and then, suddenly, there is a snap and they come together. I'll say this, if I did know now that I am to be married, I'd say so."

(It seems to be the belief, in Hollywood, that Tyrone and Janet Gaynor will be married, sooner or later. And I gathered, from what Tyrone said and the way he said it, that that is his own belief. Those who know them best say that they are in love, that it is not a boy-and-girl romance.)

"I can only answer the question 'Will I last?'" Tyrone said, "by saying that if hard work, believing that the Boss knows more than the employee, remembering that I am not One, but one of the many helps, I'll go on like the good old brook forever."



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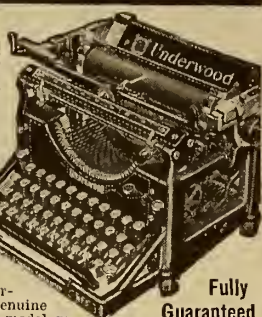
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"Don't Let Hollywood Change You!" Annabella

[Continued from page 83]

Someone mentioned me to him. Rene Clair sent for me and gave me a screen test and I was assigned the leading feminine role."

You didn't need to lead me up the swift steps of your career after that, Annabella. I knew all about the acclaim with which your work in *Le Million* was received. I remembered some of your subsequent triumphs, too.

I knew that you had come to Hollywood before, some two years ago, wasn't it, when you made the French version of *Caravan* with Charles Boyer? And right on this same lot, too.

And your career and your personality match, Annabella. Both are of a piece, definite, clean-cut, uncomplicated by doubts or detours of any kind. *You always know what you want.*

You did not want to come to America, accept your long-term contract, without your mother. And so your mother is living here with you. Your mother did not want to leave your sixteen-year-old brother and so he is here with you, too. Your father, who retired last year, you told me, will soon join you. And your husband, you hope—and how much you hope was written legibly in your eyes—will be with you, too, before Christmas.

You like friends about you, but not too many people; you like to go out occasionally. You went to the premiere of *The Hurricane* and had more thrill out of watching "all the movie stars coming in" than in watching the picture; you said: "I do like to go out, but not very often." You drive your own car because: "I do not like to have anyone do anything for me, I do not like the feeling of someone waiting for me. . . ."

You are sensitive to and appreciative of the generosity of spirit of others, for you said to me: "My husband wanted me to come here to Hollywood because he thought it would be good for me, not for him. He is a nicer person than I am, my husband."

YOUR first picture on the 20th Century-Fox lot will be *Jean*—and Bill Powell will co-star with you. I've heard it said that you specially asked for Bill Powell, Annabella. I don't know how true that is, but true it should be for it's certainly very wise, very discriminating. And you are both wise and discriminating, Annabella.

I said to you: "Were you at all afraid to come to Hollywood this time?" and you said: "Oh, no. Not afraid. I did not know, it is true, how happy I would be this time. I was not so happy when I was here before. I think that was because I did not speak the language then."

"But I am not afraid, ever, in my work. I am a little shy, yes. I hated just now to enter the commissary here, the Cafe de Paris, and walk in front of all those eyes. I am shy in my personal contacts. But I am not shy about my work. I am of an independent nature. I have self-confidence about my job. I have my self-assurance."

I hope you will not change in this respect, either, Annabella. Don't allow yourself to be crushed out of shape in roles that do not fit you, that cramp your style and break your spirit.

So, even though it is unnecessary, I'm going to say it anyway . . . **DON'T LET HOLLYWOOD CHANGE YOU, ANNABELLA.**

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The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

rassing situation at the premiere of *The Hurricane*.

Norma arrived at the theatre at the same time as Zorina, Goldwyn's new star, was making her first formal Hollywood appearance. And both girls were wearing the same evening costumes. But Norma, in a characteristically Shearer gesture, walked up to Zorina, took her hand and said: "I don't think we should consider this a bad moment. I should like to be friends."

"Pearlsy"

■ If you're not a platinum blonde, and the popular brownette doesn't describe your hair—here's a new one. Paramount has just decided that Mary Carlisle's hair is "pearl colored." Seems when they held a string of pearls against Mary's hair, they couldn't tell the difference!

Chips From Hollywood Pile

■ Joan Blondell spends her time between scenes doing the rhumba—thinks it takes the excess off those certain places . . . because tales of the boogie man were used to make her mind as a child, Glenda Farrell still sleeps with her light on . . . when she's nervous, Olivia de Havilland pulls her eyebrows—and when she eats, she waves her fork in the air . . . if you invite Jimmy Stewart to a party, you'll get his accordion, too—and he insists on playing it . . . altho' you'll never see them, because he only wears them offscreen, George Brent owns six pairs of glasses. He's absent-minded about where he leaves them, so he has spares planted all over the house . . . tough hombre Leo Carrillo munches "Spanish strawberries" between scenes (red peppers, to you!) . . . Pat O'Brien uses green ink in his fountain pen. It's the Irish in him . . . altho' most people have forgotten that they're still married, Connie Bennett has her husband's, (the Marquis) royal crest on the door of her limousine . . . Peter Lorre keeps himself hungry following dietary fads. Right now he won't eat apple peelings . . . regularly every 30 days, Rita Johnson receives a small keg of Eastern kippers. They're a gift from a Gloucesterman fan . . . because he is constantly afraid he'll forget something, Lyle Talbot invariably returns to his house when he gets as far as the garage, to check up on handkerchief, cigarettes and the right pair of socks . . . Mae West likes nothing better than to listen to the latest Mae West jokes—they're generally news to her . . . Wally Reery is a napkin-under-the-chin tucker-inner . . . Loretta Young's fashion pictures are always posed to the tune of a phonograph . . .

So Proper Don'tcherknow

■ When Garbo really wants to be alone, she takes herself to Palm Springs and stays at Eddie Goulding's estate. Eddie has a large place down there, with several guest bungalows—but it is understood when la Garbo is there he keeps everyone else away.

But the other day Eddie forgot. He told the Earl of Warwick that he could use one of the bungalows. The Earl and Garbo met in the swimming-pool, but being very nice people they wouldn't speak because they had never been introduced. Garbo finally left,

and when she got back to town, called Eddie to find out who the strange man was who wouldn't speak to her.

Can Now Sing "Wagon Wheels"

■ Little Judy Garland is the proud possessor of her first portable dressing-room. It's only a tiny square green-room on wheels—nothing elaborate or fussy. But it's the one Judy wanted. It used to belong to Marie Dressler.

Cuppa Coffee At The "Tric"

■ There's a new cafe in Hollywood. It's "The Tric-Adero, where the stars eat!" It's only one of those little quick-lunch places squeezed in between two walls. But the other day Tyrone Power was late to a radio rehearsal and stopped in for a quick cup of coffee. Five minutes after he left the owner-cook-waiter had his "Eats" sign down and "The Tric-Adero" in its place.

New Matrimonial Bark

■ John Barrymore and his Elaine have certainly shown Hollywood they can take it. During the past year, John has made seven pictures, appeared on the radio, and has paid off the greater part of debts, which last spring totaled well over \$160,000.

And now John has purchased a new yacht to take the place of *Infanta* which he was forced to sell at a Federal court order. The new craft—*Infanta II*—takes only three men for a crew in place of the thirteen required for its predecessor. And as soon as John can get time off from pictures, he and Elaine are taking a well-earned cruise to Mexican waters.

New Horsewoman

■ Joan Crawford has finally conquered her greatest fear—horses. Joan has never been on a horse because she has always been deathly afraid of them. But she is now taking riding lessons, and don't be surprised if you see her do some galloping in one of her future pictures.

The Old "Viva"

■ That was Mexico City's welcome to their own Lupe Velez that made so much noise a few weeks ago. Lupe hadn't been home for over eleven years—and when the crowd of ten thousand people got through with her at the station, she had scratches on her hands, bruises on her head, and had to jump on behind a motorcycle cop and be rushed to her hotel to escape the mob.

But No Shrinking Violet

■ Rosalind Russell says she is shrinking. She insists that every picture she makes, she shrinks. During the making of her last picture, Roz lost ten pounds, and the only explanation she has is that the intense heat of the lights on the set cause a sort of dehydration to take place with subsequent loss of weight. But don't worry—she gains it all back between pictures.

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I HAVEN'T HAD A PICTURE PART FOR MONTHS—WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MAYBE IT'S YOUR TEETH, JANE—THEY AREN'T AS SPARKLING AS THEY USED TO BE

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 72]

HOLLYWOOD TWOSOMES: Joe Mankiewicz consoling himself with ex-gal friend Florence Rice, while current-gal friend Loretta Young is in New York . . . Ivan Lebedoff and Gloria Spreckles . . . Jimmy Blakely and Mary Carlisle, again . . . Anita Louise and Buddy Adler, the playwright . . . Mitzi Green (yep, she's grown up now) and Harold Minsky, son of the strip-tease Minskys . . . John King, Binnie Barnes' ex, and New York socialite, Frances Robinson . . . that man about town, Mack, the Killer, Gray—George Raft's pal—has found another lovely to keep him occupied. This time it's Janet Reed, a Broadway model . . . and while we're speaking of George Raft—it's still Virginia Peine, and right now she's busy interior-decorating his house . . . all the young unattached gals of Hollywood might just as well give up romantic thoughts concerning Jon "Hurricane" Hall—because Jon is spending all his time with the Countess (Party-Giving) Dorothy di Frasso . . . Judith Allen, the ex-Mrs. Jack Doyle, and Eddie Sutherland should be watched. There must be something to it when they dined five times in one week together . . . Ruth Hilliard, who would be Mrs. Jimmy Ritz if she could choose between that

and her movie career, may have changed her mind. Because right now she is spending all her time again with Jimmy . . . Katharine Hepburn and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., spending all their lunch hours together on the RKO lot . . . Helen Menken, flying out here for a screen test, having her hand held on the plane by her first husband, Humphrey Bogart, who is in the middle of a divorce from his present wife. All very confusing—



It isn't so funny to funnyman Hugh Herbert to be tugged along by his sheep-dogs

particularly when you consider that the gossips would have it that he's waiting for the completion of that divorce to marry Mayo Methot . . . another divorce-waiter-outer is Jean Negulesco, and when it is final he and Binnie Barnes will probably become mrandmrs . . . Eddie Anderson has just received his final papers and he and Shirley Ross are planning to get married practically right now . . . Isabel Jewell and Owen Crump doing retakes on their romance. It's so serious this time that Isabel appeared on Owen's radio program the other night as an off-stage "voice"—without mention or salary. And when a star does that, it's just got to be love . . .

Other hand-holding twosomes include Dick Baldwin and Lynn Bari . . . George White and Edna Mae Jones,



To keep her sylph-like figure that-a-way Fay Wray practices with a medicine ball

one of the Goldwyn lovelies . . . Joan Woodbury and William Carlson . . . Dorothea Kent and Jerry Brand . . . Designer Eddie Stevenson and Patsy Kelly . . . Allen Curtis and Priscilla Lawson . . . Claire Trevor and Clark Andrews.

THERE is only one thing that's keeping Shirley Deane from going altar-ward with Russell Bowditch, cameraman. And that's a clause in Shirley's 20th-Fox contract that says no can do.

EVER since Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli were married five years ago, Hollywood has had them divorcing. They figured that no marriage could last while the principals were separated so much of the time—Charlie making movies in Australia and England, while Virginia stayed in Hollywood or New York.

But finally Charlie has tired of all the concern about his private life, and has given Hollywood the answer to Virginia's and his successful marriage. It's an amazing five-year plan whereby either of them may accept a professional engagement here or abroad, each shall carry on his own social activities, and *both* must spend the winter in California.

OUT in the open or in hide-out nooks Cary Grant holds hands with Phyllis Brooks.



Leah Ray knows swing songs an' torch tunes. *Old Oaken Bucket* isn't one of 'em

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LAURENCE REID

Editor

Volume LV, No. 2

MARCH, 1938

Twenty-seventh Year



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Cover portrait of Myrna Loy painted by Zoe Mozert

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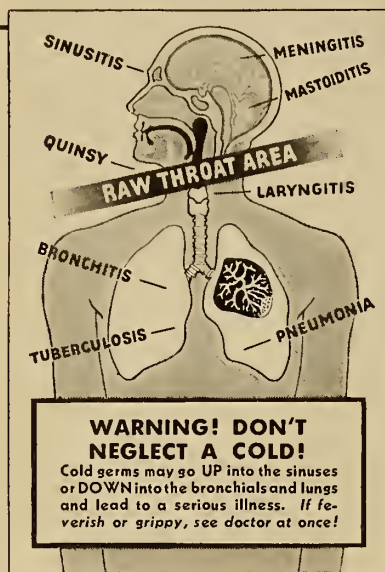
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLE R

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

GOSSIP-GIGGLE-OF-THE-MONTH: the breathlessly-broadcast "scoop" by one of Hollywood's radio chatterers, who shouted to the short-and-long-wavers that Anna Sten was "holding hands" with one Dr. Eugen Frenke at a Hollywood night club...! They've been married ten years!

longtime twosomes, and bets were once odds-on that they'd mrandmrs up the altar path. But winter's here, and Glenda is passing the evenings with Ronald Reagan or Bob Harrington, while Eberson is finding other film charmers to help him tote the torch.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Director Willie Wyler and Mary Maguire—
Perfectly fitting that rhymes with "on fire!"

LOOKS as though the Glenda Farrell-Drew Eberson cooling-off is definite, this time. It's been one of Hollywood's

I WARNED you that Shirley Temple couldn't hope, much longer, to escape Hollywood's romance-gossiping. And now it's happened. Vacationing at Palm Springs, Shirley was introduced to Charlie Chaplin, Jr. They played tennis together. And forthwith, the Hollywood columns gigglishly reported a new movieland romance...!

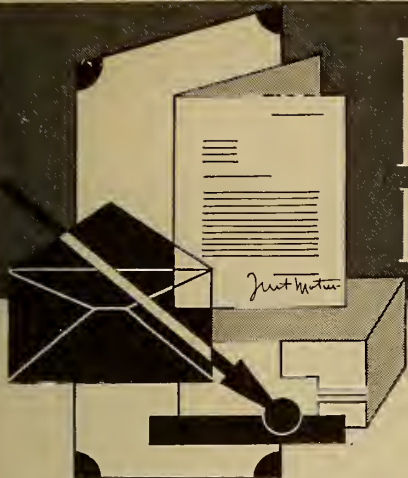
[Continued on page 8]



One of the first stages of couples who are "just married" is to find hubby feeding wifey with his fork. And so Jackie Coogan does the honors for Betty Grable

PRIZE LETTERS

HOW READERS RATE THEM!



A LIFE SAVER \$15 Prize Letter

A COMEDIAN is born! Accidents will happen, but somehow we're never prepared for 'em and they're a big surprise when they occur. What am I talking about? The hit made by Cary Grant in *The Awful Truth*, of course. This fellow has been hiding in stuffed shirt parts and most of us thought he was only another leading man 'till someone had an inspiration and cast him as a husband with a sense of humor. And he came across like nobody's business. And he didn't overplay the role either. At the performance I attended they were carrying 'em out in hysterics—old-time hard-boiled customers, too—and it got so that every time Cary hoisted an eyebrow there were titters. But, when he stuck the wrong derby on his head and it fell down over his ears, the howls shook the chandeliers. I had it all doped out to commit suicide when 1937 passed on but I guess I'll wait a little longer now. Cary may do it again and I'd sure hate to miss him.—C. I. Dunlop, *General Delivery, Vancouver, Canada*.

FOUND!—AN ARTIST \$10 Prize Letter

AT LAST the exquisite Garbo has become an artist. *Conquest* proves it. For years I have watched Garbo—fascinated.

Her beauty has thrilled me, but her experiences never stirred me. I have watched not a person but a poem! Her acting has exhibited great artistry but hitherto she has not been an artist. But, Garbo has now become a part of the drama—she is now at one with the struggle. She has at last learned to move on a level with the other actors and she has become a person, not a spectacle. In *Conquest* Garbo has reached the heights. At the moment when *Napoleon* leaves her for the last time, we were so touched by the strength of a great love that we were not thinking of Garbo, but of all women. This is art. It has touched the universal note.—Leah B. Whidden, 66 Orange Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Greta Garbo

CLIMBED TO STARDOM \$5 Prize Letter

HOLLYWOOD really has something in Andrea Leeds. She isn't just one of those "finds" that have only a pretty face to

their credit—she can act! I think I shall never forget her role as *Kay* in *Stage Door*. She is truly a great actress and I am sure it certainly won't be long before she is one of the best in Hollywood. Her role was so impressing and so realistic that I lived every moment of it with her. The



Andrea Leeds

look in her eyes as she climbed the stairs to her death—her expressions—everything, was carried out to perfection by this up-coming girl. I wish that all the talent scouts would pick them as good as Andrea Leeds.—Muriel Kalomnych, P. O. Box 151, Sea Bright, N. J.

A RESTING PLACE FOR OSCAR \$1 Prize Letter

THAT coveted Academy Award—on whose mantel shall Oscar rest? Inviting certain comment to the contrary, and in all due deference to Paul



Spencer Tracy

Muni's magnificent portrayal of *Emile Zola*, I still can't deem it far different from *Louis Pasteur* and this is far from faint praise. Charles Boyer's memorable *May-erling* and addedly amazing *Napoleon of Conquest* should find him vying for honors. But, what of Spencer Tracy's moving *Manuel*, so surely of the ilk of *Captains Courageous*? How many will share justified *Fury* if the Priest of *San Francisco* doesn't receive the recognition he so richly merits?—Mary E. Lauber, 119 W. Abbottsford Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

ONCE ISN'T ENOUGH \$1 Prize Letter

SEE a good picture twice! I don't mean sit through two shows with all the trimmings—newsreel, cartoon, etc.—but see the picture again a few weeks or months later and you'll enjoy it even more. The first time you see a picture, it's more or less a sensation, but after seeing and hearing it again you derive the full benefit. You are often enchanted by your favorite actor or actress and you don't enjoy anything else; or the music is so engaging, you overlook the story. Or you may be fascinated by a specialty act and forget the conflict. So be sure and see a good film twice in order to enjoy it completely. On my "see-again-list" are *Good Earth*, *White Angel*, *Captains Courageous*, *Thin Ice*, *100 Men And A Girl* and *Emile Zola*.—Fanny Schuelein, 1002 N. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE ONE AND ONLY \$1 Prize Letter

I'M COMING in ashooting and both my guns are aimed at those editors, radio commentators and reporters that persist in making wisecracks about the one and only Nelson Eddy. When are they going to get wise and learn that the way to endear themselves to their public is definitely not to pan our favorite stars? We think they're swell so why can't they let it go at that?



Nelson Eddy

Just as soon as we fans get our hearts set on some star they start handing out dirty digs about them. And believe you me, we have our hearts set on Mrs. Eddy's little boy Nelson in a big way. Personally, I think he's tops and I'm only one of many. So beware, we're on your trail. Get wise and stop panning our beloved Nelson Eddy.—Mildred Von Hoven, 1134 Arabella St., New Orleans, La.

WE PROTEST \$1 Prize Letter

IN THE face of favorable criticism in the Press regarding the current opus, *The Awful Truth*—to which we heartily subscribe, as far as cleverness and characterization are concerned—we rise to protest the sectional ridicule evidenced in the piece. To our mind, this practice of depicting Mid-westerners, individually and collectively, as unmitigated Boors doesn't become a film built for national patronage. 'Tis a dish, we feel, that has been warmed-over too often. Speed the day, when the two bright people of this hinterland, who don't stand agape in the presence of conventions as pursued along the Atlantic Seaboard, will collaborate upon a little sauce for the gander. True, it may require concentrated effort to locate Park Avenue Babbitts, who will fit into the picture, but, with diligence, even this appears possible. There must be a moral here; namely, that lashes to the thickest of skins, will eventually invite retaliation.—D. D. Wclty, 902 National Reserve Building, Topeka, Kansas.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—\$15, \$10 and \$5—with \$1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"I'VE LONGED TO KISS YOU"



Men are attracted—by natural loveliness, so why risk a painted look? Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee intensifies your own natural coloring—never coats your lips with ugly red grease...nor leaves red smears on teeth or handkerchiefs.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But it magically changes on your lips to a warm blush-rose shade, blending perfectly with your complexion. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle.

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens lips. No drying, no cracking, no chapping. Get Tangee today. 39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. See coupon below.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.



Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.



Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and FREE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). Also send FREE Tangee Charm Test.
Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Powder Desired

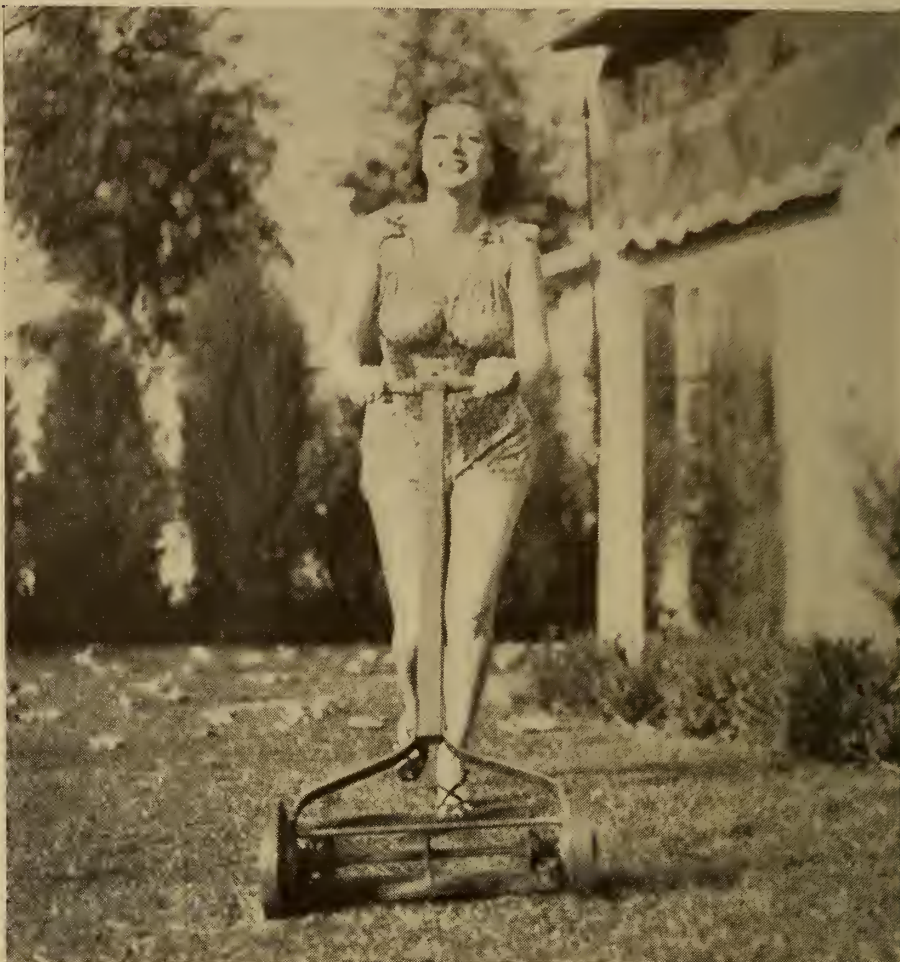
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City _____ State _____ F38

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 8]



Trimmed for action while pushing a lawn-mower is Judith Allen of *Telephone Operator*. She is ex-wife of pugilist Jack Doyle, ex-wife of wrestler Gus Sonnenberg

and then, but the night-after-night program is definitely off. Instead, Marlene seems to be reverting to her old standby, Goldbeck, who seems to be edging Doug Junior out of the picture but definitely.

ment because of my great love for the boy and my desire not to involve him in any publicity or to confuse his young mind—but I do not intend to permit *anyone* to cause him to forget me."

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Jack Kapp and Della Lind—
Looks like romance is in the wind!

THE "we're-still-good-friends" stage of the Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay divorce seems to have passed, and they've reached the stage of going to court over custody of their adopted son, Dion Anthony Fay.

Fay started it, with a superior court order citing Barbara into court to show cause why he should not be allowed to see little Dion, who lives with her. Fay complains that Barbara won't let him visit or talk to the boy, despite his constant efforts, and concludes: "I've been put off, put off and ignored, and I've only stood for this treat-

ment because of my great love for the boy and my desire not to involve him in any publicity or to confuse his young mind—but I do not intend to permit *anyone* to cause him to forget me."

DESPITE such tangles as the one up above, where Mary Pickford and hubby Buddy Rogers found themselves surrounded by various ex's, the Pickford-Rogers marriage is working out so sweetly that it's utterly confounding those Hollywood calamity-howlers who predicted it wouldn't last. They're too, too happy in their tiny Beverly Hills house—a house about one-tenth the size of great Pickfair. And to top it all, Mary's going domestic—even to the extent of going to the butcher's on cook's day off, picking out a steak herself, and then cooking it for Buddy with her owney-owney hands.

And I wonder what Doug Fairbanks, Senior, thinks of *that* !? !?

[Continued on page 58]

A DREAM

Walking



FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for

them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that *sureness of yourself*, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Penetration . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low

surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for Feminine Hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept uncorked.



For your cleansing
douche



What Every Woman Should Know . . .

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 3-M.P.
Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me your free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which
tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MARCH MOTION PICTURE

"My SKIN now invites a close-up"



"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

A SKIN that glows *naturally* bespeaks radiant health *beneath*... it is alive... stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple... skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow... to bring color to your cheeks... to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time... the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells... to restore lost weight... to regain energy... to strengthen nerves... and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel... and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.



PICTURE PARADE

TOVARICH

—AAAA—



Jacques Deval's comedy hit of last season reaches the screen and through the efforts of Warner Brothers suffers nothing from comparison. So if you were one of those poor unfortunates who missed seeing this smash comedy on the stage last year—or even if you aren't—here is an opportunity to see good theatre on the screen. Anatole Litvak's elegant direction rates encomiums and Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert win applause for their brilliant performances in the star roles. Ditto Basil Rathbone, Melville Cooper and Isabel Jeans. In case you haven't heard about *Tovarich*, it is the history of an impoverished Russian Grand Duke and his Duchess—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert—who although they are the custodians of forty billion francs prefer to hire themselves out as "a couple" rather than touch a penny of their dear Czar's cache. They find employment in a fashionable Parisian family where they have themselves a good time, until the villain, a Russian Commissar, appears on the scene. But this slight touch of drama only tends to enhance the effervescence and sparkle of this delightful comedy.—Warner Bros.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

—AAA½—



Is a light story that depends mostly on the ability and charm of its principal players and its deft handling for success. And as the stars, the assisting cast and the producing unit come through cleverly, *I'll Take Romance* will find favor with you and you and you. It's given elegant settings, costumes, and a lavish production and the result is charming. Not very different from the usual formula—which has proved so successful—for a Grace Moore picture it tells the story of a prima donna, furnishing numerous spots for operatic arias which are delivered by Miss Moore in glorious voice and high spirits. Miss Moore, a prima donna, is intent on breaking a previous engagement in Buenos Aires and go to Paris instead. But Melvyn Douglas, the impresario of the Argentine company, is intent on Miss Moore's keeping her contract. Determined to have Miss Moore sing in South America, he undertakes the mission of getting her there himself. He resorts to all sorts of trickery—even kidnapping. Of course, Miss Moore keeps her date in Buenos Aires, which leads to a date at the altar.—Columbia.

[Continued on page 16]

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES



LOOK YOUR BEST IN ANY LIGHT

You Can If You Use *light-proof* Powder

● Does your make-up flatter you at certain times—and betray you at others? *You can now get powder that is light-proof.*

Luxor face powder modifies the light rays that powder particles ordinarily reflect. The use of this powder solves the old problem of "shine." Your complexion is not constantly being light-struck. Those unbecoming highlights of cheekbones, chin and nose are all subdued—in *any* light.

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More important than matching your complexion, is powder that is a match for any light!

Any shade of light-proof powder will do more for your appearance than the most carefully selected shade of powder that picks up every ray of light. It will keep that lovely softness under lights that would other-

wise make your face shine like an apple.

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until you have made this convincing test. The makers of Luxor light-proof powder will send you a box free, for demonstration. Make up as usual, in any light, but finish with this new powder. Then stand at a

glaring window; or under the strongest electric light; in cross-lights. See if you can find *any* light that this remarkable powder does not soften and subdue!

Get a large box at any drug or department store for 55c. Or a 10c box at the five-and-ten. Or—here is coupon which brings trial box free.

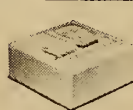
LUXOR LIGHT PROOF FACE POWDER



THIS is what happens when make-up reflects every ray of light.



SEE the effect of powder that is light-proof — modifies light rays.



LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago

FAW-3-38

Please send trial box of Luxor light-proof face powder free and prepaid.

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☐ Rachel

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ON TO HOLLYWOOD WITH MOVIELAND TOURS

NOW IS THE TIME TO HOP ABOARD THE FOURTH ANNUAL MOVIELAND TOUR TO HOLLYWOOD, WHERE YOU'LL MEET THE STARS. MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW.

WITH the Christmas holidays behind you, now is the time to begin planning that summer vacation. Once again MOTION PICTURE has arranged an opportunity for you to take a transcontinental vacation to Southern California—to the land of the movie stars—where you will mingle with them in their homes and in elaborate restaurants—watch them at work and play—and catch an eyeful of the glorious sights to be seen en route to Hollywood and return—all for the price of a round trip ticket.

It isn't easy to catch the intimate life of Hollywood, but MOTION PICTURE will open the gates for you. All you need do is to sign up for one of three Movieland Tours (as sponsored by Fawcett Publications) which take place in midsummer, and your favorite magazine will attend to everything.

[Continued on page 61]

At top is Montana's Red Lodge Highway at top of Rockies, where you'll take motor trip. At right are 1937 Tourists being greeted by Bob Taylor—and as guests of Basil Rathbone. Below, Warren William is party host on First Tour



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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose \$..... Please enter my reservation for persons to insure a place for us on Tour No.

(A deposit of \$5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether you prefer Tour No. 1, leaving July 3; Tour No. 2, leaving Chicago July 24, or Tour No. 3, leaving Chicago August 14.)

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By CRAIG MORGAN

BEFORE Allen Brook signed a long-term contract with Columbia Studios he was a furniture salesman in a Hollywood Boulevard store . . . and was making all of sixteen dollars a week . . . helping Hollywood matrons find just the right lampshade or end table . . . he is well on his way toward being one of the better-known actors among Hollywood's newest crop of handsome juveniles . . . His real name is Joseph Allen, Jr., the only son of the well-known stage comedian . . . the youth came to Hollywood originally to visit his sire . . . but decided to stay long enough to see if he could find a place for himself on the screen . . . and when he did his first official act was changing his name to Allen Brook for he had no intention of using his father's fame as a stepping-stone . . . tall, dark and handsome he made his Columbia debut in *Motor Madness* . . . Born in Boston, Massachusetts, on a March 30 . . . twenty-one years ago . . . Allen comes of a distinguished theatrical family . . . for in addition to his father . . . two of his uncles . . . Tom and James Marlowe . . . are well known in the world of the theatre . . . the young Columbia player began his own histrionic career when he was five years old . . . and he kept in trim by writing plays during his school days . . . he spent summer vacations appearing with stock companies . . . he received most of his schooling in Bay Shore, Long Island, educational institutions . . . To be a big-time automobile racing driver was Allen's first ambition . . . and now he is eager to build the perfect automobile to combine safety, speed and economy . . . he is a one-sixth partner in a Long Island machine-shop . . . which specializes in the building of racing cars and speedboats . . . all of which gave him the perfect background . . . for his first Columbia picture . . . Allen's professional experience includes five seasons in summer stock . . . two years of which were spent managing his own company . . . he has appeared in such popular plays as *Paris Bound*, *Holiday*, *The Bishop Misbehaves* and *The Fool* . . . he has also worked in dramatic sketches on the radio . . . his first motion picture was *Holy Terror* with Jane Withers, his second *Career Woman* with Claire Trevor which prefaced his Columbia contract . . . More than six feet tall young Brook has hazel eyes and brown hair . . . he is of Irish descent . . . his favorite poet is Rudyard Kipling . . . he keeps in condition with handball . . . never misses an automobile race . . . lives in a small apartment . . . and drives a six-year-old roadster . . . admits he's a speed fanatic . . . likes to fly . . . thinks he would have been an automobile engineer if his histrionic ambitions hadn't materialized.

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE . . .



No girl who offends with underarm odor succeeds in her job — or with men . . .

A new job—new friends—new chances for romance! How Ann did want her new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as Bill S— were very hard to find!

Ann was pretty—Ann was smart! "Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought. So he asked Ann out to his club.

The night was glamorous and the music was good—but Bill's interest died with the very first dance. Ann had thought a *bath alone* could keep her sweet—and one hint of underarm odor was enough for Bill. Others in the office

noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted—the job that *might* have led to love.

It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl in love—ever to risk offending! It's so easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember, a bath only takes care of odor that's *past*—but Mum prevents odor *to come*!

MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute, Mum gives you *all-day-long* protection.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful perspiration, but it does stop *every trace of odor*. Remember, no girl who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's **SAFE** and **SURE**.

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Women

HERE'S SPECIAL WORK OFFERING YOU...

UP TO **\$23** IN A WEEK

and all your own Dresses FREE of a penny cost

No Experience or Investment Needed

AMBITIOUS women who need money are urged to accept this easy way to earn it. Be the local representative for the world's leading dress-making company—Fashion Frocks—and show the lovely new 1938 spring dresses to friends and neighbors. It is pleasant, dignified work because all women love to look at stunning new dress styles and will be glad to order through you—especially when you offer them at the low direct factory prices. You can earn up to \$23.00 in a week and in addition get all your own dresses free. Mail coupon for this amazing free opportunity.

Send for Style Portfolio
150 LOVELIEST

Spring **DRESSES**
many as **\$2.98**
low as

Fashion Frocks for this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are last minute styles direct from Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and approved by many Movie Stars. Fashion Frocks are guaranteed as advertised in Good House-keeping and other women's magazines and are endorsed by leading Fashion Editors. They are never sold in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary

Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build a successful, permanent dress business—working full or spare time—that pays you a good regular income. Mail coupon at once for this marvelous free opportunity. Get the whole story how you can make up to \$23 or more in a week and get your own dresses free of any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Mail coupon today.

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PICTURE PARADE

WELLS FARGO

—AAA½—



Thirty years—the colorful pioneering years of 1840-1870—are pressed into an hour-and-a-half and the result is a stirring, thrilling pageant of American history, commercial adventure, romance and ambition. Frank Lloyd, the director, who was responsible for *Cavalcade*, adds another great epic film to his career with *Wells Fargo*. The story uncovers the pioneering of the Wells Fargo Express Company, and through its characters it gives you the romantic details of its evolution from its start in Batavia, New York. Interwoven in this dramatic story of development, containing fact and some fiction, is the love of a man and a woman. The man being Joel McCrea, who acquires himself in a highly credible fashion. The woman is Frances Dee, who is charmingly convincing as the young Southern bride. The comedy relief is played ingeniously by Bob Burns and rounding out this handsome cast are Henry O'Neill, Lloyd Nolan, Porter Hall, Robert Cummings, Ralph Morgan, John Mack Brown and Mary Nash, among others. It's a magnificent production and should be included in your "Must See" list. But definitely—Paramount.

LOVE AND HISSES

—AAA½—



Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, those phony-feuders who started their film ribbing career in *Wake Up and Live*, again score in their latest medium—the screen. But, the surprise package of *Love and Hisses* is Simone Simon, a singing sensation, who really can sing—and does. The story is effective and through Sidney Lanfield's able direction moves at a fast and smooth pace, resulting in a lively, lilting musical. Mr. Lanfield's flair for this type of entertainment shows in his smart selection of spots for the tuneful tunes by Gordon and Revel, the specialty acts and the comic situations. And, speaking of comedy, Bert Lahr and Joan Davis will wow you with their act—one of the high spots of the film. The plot revolves around the Winchell-Bernie feud and Miss Simon is the victim. A singing sensation, she is given a tremendous build-up by Winchell who is innocent of her tie-up with Bernie. It all builds up—not to an awful letdown—but a surprising climax. Dick Baldwin, a new-comer, shows promise as Mlle. Simone Simon's romantic interest. We recommend *Love and Hisses* as a grand pickup.—20th Century-Fox.

[Continued on page 56]

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES



By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

IF YOU were born two miles away from Hollywood's motion picture studios, you haven't a chance to break in pictures... that, at least, is the opinion of Gordon Oliver, young leading man out at Warner Bros. studios... Gordon, who comes from a Southern California "blue book" family, was born in Los Angeles... and spent most of his early life close to the inner workings of the industry of which he is now a part... it wasn't, however, until he had completed his education at the U. of Oregon and at U. S. C., that he decided to take up acting as a profession... Naturally, he cast his eyes towards motion pictures but the executives seemed in no frame of mind to hire any "local talent"... in fact, he couldn't even get near a casting office to apply for bit or extra work... somehow he just didn't seem to "belong"... Not wanting to stray too far from his family or home, Gordon went to San Francisco, where he thought he might get a chance to play in a stage role... But the Bay City didn't welcome the young socialite with open arms... Then someone told him that the only way to "break in" would be to go East... It might take time, he was advised, but if he was serious about a screen career, he must go to New York... The big town treated Oliver much better than his home town or San Francisco. He obtained bit parts here and there, but it wasn't before long that his big opportunity came... He was given a role in the road company of *Petrified Forest*... just as the friend had told him, Hollywood became interested when he appeared in the important role... and a Warner Bros. executive offered him a contract, but Gordon didn't grab it... "You'll have to pay my way to Hollywood, and also guarantee my return fare before I consider," was the reply... The executive said okay but wondered why Gordon insisted on the return guarantee... "I've been to Hollywood before," was the reply, "and you didn't want me then, so why should I be confident of making good when you ship me back to my home town to make good?"... this seemed reasonable to the executive, or at least they agreed and even though Gordon had made good, he still insists on that "return" clause... Personally Gordon has a very sunny disposition and goes out for all sports... he's a husky lad and stands almost six feet in his "stocking feet"... you'll like young Gordon Oliver especially after seeing him play opposite Kay Francis in *Women Are Like That*.

Make a *FRESH* start

and swing over to a *FRESH* cigarette



A Fresh Start made a Fresh Star

Salesgirl in a department store, Joy Hodges made a fresh start. Landed in the movies! Starred in "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"! Now charms Broadway in "I'd Rather Be Right"! Joy's fresh start made a new star who brought fresh joy to millions.

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds... the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality... brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

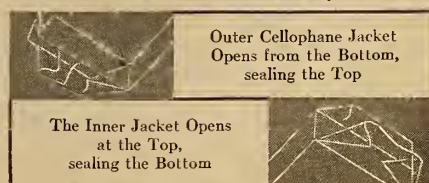
That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MARCH MOTION PICTURE



Happy Tidings
A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED
IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-
HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOR!

SONJA HENIE

DON AMECHE

A show aglow with joy-laden
wonder...winging from gay
Norseland festivals to New
York's wintertime spectacles!
And Sonja breathlessly in love
...breath-taking on the ice...
the radiant queen of a world
of dreams come true!



HAPPY LANDING

with
JEAN HERSHOLT
ETHEL MERMAN
CESAR ROMERO

BILLY GILBERT
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
WALLY VERNON · LEAH RAY
Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer David Hempstead
Original Screen Play by Milton Sperling
and Boris Ingster

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In
My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah"
by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen



It comes to you, of course, from **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!

MYRNA LOY



While Myrna is down at her Malibu Beach home worshipping the sun and reading scripts, the entire world worships her as shown in a recent national poll when Myrna was crowned first lady of the screen. Having just completed *Man-Proof*, Myrna relaxes before starting her next one

ILONA MASSEY



Alive, alluring and arresting is Hollywood's Hungarian importation, Ilona Massey. Formerly the toast of Budapest, she's now the toast of Hollywood having completed *Rosalie*, her first American film. A beautiful blue-eyed blonde with an exquisite voice, she's a sure hit



BETTE SIZES UP MARITAL LIFE VERY SENSIBLY. IF SHE EVER THOUGHT HER MARRIAGE WAS HEADING FOR THE ROCKS SHE'D RUN AWAY WITH HER HUSBAND AND DISCOVER ROMANCE ALL OVER AGAIN. THERE!



"I RAN AWAY WITH MY HUSBAND"

BETTE DAVIS

IN *JEZEBEL*, for the first time in her life, Bette Davis has a Southern accent. Also, for the first time in her life, she has a costume role. She is tricked out in curls and crinolines. And she is prettier than ever before. More seductive. More devastating.

Which is what she should be, to play *Jezabel*. For, in this role, she is a Southern belle of a hundred years ago who is in love with one man all her life and lets nothing stand in the way of her getting him. Among other things she serves notice on the girl he marries that she (Bette) is going to take him away from her.

At this writing, the picture hasn't been previewed. I don't know whether she succeeds or not, and Bette won't tell me. ("Who am I, to ruin the suspense?" she asks.) But I know that, if she doesn't succeed, she must come mighty, mighty close. I've seen some of her low-cut, off-the-shoulder gowns; I've seen some of her arch acting; I've heard some of the lines she delivers, in that caressive Southern manner.

By CAROL CRAIG

This *Jezabel* would spell danger to any woman whose husband she happened to want.

Catch Bette in the studio commissary at noon, and she isn't like that. Her blonde curls are tucked up in a net. Instead of colorful crinolines, she is wearing a loose-fitting, shapeless, faded yellow silk cover-all of a dressing-gown. And her speech is clipped; her accent, Yankee. Her mannerisms, all 1938.

If any actress in Hollywood epitomizes, in person, the streamlined modern who knows her own mind, and how to use it, that actress is Bette. She is calm, cool, collected. She has mental, as well as physical poise. You have the feeling that she is equal to any situation.

Still—you wonder what this streamlined modern, this pert Bette Davis, Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., would do if a high-powered *Jezabel* should suddenly confront *her*. All right, you ask her. And this is what happens:

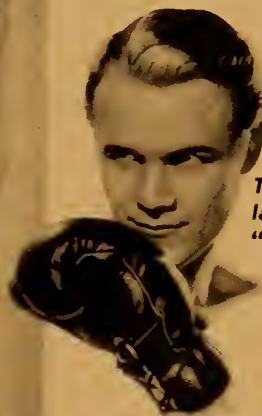
She dips her fork into the salad [Continued on page 80]

FRANCES DEE



"All good things come in small packages" may only be a figure of speech to you, but to us it figuratively means Frances Dee. Frances not only makes good pictures like *Wells Fargo*, but she also makes a good mother and good wife to Joel McCrea her co-star

"THE KID COMES BACK"



*The laughing,
larruping hero of
"Kid Galahad"!*

*The heart-break-
ing, chin-busting
gob of "Sub-
marine D-1"!*



Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

•

***Shooting another love punch straight
to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!***

with
**WAYNE
MORRIS**

A WARNER BROS.
PICTURE

TEMPTATIONS I'VE FACED

WELL, well, I certainly did NOT pick a winner to give me the low-down on the high, wide and very handsome temptations offered by Hollywood when I picked on Clark Gable! Because Gable hasn't faced, perhaps I should say hasn't felt any of Hollywood's tempting temptations. For the simple but sufficient reason that the temptations Hollywood has to offer do not tempt Mr. G., that's all.

That *was* about all. That just about fixed my little idea of having Mr. G. say: "I've faced these temptations in Hollywood" and then go off to the races with rich and racy anecdotes about the temptations he has kept at arms' length, the while wrestling with his soul in the Mojave Desert. For when I asked Clark how he has managed to withstand the sirens, the silken, sinister, seductive and sybaritic lures of fame and stardom, he just threw back his deucedly handsome head (as the English would say) and let out a very disconcerting roar of laughter.

I took out my little list of the best temptations, the Gable guffaws notwithstanding, and read them off to him, the while he, pleasantly but unconcernedly, ate his way through a pineapple and cottage cheese salad. I read aloud: "Temptations! Women? Extravagance? Inflated Ego, commonly known as The Swelled Head? The Temptation To Forget How The 'Other Half' Lives? Wild Parties? Night Life? Temperament? Jealousy? Surfeit?"

"These," I said to him, not without a certain modest pride, as seriously as the demoniacal twinkle in his gray eyes would permit, "these are the most approved temptations which Hollywood has to offer her darlings. [Continued on page 70]"



Clark is a familiar figure on Hollywood highways, riding or driving his pal, Sonny

IN HOLLYWOOD—CLARK GABLE

BY GLADYS HALL

ACCORDING TO MR. G. IT ALL DEPENDS UPON WHAT ARE CONSIDERED TEMPTATIONS. FOR CLARK CAN TAKE 'EM OR LEAVE 'EM—AND BE HIMSELF. THAT'S WHY HE REMAINS AT THE TOP



MARJORIE WEAVER

A girl in a thousand—and more—is Marjorie Weaver. One of many thousands of contestants in a recent talent quest, Marjorie was selected the winner. Then she won Hollywood and a part in *Second Honeymoon*. If she hasn't won you, yet, she will as *Mary* in *Sally, Irene and Mary*, her latest film



ROCHELLE HUDSON

And in this corner, ladees and gentlemen, we have another winner, Rochelle Hudson. But, her game is hearts. She's lucky at it, too, having one of the largest collections. To her film collection she adds Robert Kent's in *Look Out, Mr. Moto*



EVEN HIS BEST FRIENDS DON'T KNOW HIM



FOR the better part of a workday forenoon, I was with Bill Powell, the other day. It was under the great vaulted roof of one of 20th Century-Fox's new sound stages. They were in the third day of shooting *The Baroness and the Butler*, the first picture Bill has made since—well, since Jean Harlow died. The first work he's done since coming back from that European trip which he took to rest, and to try to find escape from the ache in his heart. . . .

For several hours, then, I watched Powell. Watched him work under the blinding lights, watched him on the sidelines between takes, sat and talked with him, face to face, in his dressing-room on the set. Bill was as affable as ever; as courteous, as charming, as frank. And yet, I came away from that visit with Powell with an odd feeling of having

been with someone I'd never even seen before. I found out that others, renewing their acquaintance with Powell since this recent trip of his, have felt the same effect—that here was a stranger, a newcomer, a different man than they'd known before. I wondered. . . .

And then suddenly I realized a significant point! I suddenly remembered that in all those minutes that ran into hours, there on the sound stage, *Bill Powell had not smiled once!* Not really smiled. There was one instant, when an acquaintance passed a quip as he stuck his head into the door of the dressing-room where Bill talked with me, that Powell looked at him and drew his lips into the semblance of a smile, acknowledging the greeting. But it was only his lips that smiled. His eyes didn't change at all. His eyes did not smile. And as soon as the [Continued on page 79]

B Y D A N C A M P

BILL POWELL HAS CHANGED HIS WHOLE ATTITUDE TOWARD HOLLYWOOD AND ITS WORKS. HERE HE IS AS HE IS TODAY

SPENCER TRACY



He's not tall, he's not dark and he's not handsome, but he's our man, and yours too, we wager. He's our man because we can always count on Spence for a grand performance and because he's got the stuff heroes are made of. In *Mannequin*, his new film, he's Joan Crawford's. Lucky gal!

By HARRY LANG

SOME six miles apart, in that lush San Fernando valley back of Hollywood, where so many of the movie biggies are making their homes these days, lie two lovely ranches . . .

One belongs to Barbara Stanwyck—the other belongs to Robert Taylor.

Now as California measures distances, six miles is a mere step across the street. To all intents and purposes, Barbara and Bob are next door neighbors. And that alone is a matter of tongue-wagging interest to Hollywood's romance watchers—who can't yet decide whether it's Barbara and Bob, or Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, who deserve the Unmarried Sweethearts championship of filmland.

But there's something far more significant about those two houses—much more of a clue to the future plans of Bob and Barbara than the mere proximity of the places. That is this: both places are being furnished, as far as publicity goes. And nobody makes any secret of the fact that Barbara Stanwyck supervised the furnishing not only of her own ranch, but of Bob Taylor's as well while Bob was abroad.

True enough, Bob surveyed all the decoration—and furniture plans, before he departed, and gave his general okeh to the scheme. BUT—it's Barbara, and Barbara alone, who is running the actual fitting and furnishing of that house of Taylor's—

And now here's the big point:

Although the job of outfitting the Taylor ranch-house is practically complete—down to the tiniest and most intimate details—the fact remains that despite all publicity to the contrary, Barbara has barely scratched the surface of the business of furnishing her own place! She won't even have friends and acquaintances visit her there—because the place, inside, is still just about as empty as a barn, save for the small portion in which Barbara and Baby Dion—the boy she and Frank Fay adopted when they were trying to find a way to make a go of their marriage—live. In short, even though she's been in it months, it's still hardly more than a sort of [Continued on page 66]

The minute that Bob and Barbara met each other they went dancing. Then came romance—and soon it'll be marriage

WHILE BARBARA STANWYCK WON'T ADMIT IT, ALL SIGNS POINT TO A WEDDING SOON FOR HER AND BOB TAYLOR



SHE DOESN'T SAY
YES
SHE DOESN'T SAY
NO

IN THEIR PARENTS'

IN THE good old days the son of a chimney sweeper became a chimney sweeper, and the son of a clown, a clown. Tradesmen, artisans and craftsmen were organized in high and mighty guilds, and a beginner had to serve a long period of apprenticeship under his father before he was licensed to practice chimney sweeping or buffoonery. And today, we have the Screen Actors Guild. It is pleasant to report that several of its members are passing on to their offspring the legacy of the ancient and honorable art of make-believe entertainment. There are also a number of deceased troupers whose children are carrying on their calling.

How time flies for those of us who remember the first crude attempts at flamboyant photodramatics across the screen 25 years ago! Yet today we already have a *second generation*, and this article salutes the newcomers who are following in their parents' footsteps.

We made a tour of the studios to see who belongs to this second generation, and find out whether or not being the son or daughter of a famous thespian is a help or a handicap in gaining cinematic recognition, and how the rising children feel about their parents, and how the latter feel about their children. The accompanying boxed tabulation is a comprehensive list of players either or both of whose parents are or were also actors.

Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, is under contract to Walter Wanger. Tim is a husky lad of 19, 5 ft. 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has curly brown hair and brown eyes. We had a long chit-chat with him at the United Artists Studio.

"My father neither encouraged me nor discouraged me in my desire to be an actor," he said. "He left the choice of a career to me. But when I definitely decided to enter pictures, he helped me in every way he could. Whenever I get stuck in a scene, don't know how to play it, I talk it over with him. He is a great actor." Tim is very proud of his father, and with good reason.

"A few years ago you wrote a story about my father," he reminded us. "And you know why he has lasted so long. You had called the story, 'He Has Kept His Fans for 20 Years.' Because he has never been shown in a false light,

and doesn't have to worry about any disillusionment among his followers. You don't read very much about him, what he eats for breakfast and what's the interior decoration in our home. I really don't want much publicity right now, because I haven't done anything. I like to do bits for two or three years until I learn to act. So please write about me as I am, just a young punk trying to get along in a difficult business."

TIM made his first appearance on the screen in 1926, playing with his father as a small boy in *The Vanishing Pioneer*. Then he was given a part in *Young Stars of Hollywood*, with Wally Reid, Jr., Tim McCoy's son, and Eric von Stroheim, Jr. "But I never saw that picture," he said. "I'd like to see it. Maybe it wasn't released at all."

Tim went to Culver Military Academy in Indiana. "It's the greatest military prep school in the world," he asserted. Talking about that institution is his idea of a swell interview. "We have three branches, artillery, cavalry, infantry. Our infantry is completely mechanized, exactly like the regular army. I was in the cavalry. I also played two years varsity polo."

"I went to Culver for the training and the discipline," he explained, "but my real ambition was to be an actor. I played in school dramatics. When I came back to Hollywood after two years at Culver, I became interested in the Westwood Theatre Guild. I did a play with Mae Clarke and Bodil Rosing, *Papa Is All*. A Pennsylvania Dutch play, in dialect. I was a half-witted boy, and the hardest part of it was the dialect."

Tim met Walter Wanger on the polo field. "Mr. Wanger told me to see him when I got ready to enter the picture business. Exactly a year ago yesterday he gave me a screen test, with Pat Paterson. I played a drunkard. I was a little nervous, because a career depended on the outcome of that test. I have found that so long as you believe in yourself, you are doing all right. The first thing I did for Mr. Wanger was a tiny bit in *History Is Made at Night*. Then came along *Stella Dallas*, in which I played the part Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., did in the silent version. That was a great break for



Leatrice Joy Gilbert should be doubly talented. She's the daughter of Leatrice Joy and the late John Gilbert



Handsome Tim Holt, son of Jack, is following in his dad's footsteps. He scored a hit as Dick in *Stella Dallas*



Olympe Bradna's theatrical heritage is full. She's one of the "Bradna Family" who are widely renowned in circus circles

FOOTSTEPS

By
LEON
SURMELIAN

me. My next picture was *I Met My Love Again*, and I played Olivia de Havilland's brother in *Gold Is Where You Find It*."

Tim's sister, Betty, 17, is active in school dramatics. She is very pretty, and looks like Olivia de Havilland, except that she has blonde hair, while Olivia is brown-haired. They live with their father in Santa Monica Canyon, close to the polo field. He drives a car, and is still paying for it out of his earnings. He doesn't associate with the movie crowd, but enjoys dancing at the Ambassador and the Beverly-Wilshire. He goes out with different girls, but the studio so far has been unsuccessful in inventing a space-grabbing romance for him. He considers acting a job, "Like a man taking his pail and climbing a building," as he put it.

We asked him if there was anything he wanted to tell us about which we hadn't questioned him. "Don't quote me in the first person," he said, "write it in the third person." Which is quite typical of a Holt. We told him we had to go to the Hal Roach Studio to interview Bonita Granville. "My pal, Hal Roach, Jr., is the assistant director in her picture," he said. "For two years he was my room-mate at Culver. Great guy. Weighs 215 lbs., was the captain of our football team, and he has a mind like that." He snapped his fingers. "He really works. He isn't the boss' son.

"At Culver it was understood he was going to produce pictures, and I was going to work for him as an actor. But whenever we got mad at each other, he would tell me I was fired!"

WE FOUND Hal Roach, Jr., blowing a whistle and shouting, "Quiet please!" on the set of *Merrily We Live*, starring Brian Aherne [Continued on page 82]

HOLLYWOOD CONCLUSIVELY PROVES THAT HERITAGE IS STRONGER THAN ENVIRONMENT. MANY OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION ARE SUCCESSFUL PLAYERS, HAVING INHERITED THEIR TALENT FROM THEIR FATHERS AND MOTHERS

Ann Rutherford was born with the gift twenty years ago in Toronto, Canada



Since she's been a tot Bonita Granville has wanted to act. Her mother and dad were musical comedy stars



Mickey Rooney has been in show business all his life. His father, Joe Yule, is a comedian and still very active

By SONIA LEE

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND sat in her box-like location dressing-room—in silver-cloth and chiffon trappings for her role in *Robin Hood*—a girl of another age! She looked untouched by life, exquisite—perfect replica of a woman of a past era.

But the problem she discussed was as modern as tomorrow. Her words and her thoughts mirrored the honesty of the girl of today.

"Women have always been afraid of being hurt," she commented. Her eyes are startlingly large in the face which might have been born of a poet's dream. Grave eyes. Intelligent eyes.

"But the woman of another day permitted hurts—particularly if they were of an emotional character—to subdue her, to subtract from her happiness, to paralyze her emotions," she continues. "Fortunately, women have come far. They are not afraid of broken hearts or broken loves.

"They take it as material to build into character and to give them wisdom and insight.

"I have invariably refused to discuss my personal life because I felt that an actress should be evaluated by what she does on the [Continued on page 65]

The hurts suffered in Olivia's romances are healed. They've made her a better actress as in *Robin Hood* and *Gold is Where You Find It*—with George Brent

DON'T BE AFRAID OF A BROKEN HEART-- OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND

A BROKEN HEART NEED NOT BE A TRAGEDY SAYS

OLIVIA. PLEADING HER OWN CASE, IT HAS MADE

HER MORE UNDERSTANDING—A BETTER ACTRESS



THAT NASTY MAN

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WHO SAID CRIME DOESN'T PAY? WHEN STUDIOS ORDER UP "ONE RATHBONE" FOR VILLAINY THEY NET GOOD DIVIDENDS FOR THEMSELVES AND THE SCREEN'S CONSUMMATE MENACE

THERE is a theory among Hollywood movie moguls that if they can cast Basil Rathbone in their costume films, success will automatically follow. Sort of a "rag, a Rathbone and a hank of hair" formula for bolstering show business' greatest risk, the making of an historical film.

To date, the money returns on films from *David Copperfield* (Mr. Rathbone played the dastardly *Murdstone*) to *Romeo and Juliet* (he did *Tybalt*) have proved the effect our hero and their villain, Phillip St. John Basil Rathbone, has on the box-office temperature. Maybe it's because he's so consummately, so artistically nasty.

"I didn't like *Mr. Murdstone*. A little too heavy, really," said Rathbone, divesting himself of a huge pigeon-blood ruby ring (solid glass), mounted in pure movie gold (brass). It was part of the richly green and gold costume which clothed him for the role (also dastardly) of *Sir Guy of Gisbourne* in the Brothers Warner Technicolor version of *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

In his childhood, in Sussex woodlands, young Rathbone often re-enacted the famous brigand legends of his heroic fellow-countryman. Now he's getting paid—nicely—for doing the same thing: This should prove something. It does. It proves that crime, admirably enacted on screen or stage, pays comfortable dividends. It has brought Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergere, prestige, property, pleasure, and many more returns than if he had stayed in "cotton and shipping" at Liverpool like the males of his family before him.

"If you have read Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga* you have a clear picture of the family," continues Rathbone over scrambled eggs and bacon, tomato juice and milk. The French fried potatoes he carefully conveyed to the bread and butter plate. "I don't mean the Rathbones are actually mentioned, but the description fits them perfectly. The family has lived in Liverpool for generations."

But the movie producers are not thinking of English authors when they order up "one Rathbone" for villainy. Their manicured index fingers are tracing the box office returns of *Anna Karenina*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Garden of Allah*—all films in which Rathbone has appeared. As *Count Anteoni* in the latter film he was given fairly decent impulses. It didn't hurt his following. Neither did Rathbone's appearances in modern attire in

[Continued on page 55]



The box-office temperature always rises when Basil Rathbone's villainy graces a film. His next is *Adventures of Robin Hood*

WHO'S WHOSE

AT LAST HERE IS THE DATA THAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR—TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME. LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD AND SEE WHO HAS BELONGED (OR BELONGS) TO WHO IN HOLLYWOOD'S "400"

By JAMES REID

THIS is a directory to end all wrong impressions about marriage in Hollywood. Most articles about Hollywood marriage are written from one of two viewpoints: (1) It can't succeed, or (2) It can. Writers cite only the cases that "prove" the particular points they wish to prove. So now, for the first time, let's face facts. Let's look at the actual record, in black and white.

MOTION PICTURE herewith presents, for the first time in any magazine, a *Who's Whose in Hollywood*. It is entertaining. It is illuminating. It answers questions you have silently asked about this one or that. It is something you will want to keep as a record, a reference.

There are four hundred names in this *Who's Whose*. They are not names carefully culled to prove any particular case. This *Who's Whose* is concerned with Hollywood's Top Four Hundred—considered from three angles: their importance in pictures, the publicity they are given, and the fan mail they receive.

Read every item. Form your impressions of the success or non-success of screen stars in their off-screen romances. Then, at the end, check your impressions of Hollywood marriage, as a whole, with the actual statistics compiled from this directory! It will appear in two installments of which this from A to H inclusive is the first.—**Editor's Note.**

ABEL, WALTER—Married to Marietta Bitter, concert harpist, since early acting days. Has two young sons.

AHERNE, BRIAN—Still in the market for marriage. Attentive to Olivia de Havilland, among others.

ALLAN, ELIZABETH—The "long-distance wife" of Wilfred James O'Bryen, London theatrical agent.

ALLEN, FRED—His private-life partner is his public heckler, Portland Hoffa.

ALLEN, GRACIE—She's from San Francisco, George Burns is from New York; they first became vaudeville partners in Newark, N. J. Married four years later, in 1927. They have two adopted children, Sandra Jean and Ronald Jon.

ALLWYN, ASTRID—Lost Robert Kent in *Dimples*, won him between scenes. They were married secretly January, 1937.

AMECHE, DON—Married his schoolday sweetheart, Honore Prendergast, who had become a dietician while he was becoming an actor. The date: November 26, 1932. They have two sons, Donald and Ronald.

AMES, ADRIENNE—No. 1: Derward Truex, by whom she had a daughter, Barbara, now 13. No. 2: Stephen Ames, broker. Divorced in 1933. No. 3: Bruce Cabot. Married, 1933. Her divorce will be final next April 6.

ANGEL, HEATHER—She and Ralph Forbes became the "hitch-hike clopers" when their car broke down on the way to Yuma, August 29, 1934. It's her first marriage, his second.

FERNAND GRAVET

BRIAN AHERNE

ERROL FLYNN

NELSON EDDY

IN HOLLYWOOD

ANNABELLA—Twice married, briefly and unhappily, before marrying the French star, Jean Murat, two years ago. Has child by previous marriage.

ARLEN, RICHARD—Has a debutante daughter by an early, brief, pre-Hollywood marriage. His second wife: Jobyna Ralston. They have a son, Richard Jr., and scoff at recent divorce rumors.

ARNOLD, EDWARD—His first marriage, to Harriet Marshall, ended in divorce. Married now to Olive Emerson. Children: Betty, Edward, Dorothy.

ARNOLD, JACK—The former Vinton Haworth is Ginger Rogers' uncle by marriage. His wife is Lela Rogers' youngest sister, Jean Owens.

ARTHUR, JEAN—Never mentions her unhappy, month-long first marriage, which ended in annulment. Married since June 11, 1932 to Frank Ross, Jr.

ASTAIRE, FRED—Stepped to the altar in 1933 with socialite divorcee, Phyllis Livingston Potter. They have one child, Fred, Jr.

ASTOR, MARY — Widowed when Director Kenneth Hawks was killed in an air crash. Dr. Franklyn Thorpe restored her health. She married him in 1931, had a daughter, Marylyn, who became center of bitter custody battle in 1936. Elope to Yuma February 18, 1937, with actor-writer Manuel Del Campo.

AUER, MISCHA—He makes those amusing faces first for wife Norma Tillman and son Anthony, aged 3.

AUTRY, GENE—The singing cowboy married the girl whose name was Ina Mae Spivey.

AYRES, LEW—Married Lola Lane September 15, 1931. Divorced February 3, 1933. Married Ginger Rogers November 11, 1934. Separated after two years, but still not divorced.

BAKER, KENNY—His high-school sweetheart, Geraldine Churchill, was willing to starve with him—so they were married May 6, 1933. Then the breaks started coming his way.

BALL, LUCILLE—Still single, but that romance with Director Alexander Hall looks serious.

BANCROFT, GEORGE—Married and divorced Edna Brothers in his salad days. Married to Octavia Broske since May 30, 1916. Has a grown daughter, Georgette.

BARNES, BINNIE — Her first husband was Samuel Joseph, London antique dealer. They married January, 1931, divorced October, 1937. Her next will be painter Jean Negulesco.

BARRIE, WENDY—Hasn't made The Great Decision yet.

BARRYMORE, JOHN—No. 1: Katherine Carri Harris. No. 2: Writer Blanche Oelrichs (pen name "Michael Strange"), by whom he had a daughter. No. 3: Dolores Costello, by whom he had a daughter and a son. No. 4: Elaine Barrie (nee Jacobs), whose Ariel-and-Caliban romance culminated in marriage November 11, 1936, an interlocutory divorce April 23, 1937, then a reconciliation, which still holds.

BARRYMORE, LIONEL—His first marriage—a remote and unhappy memory—was to one Doris Rankin. On July 14, 1923 he married actress Irene Fenwick, who died Christmas Eve, 1936.

BAXTER, WARNER—Very early, and very briefly, married to one Viola Caldwell, who later died. Married for years to actress Winifred Bryson.

BEAL, JOHN—Hollywood's most ardent commuting husband. Married since 1934 to Helen Craig, young Broadway actress.

[Continued on page 64]

ANNABELLA

GRETA GARBO

MARLENE DIETRICH

MARY ASTOR



Norway's newest contribution to the American screen is Vera Zorina who makes her debut in *The Goldwyn Follies* as ballerina of the American Ballet. Twenty years old, Vera has starred as premiere ballerina of the famed Monte Carlo Ballet Russe

VERA ZORINA



CLARK GABLE'S FILM FIND



By **TED MAGEE**

STAR MATERIAL IS WHAT MR. G. SAW IN DENNIS O'KEEFE

or bad sign. This is a story which Dennis O'Keefe should tell himself, and here are his own words for you:

"We had to do the scene several times over," Dennis said, "and all the while I was conscious of a sharp scrutiny from Gable. He stared at me so intently and contemplatively that I thought he disliked the way I was dressed. All through that scene, which Director Jack Conway enlarged considerably before

telling me to return the following day, Gable watched almost everything I did. And his look, it seemed to me, could scarcely be called kindly. More than that, I felt like he might enjoy knocking the hat from my head.

"Brother, until you've been stared at by a film star, you don't know what self-consciousness is. I found out that day. And was almost sorry to hear Conway's orders to return [*Continued on page 84*]

*There are strange things done
Beneath Hollywood's sun,
And they lead to joy or grief;
But the strangest story—
And it's full of glory,
Was the creation of Dennis O'Keefe.*

OUR apologies go to Robert W. Service for stealing the idea of *The Cremation of Sam McGee*, but the bard of the Yukon country never had a stranger story than one we've got to tell about Bud Flanagan. For five years this young blond actor counted his pennies against the days of potential starvation, and then in one brief week had long-term film contracts offered him by three different studios—and that's how he became Dennis O'Keefe.

That was only a few months ago, no matter how long it seems to him. And when he finally signed on the dotted line with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Bud Flanagan bid farewell to that Irish name and overnight assumed his new monicker—equally Irish. More than a man with a new name, he was the studio's most promising young leading man.

Metro might never have become interested in Bud Flanagan-Dennis, from now on—if it had not been for Clark Gable, who at that time was being co-starred in *Saratoga* with Jean Harlow. Dennis received a casual call to do a small bit in that picture—three or four lines at the most. The scene called for him to talk with Gable, who was just outside the camera's range. Dennis was to be dressed in a tuxedo, and he found upon arriving on the set that he was dressed in the same clothes, even to the hat, as was Gable himself. Dennis didn't know whether to regard it as a good



Dennis O'Keefe once played bits, but now has leading role in *Bad Man of Brimstone*

By IDA ZEITLIN

TO THOSE WHO THINK THEY NEED
BEAUTY TO BE A STAR, COMEDIENNE
BEATRICE LILLIE (TOPS FOR LAUGHS)
SAYS: "PUL-LEEZE . . . LOOK AT ME!"

AM I a star?" queried Beatrice Lillie. "Don't mistake me, I'm not going coy on you, I admit I've done what I could to build up that illusion through the years, and certainly I can behave like one; if you don't believe me, ask Noel Coward or read him, he'll tell you, bless his amiable heart. But that was on the stage. We're in the movies now," she hummed, "we've come to make our bow, we shiver and shake, we quiver and quake, we're in the movies now; or at any rate, we're trying to get a toe-hold, and there doesn't seem to be any really basic connection between stars and toe-holds, does there? However—" Full stop for a breath. "Granted the starriness, if the question is, do you need beauty to be one, the answer is, look at me."

Looking at her, you see a pair of gray eyes alight with intelligence, a nose whose tilt the caricaturists have naturally overdrawn, a laughing mouth, a skin whose fine grain and firm texture cause the movie makeup men to moan with ecstasy, dark hair drawn back from small ears and broad forehead with a severity few faces could stand. Hers not only stands, but gains by it. If it's not a face to launch a thousand ships, it's one that your eyes return to with pleasure.

[Continued on page 75]



Beatrice Lillie, one of the ranking comediennes of stage and radio, is now in Hollywood cutting up capers and didos for Bing Crosby's new picture, *Doctor Rhythm*. Here is Lady Peel cutting capers





Flash . . . Joan Crawford wears a negligee with red fox drape in *Mannequin*. An Adrian design



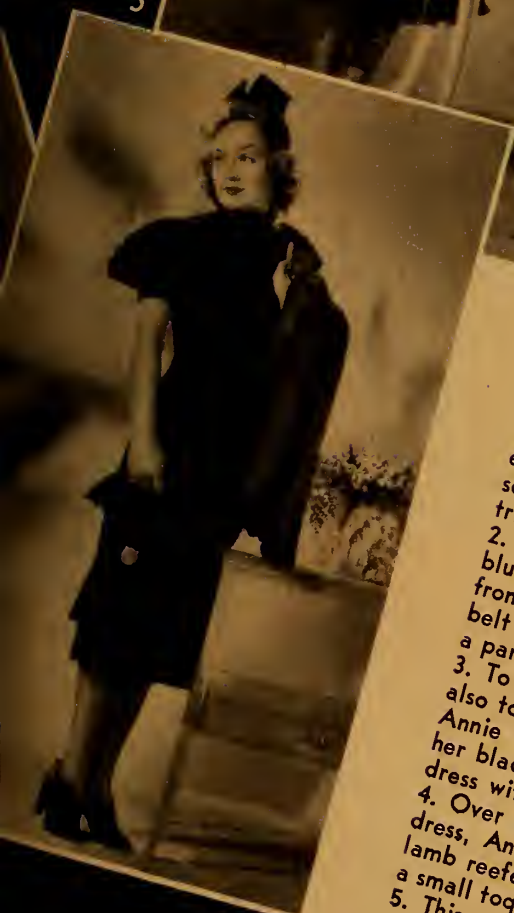
Flash . . . New blue-tone tuxedo fox entirely fashions the back of this jacket worn by Joan

FASHION FLASHES



Here is a flash of the fashion news contained in *Mannequin*, Joan Crawford's new film. The silver brocade gown, above, is but one of the many beautiful designs Adrian created for Joan





1. Anne Shirley expresses the spirit of Valentine in her black transparent velvet ensemble created by herself for her trousseau. Cream lace trims the frock and heart-shaped hat
2. This exquisite negligee of pale blue lace and chiffon is also an item from Anne's trousseau. The chiffon belt is pleated at the ends and forms a partial tunic at the sides. Clever!
3. To complement her red hair and Annie trims the square neckline of her black transparent velvet evening dress with orange and green flowers
4. Over her black wool sheer street dress, Anne prefers a short Persian lamb reefer. Suede accessories and a small toque complete the ensemble
5. This is Anne's favorite dress for she was married in it to John Payne. It's fashioned of French blue transparent velvet and taffeta
6. You listen for the bagpipes when Anne wears this grey wool suit and tam o'shanter. The green accessories match the plaid trim of the ensemble
7. We thought you'd like to see the details of Anne's evening dress (No. 3 on the opposite page) so here 'tis



ROUGH-RIDIN' ROMEOS

THE LONE COWHANDS KEEP RIGHT ON ROLLING ALONG. THE BOOTS 'N' SADDLE SHEIKS (THE NEW ONES SING AND STRUM GUITARS) MAKE THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR FILMS

BY HERB CRUIKSHANK

"SCARS" may come and "Oscars" may go, but the lone cowhand from the Rio Grande keeps right on rollin' along! Thus far no Western film has been awarded one of those gilded Academy robots that make such handy door-stops and book-ends. Yet show me the producer who'd hesitate to swap a bewhiskered Paul Muni for a sombreroed Gene Autry. Paul, mind you, is a better actor than Gene with his horse thrown in. But the movie-makers have been pounding out Autry open-space drayma at \$25,000 a copy, and retailing 'em to the picture public for around \$250,000. If any prestige picture grossed in like ratio, the receipts would run to \$20,000,000—and the producer would drop dead!

It has always been that way with the bang-bang-giddyap cinema. Autry's films are a cinch never to be seen on Broadway. Yet Gene's record outsells Bing Crosby's, his fan mail equals that of Gable or Garbo, and where his pictures show he's billed over all stars. But this is nothing new. One of the first of the famous films was *The Great Train Robbery*. The screen has been playing cowboys 'n' Indians ever since. No glamor girl nor charm boy ever nicked Hollywood for the \$17,500 Tom Mix drew down each week, year in and year out. Nor equalled the take Fred Thomson socked away. And like Gene, Tom and Fred seldom saw their names in Main Stem lights.

The Western roster has changed of late. True, many of the old-time boots 'n' saddles sheiks are still numbered among the rough-ridin' Romeos. But some have trotted on to greener pastures. Fred Thomson, stalwart and handsome on his milk-white steed, is riding herd on the angels. Art Acord, that hard-boiled hombre whose delight it was to maul Mix, lies weighted with hot lead spat at him from smoking six-guns in a "Spick" bar-room brawl. Others, too, by this route or that, have departed the screen scene.

Many of the little buckaroos have sought the synthetic thrill of the West in the sawdust circles of rodeos, wild west shows and the circus. There's the good, old Colonel, Tim McCoy, for instance. Tim, who has the Indian-sign even on the Indians by dint of his knowledge of their strange hand language, leads the Grand Parade of Riders of the World for the Ringlings, and doubles in brass in the cowboy acts. "Hooter" Gibson, who used to shoot out the lights along Los Feliz when spring, or something, got in his blood, draws a deadly bead for the Wallace outfit, and upon occasion alternates. [Continued on page 87]



In the round-up of sheiks of the saddle, numbered 1 to 5 are Bob Baker, William Boyd, Tom Keene, Jimmy Ellison, Jack Randall. 6 to 10 they include Dick Foran, Tex Ritter, Hoot Gibson, George O'Brien, Buck Jones

THE TALK OF

CHOICE MORSELS OF GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD



Vivian Coe's beauty and figure brought her title Miss Hollywood of 1937. Now in *Hollywood Hotel*

■ Study in Cause-and-Effect (or vice versa?)—Gordon Oliver was voted "best-dressed man on the lot" in a Warner Brothers studio voting contest the other day. . . . One hour after they told him about it, Gordon Oliver was at his tailor's, ordering six new suits.

New Use For Trailers

■ Allan Jones has turned autograph hound! But he doesn't use an autograph album, or the cards that Hollywood autograph seekers thrust into film stars' hands at previews, etc. Instead, Jones uses the walls of his new auto trailer. Already, he's got the autographs of the entire cast of *Everybody Sing* on the trailer walls, plans to record the autographs of every filmster he can lure into the vehicle.

Why Not Reading Glasses, Too?

■ Not only of Carole is Clark Gable fond, but also of his horses. Because Clark takes his horse many miles across open and often glaring desert country on his way to and from week-end outings, dragging the horse in an open trailer behind his own roadster, Clark has invented a pair of equine goggles. They're of tinted glass, wind-proofed, so they protect his horse's eyes against irritation either from the wind or the sun glare. Carole wears sun-goggles, too, when she rides with Gable.

Is It A Trainshed?

■ Moderation a la Hollywood:—at his new home, Robert Montgomery has garage space for only eight cars.

Giggle For Anti-Nazis

■ To 20th-Fox came an informal protest from the Los Angeles German consulate over Sig Rumann's characterization of a German army officer in *Lancer Spy*. Much too undignified, protests the German official. The point is—Sig Rumann WAS a German army officer in the World War.



Warners' Diana Lewis, newcomer, boasts one of Hollywood's better figures. She appears in *Larger Than Life*

—Wide World

The boo'ful baby taking her first plane ride is Brooke Hayward, daughter of the Leland Haywards (Margaret Sullivan)



HOLLYWOOD

I Won't Play In Your Yard

■ Still existent, even though militantly hush-hushed by the studio, is the—ahem—rivalry that exists between the Shirley Temple and Jane Withers families. Shirley, No. 1 in the box-office championships, is being crowded by Janie, who doesn't rank far below her and is steadily climbing. Notorious at the studio is the fact that whenever anything even smacking faintly of a special concession is made to either of the tot-stars, the other's mother lets it be known she would like the same sort of thing.

Anyway, out comes in studio publicity the fact that Sonja Henie has been giving Shirley ice-skating lessons. Janie's mother, unaware that these lessons were 99 per cent publicity stuff, felt unhappy, not to mention slighted. UNTIL—fate took a hand. Irving Jaffee, world-champion skater and holder of three Olympic titles, met Mrs. Withers. So what?—need I tell you? Of course it's obvious that before the conversation was over, Irving had agreed to teach Janie how to ice skate. But the payoff is this:

After only four lessons, Janie has so astounded Irving by her ability that they have worked out a comedy skating act and they're soon going to preview it before 20th-Fox bigshots, who just *may* suddenly make an ice-skating picture NOT with Sonja but with Janie in the top role. . . . !!! And then again, they may not.

Bob Taylor's femme fans will register jealousy to note horses eating out of their idol's hand as they did in England



Camera Doesn't Lie

■ It's no more than logical. Wonder is, it hasn't been done before. Adrian's new method of working out the costumes for M-G-M's glamour-gals. It involves—of ALL things for a designer to use—a 16 mm. movie camera. He's using it on making the dresses Norma Shearer will wear in *Marie Antoinette*. When the regular costume tests are made, Adrian is there, too, with his own 16 mm. machine, shooting. Then he has the film developed, takes it home, and studies it. "If a gown is too bulky and hampers motion," he says, "I stop the film and study the particular movement that gives this impression." Then he corrects it. Already, Adrian has a mile of films of the Shearer costumes.

And so there you are, gals. If you make your own dresses, why not get a 16 mm. camera to see if they're okeh, before you try 'em out on the boy friend?



—Muky Munkacsi
Evelyn Thaw! danced her way into Warner pictures when scouts saw her in B'way's *Show Is On*

This voluptuous number is Dorothy Belle Dugan who adds eye-ful of glamour to the big *Goldwyn Follies*



THE TALK OF

Boy, Page Stokowski!

■ Nelson Eddy has finally gotten rid of one of the worries that ride as reverent a music-lover as he obviously is. He has finally completed the great musical library in his home, and has neatly arranged, stacked and indexed the 8,000-item collection that is outstandingly Hollywood's foremost music museum.

It consists of copies of songs of all the ages and lands; copies of all pieces ever written by such noted composers as Mozart, Bach, Haydn, Beethoven. Eddy has been collecting them for years, but not until the other day were they finally assembled from the various trunks, storerooms, warehouse and other places he's been keeping them, and placed in his newly-finished library-museum. He's constantly enlarging the collection. Chief interest now is his quest for autographed pieces of music to add to the Haydn and Mozart and other composer-signed items he already has.

Final Papahs

■ Newest movie-star American citizen is George Brent, who came to America from Ireland 16 years ago, and got his final citizenship papers just the other day. "I never," he said, "was so happy in my life." The papers don't show the name of George Brent, however. They're in his true name—George Nolan. Or did you know?

Adding To Her Etchings

■ Strangest portrait-of-herself which appears on the walls of any star's home in Hollywood—and believe me, there are plenty!—is the one Joan Crawford has just hung in her home. It's a pencil sketch of herself in one of these tower-of-babel new hats, done on a table-cloth! Story:

With John Beal and wife, Joan and Hubby Franchot Tone dined at a Hollywood cafe. Beal, no mean artist, whipped out his pencil when struck by Joan's new hat, and made a sketch of her. So thrilled was Joan that she wanted it. It cost Beal \$1.98 for the table-cloth before the waiter would let them take it—but now the table-cloth sketch hangs, framed, in the music room of Joan's Brentwood home.

Some Insurance

■ And getting on the subject of Sonja, it reminds your faithful teller-aller that Sonja has just taken out another insurance policy, which, according to all available information, makes her the most highly-insured star in movies, with \$3,000,000 in policies riding on her life and limbs.

Here's one Hollywood actress who is not doing the Big Apple at the Troc. Marie Wilson prefers to catch her beauty nap



Wide World
Norma Shearer steps out to Basil Rathbone's formal dinner. Others in group—Connie Bennett, Tilly Losch, Annabella



A major cat-astrophe happened when the cats followed the Ritz Brothers in the *Goldwyn Follies*. No mice to feed them



And back comes Dolores Costello to the screen after a long absence. You'll be seeing her in *Too Much of Everything*



HOLLYWOOD

So What

■ Fred MacMurray loves catsup on his hot cakes. . . . Bette Davis wears make-up on the back of her shoulder to cover up a black mole there. . . . Joan Davis (yeah, she's a comedienne) likes beer for breakfast. . . . W. C. Fields' name for his socks is "droopsies" and Beatrice Lillie likes to wear socks when she sleeps, to keep her feet warm. . . . Myrna Loy sends telegrams rather than write letters. . . . stuck on the lid of his make-up box, for luck, Wayne Morris has a Hebrew prayer. . . . so nervous is Tony Martin that unless he has a hankie in his hands to fumble with, he can't sing over the mike. . . . Madge Evans doesn't ever get into a bathtub—but it's all right; she takes showers. . . . Virginia Bruce is one of Hollywood's incurable finger-nail biters.

New Paint Job

■ Believe-It-Or-Not item: because (he says) it *attracted too much attention to him* on the Hollywood streets, Nelson Eddy has had his brilliant green auto repainted black.

Ah, Hollywood, how thou hast changed!

"Once Upon A Time"

■ Elissa Landi says she's going to write an auto-biography that'll tell a lot of inside about Hollywood. She adds, however, that she doesn't plan to return to Hollywood and pictures. Which seems superfluous.

Why Not Sit On It?

■ Clark Gable has a hat-breaker-inner. His stand-in wears the same size hat as Clark. So whenever Clark buys a new hat, he has the stand-in wear it for a week, to break it in and take off the unfashionable "too-new" look.

Or Just Too Darling

■ Errol Flynn will be just too, too delighted to know that Wifie Lili Damita, talking with a gal friend the other day, burst out with the wifely observation that Flynn's costumes as *Robin Hood* "make him look too cute for words. . . . ! ! !"

Place Has Homelosis

■ Luli Deste, determined to do *The Thing To Do* in Hollywood, has been hearing about all the biggies buying ranches—Gable, Lombard, Stanwyck, Lederer, Beery, *et al.* So Luli decided she'd better get herself one, too. So she called a real estate agent and bought one, sight unseen. She'd seen some of the [Continued on page 59]



The Albertina Rasch dancers attired as gypsies go into a wild barbaric dance routine as one of the *Rosalie* features



Acme
It's all in the family. Paulette Goddard, who is Mrs. Chaplin to you and his fiancée to you, shows his sons badminton strokes



A sheik as is a shiek—that's Gary Cooper—who slays 'em in his Oriental journeys during *The Adventures of Marco Polo*

Wide World

It was bound to happen sooner or later that Charlie McCarthy would answer Mae West's: "Come up 'n' see me some time"





A FIRESIDE CHAT WITH LITTLE CAESAR

By AL KNIGHT

ality than they deserve. I know I am leaving myself wide open for harsh criticism by assuming that the movies and art are akin, since they have been so saturated in commercialism. However, for an artistic endeavor, the movies have not been given as high a percentage of poetic license as painting, for instance, or literature, or the drama. Do we judge a piece of sculpture as indecent because of the [Continued on page 89]

EDWARD G. ROBINSON GIVES US THE LOWDOWN ON MOVIE MORALS

HARDLY a day passes that someone doesn't approach me with a question pertinent to the moral aspect of the movies," said Edward G. Robinson when I asked him to talk about himself in particular, and the movies in general. "I attempt to treat these inquiries with the utmost delicacy, but I sincerely believe that the actor who is a conscientious worker should not bother himself too seriously with morals. He should leave this to preachers, reformers, legislators and the like. His job is to portray a character with true realism whether a villain or hero, good or bad. But, I don't say the actor should ignore this vitally consequential subject completely. Every actor has his opinions as I have mine. "Movies are credited with much less mo-





ANDREA

It's smooth sailing for Andrea—who is steering straight to stardom. Her next is *Goldwyn Follies*

LEEDS



SONJA HENIE

They can't say that Sonja cuts no ice in Hollywood. Ever since her screen debut she has been cutting fine figures for herself. And by the way, what do you think of her figure? Her next is *Happy Landing*

In this New Cream the "Skin-Vitamin" the substance which helps to make Skin Beautiful

What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?



(ABOVE) Mrs. Goelet at an informal musicale.

(LOWER LEFT) In the Museum of Modern Art, looking at the famous "Bird in Flight."

Mrs. Goelet's home is in New York, where her appreciation of music and art is well known to her friends.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet

Blonde, petite, with a delicate fair skin. "Pond's Cold Cream with the 'skin-vitamin' has done wonders for my skin. Now it's never rough or dry—seems to keep smoother and fresher looking always."

TODAY, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin *aids in keeping skin beautiful*. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In

animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only 3 weeks!

Women report benefits

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it *does* make skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and

whenever you have a chance. Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**EXTRAORDINARY
1¢ OFFER**

AT LOCAL STORES

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 1¢ extra a large introductory bottle of DANYA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.



**BOTH CONTAIN
THE ACTIVE
"SKIN-VITAMIN"**

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FACE VALUE

GLADYS SWARTHOUT DOESN'T ACCEPT BEAUTY AT FACE VALUE. SHE GIVES YOU HER CONCEPTION OF IT HERE

By DENISE CAINE

Romance in the Dark may be the title of Gladys Swarthout's new picture, but she has beauty secrets for such tender moments



TOO many women are deaf—to the sound of their own voices!"

This rather startling statement was uttered by a beautiful voice, and the voice was that of Gladys Swarthout. The lovely prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera had just returned from Hollywood after finishing her new picture, *Romance in the Dark* for Paramount, and we were sitting in the living room of her apartment looking out over New York's East River.

"Too many women," she went on, "have never really heard themselves speak. They don't know that they have a perfectly *terrific* nasal twang, that they're running all the words together. They squeak away at the top of their lungs—I mean that literally—when they want to be dramatic and impressive. And I'm sure that's because they're not conscious of voices at all. They've heard and read all sorts of advice about their skins, make-up, hair and nails, so they've done something about those things. But no one has made them *conscious* of their speaking voices.

Every woman should really *listen* to herself speak, Miss Swarthout thinks. She may not like what she hears at all—probably she won't. But she can do something about it. Once she's started listening to her [Continued on page 74]



How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you *Doubly Lovely*

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

Look Well

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth.

Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

Dress Well

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, *Elizabeth Hawes*, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming

dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had *Simplicity Patterns* put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, *Joan Bennett*.

Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

Joan Bennett—beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production—modeling Double Mint dress... designed by *Elizabeth Hawes*

Simplicity Pattern
at any Simplicity Dealer



NO. 2718

S-13

GLORIFY YOUR CANNED VEGETABLES!



Mushrooms and halves of hard-boiled eggs add interest as well as flavor to a dish of red kidney beans

For a change serve asparagus hot. And potatoes cut in balls, chips or dice are very effective

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

THE TIME IS RIPE FOR GIVING YOURSELF
AND THE CANNED VEGETABLE A NEW DEAL

THE end of Winter, as it trails off towards an uncertain Spring, is, in the opinion of many women, one of the most difficult and trying periods in all housekeeping. And why? Because hasn't the poor homemaker wracked her brains thinking "what shall we have for dinner tonight?" and worried about dishes and meals all winter long?

And isn't the supply of fresh foods, particularly vegetables, much more limited than it was six months previous? The same old cabbage and parsnips and carrots—gracious why aren't there new and fascinating things to eat, instead of the tediously familiar merchandise of the store?

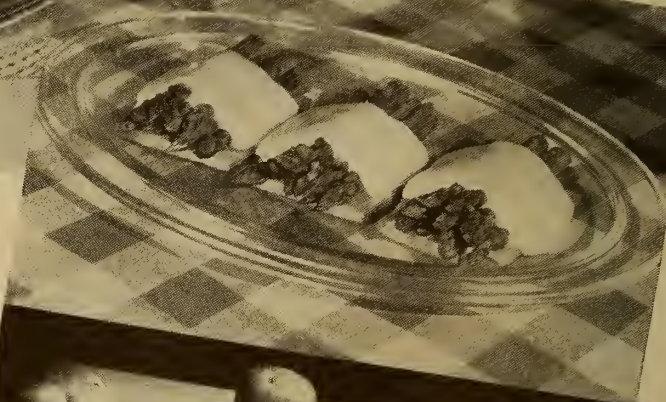
Ah, but there *are* new foods, novel dishes, and even glamorous taste delights, if you will only make the most of canned foods, particularly canned vegetables.

"Oh," I hear some readers saying, "I know all about canned tomatoes and corn and peas; why we just open a can and serve them all the time." Oh, yeah?

Well, just opening a can isn't all there is to preparing canned vegetables. No, not on your Mickey Mouse (or your Robert Taylor either)! And *that*, dear readers, is my first point:

merely opening a can and turning its contents into a saucepan; bringing it to a tepid heat, and serving, is the poorest, yes, the most inadequate method of treating your so valuable canned products.

[Continued on page 77]



That Nasty Man

[Continued from page 33]

Love From a Stranger, Kind Lady, Tovarich, et cetera. It proved to producers that he "had something." He has. An arresting personality anywhere you put him—stage, screen, drawing-room.

TO PUT the entire credit for the success of the many highly profitable films that he has been in on his shoulders is ridiculous. Rathbone is the first to admit it. There was a Garbo to help *Karenina* along. Rathbone played her husband in the Dostievsky story. This Russian and his writings have had an influence on the English actor's life. His only son is named after Dostievsky's hero of *Crime and Punishment* . . . Rodion. "I learned afterward that in Russian Rodion means 'first-born,'" explains Rathbone. "In Armenian it means 'light.'" Scraps of information like this are important to Rathbone's mental happiness. He likes piecing them together. As a whole they embroider his thinking and contribute vastly to his enjoyment of life. And he loves to live. Conversely, he also likes to sleep. So does his fellow artist, Gary Cooper. *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, therefore, was a pleasant engagement for Rathbone and Cooper. They spent off-stage moments dozing comfortably in their set chairs.

But to return to Rathbone's career—Ronald Colman, of course, gave luster to the star part of *Sidney Carton in A Tale of Two Cities*. *The Marquis St. Evremonde*, however, was Rathbone, and brilliantly contrived. There were Dietrich and Boyer in *Garden of Allah*. And so forth. But always there is Rathbone with his arrow-straight figure, big aristocratic nose, exquisite diction, and his instinctive feeling for the dramatic.

"I've been very lucky in getting good parts," he explains. But there's more to it than that. Like good whiskey it takes time for an actor to mature. Starting with the Bard's classics at twenty, Rathbone has had twenty-five years of theatrics. His first part was in *The Taming of the Shrew*. He stepped naturally into the role of the ravishing *Romeo*, and from there ran the gamut of Shakespeare's plays. He might still be playing them at Stratford-on-Avon if Constance Collier, then a reigning London favorite, had not glimpsed him from the stalls.

"There," she exclaimed, "is the man for *Peter Ibbetson*." So Rathbone went to London. It followed, of course, that after *Ibbetson* he joined Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Shaw's "dear Beatrice Stella") and then Impresario Gilbert Miller thought Rathbone would be excellent in the rebels' land, America. In 1922 Rathbone made his New York debut with Doris Keane in *The Czarina* . . . but much more happened between the time of his birth and 1922. There was a World War, and you know how Englishmen are about Empire and all, when the home soil is threatened. Basil was no exception.

IT MAY be that military training had something to do with the thing that draws all eyes to him today, that makes him dominate any group, theatrical or otherwise, that includes him . . . his excellent posture. He stands square-shouldered, without stooping, his head held high, like a soldier. He is six-foot-one-inch, and doesn't try to make himself any shorter. It may be that which sets

[Continued on page 57]

"I DON'T CARE HOW PRETTY SHE IS —SHE'LL SPOIL THE SHOW!"



AW, YOU'RE JEALOUS 'CAUSE TEACHER WON'T LET YOU BE LITTLE SNOW-WHITE

POOH! BETTY DOESN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE SNOW-WHITE IN THAT FUNNY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY SHEET!

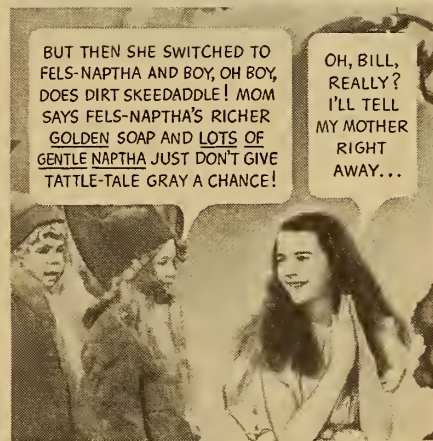


BOO-HOO-HOO! I'M GOING HOME —

FORGET IT, BETTY, DON'T YOU MIND WHAT SHE SAYS!



IT'S NOTHING TO CRY ABOUT ANYWAY. MY MOMMY'S CLOTHES USED TO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY SOMETHIN' AWFUL 'CAUSE HER SOAP WAS SO LAZY IT LEFT DIRT BEHIND



BUT THEN SHE SWITCHED TO FELS-NAPHTHA AND BOY, OH BOY, DOES DIRT SKEEDADDLE! MOM SAYS FELS-NAPHTHA'S RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPHTHA JUST DON'T GIVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY A CHANCE!

OH, BILL, REALLY? I'LL TELL MY MOTHER RIGHT AWAY...



LISTEN TO THE CLAPPING! YOU WERE SILLY TO FRET ABOUT BETTY'S COSTUME. THAT SHEET CERTAINLY DOES SHINE LIKE SNOW. SNOW-WHITE'S THE VERY NAME FOR IT!

IT IS NOW — THANKS TO THE LITTLE BLOND DWARF ON THE END — AND FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

TWO WEEKS LATER

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP!

Have you tried the marvelous new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips?

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Love AT FIRST SIGHT!



• That's what happens to 4 out of 5 women—"Love at First Sight"—when they try Italian Balm. They continue using this famous skin softener in preference to anything they've ever used before. It's a lasting attraction.

And little wonder. Italian Balm has a genuine right to a warm place in a woman's heart. It's a very *INexpensive* skin protector to use—yet tests of the largest selling lotions prove that Italian Balm contains the *MOST expensive ingredients* of any other of these popular brands.

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PICTURE PARADE

MANNEQUIN

—AAA—



Adapted from a story by Katharine Brush, *Mannequin* tells the story of a daughter of the tenements and her marital adventures. Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy give excellent performances in their well-fitting roles and Alan Curtis, a comparative newcomer, scores in a highly unsympathetic part. Others in the cast are Ralph Morgan, Elizabeth Risdon, Oscar O'Shea and Leo Gorcey. The story relates the dramatic experience of Joan Crawford who marries in haste—and repents when Alan Curtis, her young husband, coaxes her to divorce him and marry Spencer Tracy, a wealthy ship-owner who has risen from the tenements, so that she can get his money and then return to him. She does divorce Curtis and marry Tracy but not because he asked her, but because she respects and finally learns to love Spence after he loses his wealth. It's convincing drama and you will find yourself stirred, particularly as a result of the appealing love scenes.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

—AAA—



Universal offers for your amusement and amazement *You're a Sweetheart*, an extravagant musical, rich in names, music, gags and production. You probably have been charmed by the tuneful theme song, *You're a Sweetheart*, and now you'll find charm in the production of the same name. You'll also agree with us that Alice Faye is a sweetheart—for most of the charm of this show should be credited to her. Miss Faye shows us that she can not only put over a song, but a dance as well. With George Murphy she trips the light fantastic and it looks as though together they may give the richness of the cast are Ken Murray, Oswald, William Gargan, Andy Devine, Charles Winninger and some legitimate competition. Adding to that of a producer—Ken Murray—who is stumped for a publicity idea when he is faced with an opening in conflict with the Milk Fund Benefit. A waiter—George Murphy—offers an idea—the idea being that the public wants what it can't get. It's good psychology and an entertaining idea, as you will admit when you see *You're a Sweetheart*. And you should see it!—*Universal*.

CARD INDEX OF LATEST MOVIES

That Nasty Man

[Continued from page 55]

him apart, or it may be a triumph of personality, explained by his next statement: "I love to live," he says. "I'm not afraid to die, but I'd much rather live."

Theatrical as it sounds as he proclaims it over a forkful of scrambled eggs, he means it. He should be Latin, with his enthusiasms, his dark coloring. Instead, he is English, born in Johannesburg, South Africa, on June 13th. He has never bothered to take out naturalization papers for American citizenship, yet he calls Hollywood "home." He is intuitive, feeling things before they happen. He is all imagination . . . and all actor.

"My only brother and I joined the Army about the same time in 1916," Rathbone tells. "We were stationed thirty miles apart when I had a bout with trench fever and was sent up to the hospital for treatment. One morning I awakened feeling terribly depressed. It seemed as though a dark cloud had descended on me. 'Look here,' I told myself, 'a commissioned officer doesn't feel this way.' By that time I held a Lieutenantcy with the Liverpool Scottish, although I had joined up with the London Scottish. 'It must be the fever,' I said, but I couldn't shake off the mood. My nurse commented on it when she brought my lunch. I could not eat it. 'I'll write a letter to my brother,' I said restlessly, and took up pen and paper. At precisely the moment that I wrote his name in salutation he lost his life in a terrific attack up the line . . .

"I had the same feeling last year when my wife and I returned from England. For days I felt depressed, melancholy. 'You are in your "ivory tower" again, my dear,' my wife said to me. She says that whenever I am silent and not given to speech. It's a joke with us because according to translators the name Rathbone means 'ivory tower.'

"Soon after our return home I called some of the dogs, and my life-long friend and house-guest, John Milner, joined me for a walk in the hills. Coming home it was dusk and the traffic on Los Feliz Boulevard was an endless stream. In handling the dogs John and I had to cross the boulevard separately. A speeding car hit him, and killed him instantly. The black mood of depression lifted immediately. I knew then what it was. It was a forewarning of disaster."

PSYCHIC as he is and keenly sensitive to the hidden currents beyond the reach of most men, Rathbone is pretty good company. He plays an excellent game of tennis. In England he played cricket. In America he played football. "Golf I play for pleasure, not business," he says; adding, "I belong to the Riviera Golf Club, but no others. I am in no sense a 'club man.'" Nevertheless, Who's Who in the Theatre lists him as a member of the Players' Club. But what eminent actor isn't a member? It also lists "driving" as one of his favorite pastimes. It was his love of motoring that brought him to the realization that California would henceforth be "home" to him.

"Mrs. Rathbone and I were driving one evening, high on one of the roads that goes toward the sea on the outskirts of Hollywood. We came to a tangle of trees and my wife said 'See, Basil, that wonderful acreage! I'd love to build a house on property just like it.' 'Why not on it?' I asked, and we scrambled out of the car, through bram-

[Continued on page 69]

THE NEW 1938 BEAUTY DISCOVERY

*A petal-like smoothness
from top to toe*

WOMEN SAY it's the *Number One* care the entire body needs—this combination of the Linit Magic Beauty Mask and the Linit Beauty Bath.

This beauty treatment costs almost nothing, yet it is a wonderfully effective way to refresh the whole body and at the same time stimulate and clarify the complexion.

First make the Linit Magic Beauty Mask: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit that is used for the bath) and one teaspoon of cold cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it generously to the *cleansed* face and neck and then step into your tub into which a handful or so of Linit has been dissolved.

WHILE the velvety smoothness of the Linit Beauty Bath is caressing your body, the Linit Magic Beauty Mask is gently inducing facial circulation to throw off sluggish waste matter. Relax for twenty minutes, then step out and dry off. Rinse the mask from your face and neck with clear, tepid water and pat thoroughly dry.

How refreshed—how vibrant your whole body will feel! Hours of fatigue seem to vanish in a few minutes.

You will find that the Linit Magic Beauty Mask leaves the face and neck with a petal-like smoothness, a velvety "film" that is an *excellent* powder base. This helps to *beighen* the allure of your make-up and keep it fresh-looking for hours longer.



*1st STEP
Mixing takes a minute.



2nd STEP
Applying takes a minute.



3rd STEP
Resting for 20 minutes.



4th STEP
Rinsing off completely.



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Standard keyboard. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 legible carbons. Back spacer. Paper fingers. Roller type. Black key cards with white letters. Double shift key and shift lock. Right and left carriage release. Right and left cylinder knobs. Large cushion rubber feet. Single or double space adjustment. A brand new NOISELESS typewriter, right off the assembly line.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 10]



Virginia Bruce, who thought she could never fall in love again, much less get married, is now the wife of Director J. Walter Ruben. The wedding occurred December 18

THIS Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor twosome is the real thing, take it from Ol' Man Tattler. Whereas that now-defunct Tyrone-Sonja Henie "romance" started out as an out-and-out publicity stunt and never really got very far beyond that stage, the Tyrone-Janet affair was one of those spontaneous conflagrations that's now headed straight for matrimony.

Your Ol'Tattler knows, but positively, that at least twice within the past couple of months, Ty and Janet have been very near the altar—only side tracked, as a matter of fact, because their supposedly secret elopement-plans got out and the news made it impossible for them to go through with it.

However, don't be surprised if they do marry and maybe even before you read this in print.

Fully in favor of the romance is Janet's mother, who chaperoned Ty and Janet not long ago when they pulled a fast one on Hollywood by hiding out for a five-day romantic holiday together in a non-fashionable desert resort, instead of publicity-ridden Palm Springs.

Not so fully in favor of marriage for Tyrone is his mother, Patia Power, who feels that Ty really ought to give his career an unhindered chance before leaping into matrimony. However, Mrs. Power has been in Honolulu for months, as this is written.

[Continued on page 60]

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

other stars' "ranches"—with their neo-Spanish mansions, their ten-car garages, their blue-and-pink tiled swim pools, their badminton and tennis courts, their stables and orchards and groves and all that sort of thing.

So, all prepared for her own magnificent ranch, she went out to see it the other day. And now she's wondering what to do—because all it had on it was an ancient clapboard shack, without even piped-in water, electricity or any modern conveniences. Not until now does Luli realize that it's only after she's bought the ranch that the Hollywoodizing of it begins. Until she decides whether to go ahead or call it all off, she's using the ranch and such buildings as are on it as kennels for her flock of Russian wolfhounds.

Not Jersey Justice

■ Fan-Letter Record-of-the-Month: — to Deanna Durbin, from a young man in Ridgefield, New Jersey, a fan letter consisting of 188 pages of handwritten script!

Latest Scarlett

■ Tip for Bettors on What's-Gonna-Happen-in-Hollywood: It's even money that when, or if, Clark Gable plays *Rhett Butler*, there'll be a studio deal whereby Carole Lombard will play *Scarlett O'Hara*.

Ain't-Science-Wunnaful?

■ No longer does Hollywood change the name of its stars-to-be via the whim-of-the-boss method, or the numerology plan, or anything else than pure out-and-out science. For it was science that chose the name "Lilli Marlowe" for Dolly Haas, the European actress recently imported by Columbia pictures.

When Columbia execs decided "Dolly Haas" wasn't umph-umph enough as a screen name, they laid the problem in the hands of Dr. Ray Keeslar Immel, B. A., M. A., Ph. D., dean of the University of Southern California's School of Speech, and consulting editor of the International Dictionary. "Give her," the movie big shots pleaded, "a scientifically perfect name."

So science, in the person of Dr. Immel and his aides, functioned and brought forth, finally, "Lilli Marlowe." It is (a) euphonic and (b) has "marquee psychology," says Dr. Immel, adding: "it is rich in liquid letters and the vowel and consonant sounds have a perfect continuity of flowing rhythm. Lilli conveys an exotic flavor; Marlowe adds grace and distinction."

Ah, di mi!

Quaint-Whimsies Department

■ Allan Jones, gadgeteer, now has a trick red light in his dressing-room, hooked up with the cameras so it flashes when a scene is being shot, warning Jones to turn off his radio and be quiet.

Clark Gable has gone in for carrier-pigeon training on his valley ranch.

Billie Burke always takes a two-mile hike before reporting at the studio, regardless of weather.



HEARTWRECK CRUISE

The poignant story of a girl who took a cruise to find a husband, but forgot to reckon with her heart that needed love!

Other thrilling confession stories in the March issue

**HOLIDAY FROM MARRIAGE
NOT EVEN DREAMS WERE LEFT
LOVE LURE OF A CO-ED
OUR KISSES WERE SECRET**

Don't fail to read:

I WAS A BRIDE OF FEAR

The complete, compelling book-length novel in MARCH

NOW
ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS
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True Confessions

Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene



Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, greasy, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—dainty!

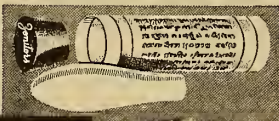
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Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

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Sandy Blondes! Brown Blondes!

AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!

A New Easy Way to Bring Out the Full Radiant Loveliness of Blonde Hair . . . Keep It Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous.

Here at last is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, ash blonde, sandy or brown blonde, try this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH SEPARATE RINSE—for sale at all stores. Buy the large size—it costs less per shampoo.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 58]

Hollywood insiders would be not at all surprised if by the time she comes back, Mama Power finds she's got a daughter-in-law named Janet.

MEANWHILE, Sonja Henie devotes herself to her skating, which, even at the height of her much-publicized romance with Tyrone, really still retained first place in her heart. Now and then, Sonja steps out with some Hollywood swain. There's been Cesar Romero, and more recently Jimmy Stewart. But there's no fire in it for the little blonde Scandinavian. Evidently she's not going to let herself get in as deeply again as she did in the Tyrone thing. And besides rumor has it there's a "heart" back in Norway.

ANNIVERSARIES—of-the-MONTH:—really surprised was Clara Bow when she showed up at her "It" Club on Vine street, the other night, and found the place



Cynthia Hobart and Russell Gleason of Hollywood's Younger Set will be married



Here is Exhibit "A," taken at the new Victor Hugo restaurant, proving that Cary Grant 'n' Phyllis Brooks are that way

crowded with friends of her hubby Rex Bell. Not until then did Clara realize it was the sixth anniversary of her wedding to Rex. Reversing the usual state of affairs, it was Hubby Rex who remembered and Wifie Clara who'd forgotten the date. It was Rex's party.

Not at all surprised when they found themselves still head-over-heels in love and happily married on their fifteenth wedding anniversary were Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton. Hamilton, one of Hollywood's handsomest, is also one of Hollywood's most devoted hubbies. You can bet that when it comes to their silver anniversary, they'll still be celebrating.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Claire Trevor and Bentley Ryan—
There's a twosome Cupid's eyein' . . . !

JON HALL'S been getting all sorts of reactions to his sudden leap to romantic fame in Sam Goldwyn's *Hurricane*. His recent transcontinental personal-appearance tour brought him two extremes of this reaction—

Extreme No. 1—in San Francisco, introduced before a big luncheon of business men as "Sam Goldwyn's gift to the ladies," Jon

[Continued on page 90]

On To Hollywood with Movieland Tours

[Continued from page 14]

Even now letters are pouring in asking us about these annual Tours. Heretofore Fawcett Publications conducted only two Tours each summer. But due to the heavy demand for reservations which we encountered last summer—reservations which we could not fill entirely because there was no more room on the trains—we will conduct **THREE TOURS** this summer.

So if you can't make the first Tour, or the second—then you can make plans to go on the third. These tours will leave about three weeks apart. So make your vacation plans now and be sure of an early reservation. Remember first come, first served. Use the coupon which explains everything.

What a thrill you will experience when you step aboard the **MOVIELAND SPECIAL**—for the vacation of a lifetime. The minute the train leaves Chicago you will be getting an eye-opener of scenic magnificence. You will travel into Minnesota's 10,000 lakes country, then speed into the great Northwest—the land of the sky-blue waters (made famous in song and story). You will see the scenic glories of Rainier National Park—with Mt. Rainier—"America's Noblest Peak"—to enthral you. You will be passing over the Rockies, and when you reach Seattle you will be taken aboard the Puget Sound cruise to catch the thrill of a boat ride. And that isn't all. You will then pass down to San Francisco, take in the Golden Gate—one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, see Chinatown and the Presidio.

And then the Thrill of Thrills—**HOLLYWOOD**—with everything that the magic city of stars and movies and studios suggests in your imagination. There you will be royally entertained. It will be constant Open House for you everywhere. Western hospitality will greet you on every hand.

You will even be met by a prominent star who will escort you to your hotel. You will lunch at Clara Bow's new "IT" restaurant—already famous as one of the favorite eating spots of the stars. You will attend a dinner-dance at the celebrated Wilshire Bowl. You will be taken on auto rides through Hollywood and Beverly Hills, where the Big Stars live. You will take in the big studios, the attractive shops, the beaches. And you will be meeting the stars face to face, dining with them, dancing with them, enjoying cocktail parties at their homes.

Yes, cocktail parties will be given by Bob Burns—the man who made the bazooka famous, Warren William and Harold Lloyd. One of these three stars will entertain vacationists on each of the Tours. Harold Lloyd has the most magnificent home and estate in the entire picture colony—one which even includes a golf course.

The round of festivities includes a performance at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, one of the showplaces of Hollywood—and a visit to a big radio broadcast. Remember that Hollywood has become the radio capital of the U. S. A.—as well as the picture capital. You will see how stars are aided in their beauty make-up by being the guests of Max Factor at his Beauty Salon. And if you want time to be on your own there are all kinds of thrills to enjoy—such as side trips to Lake Arrowhead, Catalina, San Diego.

[Continued on page 63]

LAUGH AT OLD MAN WINTER!



Break his Spell with a Greyhound Trip South to Sunshine— or North to Winter Fun

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WINTER is a grand old fellow—when you get to know him! Give Greyhound the pleasure of introducing you—where winter smiles in health-giving sunshine on gay Florida beaches, along the warm Gulf Coast, through the romantic Southwest, or in colorful California. Famous modern Super-Coaches are miracles of smooth riding—healthfully heated and ventilated. You can go one route, return another at no extra fare—and at big savings over other transportation.

Can't spare time for a southern vacation? *No matter!* Winter in the snow zone becomes a friendly season when Greyhound trips are scheduled. Visits to family or friends, or trips to exhilarating winter sports will be warm, safe, scenic. So, break the spell of the cold season with pleasant, low-cost trips by Greyhound.



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Mail this coupon to nearest information office (listed above) for any one of these you desire: Rotogravure section, filled with gay photos of FLORIDA, GULF COAST, AND NEW ORLEANS ☐ Bright pictorial folders, "CALIFORNIA, ALL THE WEST" ☐ "ACROSS AMERICA, THROUGH COLORFUL SOUTHWEST" ☐ Please check the one you wish. If you want complete information on any special trip, jot down place you wish to visit, on margin below.

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\$1.35 for sale everywhere.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR



MEN behind the STARS



WESLEY RUGGLES Director of "True Confession"

WHEN Wesley Ruggles, then sixteen, fled the San Francisco abode of his parents under the cover of darkness, and joined up with a roving repertoire troupe staging melodramas for the edification of cross-road "opry house" audiences at 10, 20 and 30 cents per patron, he unconsciously pointed his star along a path that was destined to lead him, years later, to fame and riches via the movies.

Today, chieftains of the motion picture industry look upon Ruggles as a "super-showman." He is one of the very few Hollywoodians rating the dual title of producer-director!

He has been turning out hit pictures ever since January 1, 1919, when, upon his return from France (and the war), the old Vitagraph Company handed him a megaphone and assigned him as director of Alice Joyce's starring vehicles. Among his outstanding successes of recent years are the Academy Award winner, *Cimarron*, *Are These Our Children?* *No Man of Her Own*, *College Humor*, *I'm No Angel*, *The Gilded Lily*, *Accent on Youth*, *Valiant is the Word for Carrie*, and *I Met Him in Paris*.

Wesley Ruggles was born in Los Angeles, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Ruggles, non-professionals. When he was of kindergarten age, the family moved to 'Frisco, where, even during his grammar-school days, his thoughts revolved around the theatre.

When he reached his junior year in High School, the lure to become an actor swelled to such over-powering proportions that he could no longer resist, so, in face of parental opposition, he chucked his text books, stowed extra clothing in a bundle, and slipped from his bedroom window one night after the rest of the household was asleep.

Beginning his career as a stage hand at \$4 a week—when the company's treasurer had sufficient funds on hand to pay salaries—he soon graduated to juvenile roles at \$7.50, and a few months later found himself with a more substantial stock company at \$25.

After two years of emoting for others, Ruggles launched his own troupe, known as

"Ruggles' Minstrels," and set out to conquer the world, but seldom did the week's "take" at the box-office equal the payroll and other expenses, and he soon found himself hungry as well as "broke."

In 1914, he came to Hollywood and joined Mack Sennett's Keystone Kops. During the three years that ensued, he tried in turn almost every job a studio can offer, including property man, film editor, scenarist and assistant director.

When Uncle Sam entered the World War, Ruggles enlisted as a private in the Signal Corps, and was discharged as a first lieutenant. It was then he went to work for Vitagraph, guiding Alice Joyce. Subsequent silent pictures which helped motivate his career were *The Plastic Age*, *Silk Stockings*, and *Finders Keepers*. It was in this latter that he fostered the screen debut of his "discovery," Jack Oakie, and started him toward stardom.

Ruggles has been married only once—to Arline Judge, the mother of his son. Charles Ruggles, the comedian, is his brother. His close friends include executives of the studios

where he has worked and the "big name" stars he has directed. Of some of the latter he says:

"Carole Lombard is a real pal and a good soldier. She will act as 'prop' boy if necessary in order to assist her director in getting a good picture.

"Mae West is Mae West—and that speaks volumes.

"George Raft is quiet, soft-spoken and at times perplexing, yet withal, a good trouser who is willing to do what director asks."

Wesley Ruggles might be mentioned as one of the undefatigable workers, too. And he had to make a trip to Europe recently to get away from it all. The praises of *True Confession* were sweet music to his ears as he tripped down the gangplank.

CORRECTION. MOTION PICTURE erred in the January issue in crediting Roy Del Ruth (who directed *Broadway Melody of 1938*) as the director of *Rosalie*. The director of *Rosalie* is W. S. Van Dyke, who had complete directorial charge of the picture from start to finish.



In directing *True Confession* with Lombard, John of the Barrymores, MacMurray, Ruggles saw to it that a good time was had by all of them

On to Hollywood with Movieland Tours

[Continued from page 61]

One of Hollywood's leading hotels will be your home while in the studio city—after you have traveled over the wonderland of the American West. Everything is being planned to provide you with a vacation that you will remember the rest of your life. You will return home knowing that you have seen Hollywood, have met the stars personally—with enough thrilling experiences stored in your memory to last a lifetime.

And don't forget to take a camera—for you will want to take snapshots of the scenic glories that greet your eye en route to Hollywood and return, as well as the studios, stars, their homes, the magnificent lawns, flowerbeds, swimming-pools. You will also meet new friends among the other vacationists. You will want to have snapshots of them, too.

And when your Hollywood stay is over you will be given special sight-seeing tours on the trip back to Chicago—which includes a tour of Salt Lake City and a visit to the Mormon Tabernacle, stops at Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, with an auto trip to the Garden of the Gods, Cheyenne Mountain—and a dinner at the summit.

The first tour leaves Chicago Sunday, July 3. The second tour leaves Chicago July 24, and the third tour leaves Chicago August 14. All you need to do is plan which trip is most convenient for you. All three transcontinental tours will enjoy identical party plans in Hollywood—so all that is necessary is for you to select whichever date is most convenient for your vacation.

If you take the first trip leaving Chicago July 3, you will arrive in Hollywood July 10; the second trip arrives there on July 31—and the third trip on August 21. You will be away exactly two weeks from the time you leave Chicago until you return. The first tour returns to Chicago July 17, the second tour August 6, the third tour August 27.

As we mentioned before, applications are already beginning to pour in for the THREE expeditions being organized this year. They will be BIGGER and BETTER than the amazingly successful Movieland Tours of 1935, 1936 and 1937. A special train has been chartered for each journey through the scenic grandeur of the West—and return. The minute the engine sounds "Whoo . . . Whoo . . . Whoo . . . Whoo"—you will get the thrill and excitement of your life—knowing that with every revolution of the wheels the train is carrying you nearer and nearer to magic Hollywood. With four days there to enjoy the utmost in gayety and widespread sight-seeing.

The April MOTION PICTURE will include further details of the 1938 Hollywood Tours. Since we can publish only the highlights in the magazine, the complete data will be furnished you by writing to MOVIELAND TOURS, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for a free illustrated booklet. This booklet contains complete details of the tour, itinerary, scenic vistas—and gives surprisingly low cost of the tour.

Better still, if you wish to make sure of a place in the TOUR, already in big demand, use the coupon on page 14, and send in \$5 per person to reserve a ticket. Play safe. Remember, to be sure of going you should act promptly. Summer will be here before you realize it.

WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?



See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn't it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: "You look stunning!"?

But maybe you haven't heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don't be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it's not you, but your face powder—that's at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

"Why, my face powder isn't like that," you say. But how do you know it isn't? For there's only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electrifying change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, friendly, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It's in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don't have to

buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I'm so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then stop at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours. See what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft I leave your skin!" You'll see how the color seems to spring from within . . . it's so natural, so life-like, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(40)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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No matter where you live or whether
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you have suffered for a lifetime and
tried everything you could learn of
without relief; even if you are utter-
ly discouraged, do not abandon hope
but send today for this free trial.
It will cost you nothing. Address:
Frontier Asthma Co., 62-C, Frontier
Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Who's Whose In Hollywood

[Continued from page 35]

BECK, TOMMY—Still one of Hollywood's handsomest bachelors.

BERRY, WALLACE—In February, 1916, married Gloria Swanson. It lasted about a year. His present marriage (to Rita Gillman) looks perpetual. Has an adopted 6-year-old, Carol Ann, around whom his world revolves.

BELLAMY, RALPH—Married to Catherine Willard, English actress, who calls him "Ralph-ali." His first marriage, her second.

BENNETT, CONSTANCE—Her first marriage, to Chester H. Moorhead, University of Virginia student—was annulled. Her second—to Philip Plant, millionaire playboy—ended in divorce and a handsome property settlement. On January 9, 1932, she adopted a child, Peter. On November 22, 1932, she married Marquis Henri de la Palaise, who now makes travel pictures. Contrary to popular impression, they are not divorced—yet.

BENNETT, JOAN—At 16, Joan married John Fox, at 17 was a mother, at 18 was divorced. To earn a living (she wanted no alimony), she became an actress. Married writer Gene Markey in March, 1932, had a second daughter, was credited with two successful careers. Received interlocutory divorce, May, 1937.

BENNY, JACK—Since January 12, 1927, he has been listening to Mary Livingstone's poetry. This one looks permanent. They have an adopted 3-year-old, Joan.

BERGEN, EDGAR—Single. (Business of knocking on Charlie McCarthy's head.)

BERNIE, BEN—He married a Palm Beach girl, Dorothy Westley, which explains all those Florida visits. They have a grown son, Jason.

BLANE, SALLY—Her first and only husband is Norman Foster, who used to be married to Claudette Colbert. Daughter Gretchen born June 7, 1936.

BLONDELL, JOAN—When she married cameraman George Barnes on January 4, 1933, she wanted to change her screen name to Joan Barnes. They had a son, Norman. Then, in September, 1936, they had a divorce. The same month, she married Dick Powell—and they had Hollywood's most hectic honeymoon.

BLORE, ERIC—In 1917 he married a London actress, Violet Winter. She died, childless, in 1919. In 1926 he married Clara Mackin, also an actress. They had a son, Eric, Jr., in 1927. Recently separated.

BOGART, HUMPHREY—The first Mrs. Bogart was actress Helen Mencken (div. 1925). The second, actress Mary Phillips (div. 1937). The third—when the second divorce is final—will be actress Mayo Methot.

BOLAND, MARY—Has always lived alone and liked it.

BOLES, JOHN—Married to Marcelite Dobbs since the day he graduated from college, in 1917. They have two deb. daughters, Marcelite and Janet.

BOWMAN, LEE—Eligible. Currently the favored escort of Ginger Rogers.

BOYD, BILL—When he married Grace Bradley, newspapers credited him with four ex-wives. Two ex Mrs. Boyds: Elinor Fair and Dorothy Sebastian.

BOYER, CHARLES—Long a bachelor, he finally married in haste, courting Pat Paterson just three weeks before they eloped to Mexico, February, 1934.

BRADLEY, GRACE—As a schoolgirl, she used to paste Bill Boyd's picture in her schoolbooks. Last June 5, she married him.

BRADNA, OLYMPIA—Seventeen-year-old "O'Lamp" isn't even thinking of marriage yet.

BRADY, ALICE—Love Alice, and you have to love her dogs. Maybe James L. Crane didn't. Anyway, their marriage lasted only two and a half years.

BRENNAN, WALTER—In 1920 Ruth Wells risked sharing his struggle. Now she's sharing his success. Children: Wells, Walter, Jr., and Ruth.

BRENT, GEORGE—He hasn't been lucky in love. After a brief marriage, divorced from one Helen Campbell in 1929. On August 13, 1932, married Ruth Chatterton. On October 4, 1934, divorced. On May 10, 1937, eloped to Mexico with Constance Worth, Australian actress. Two months later he asked for an annulment. The court turned him down. She obtained divorce, December, 1937.

BRICE, FANNY—First sang *My Man* when married to mystery-man Nicholas (Nicky) Arnstein, by whom she had two children, William Jules and Frances. Later married showman Billy Rose, who recently announced candidly, if ungallantly, he was divorcing her to marry Eleanor Holm.

BRODERICK, HELEN—Since 1916, Mrs. Lester Crawford. They were a famous vaudeville team. They have a big boy—Broderick Crawford, who is achieving Broadway fame in the smash hit, *Of Mice and Men*.

BROOKS, PHYLLIS—The next Mrs. Cary Grant, if they haven't already eloped.

BROWN, JOHNNY MACK—Mrs. Johnny was nee Cornelia Foster. They have a son born in 1933.

BROWN, JOE E.—Claims he has been married as long as he can remember—and to the same woman, Kathryn McGraw. They have two grown boys, and two little girls (one adopted to replace baby they lost).

BROWN, TOM—Married twice to Natalie Draper. First, on July 5, 1937, aboard a yacht. Then, ten days later, on land. Now honeymooning in England.

BRUCE, NIGEL—Married since May 10, 1921, to Violet Campbell, actress. They have two daughters, Pauline and Jenifer.

BRUCE, VIRGINIA—She was 21 when, on August 10, 1932, she became the fourth wife of John Gilbert, by whom she had a daughter, Susan Ann, in 1933. They were divorced May 25, 1934, only shortly before his death. While working on *Bad Man of Brimstone*, she and Director J. Walter Ruben fell in love, married him December 18, 1937.

BRYAN, JANE—Being strenuously courted by one of the Kellogg heirs.

BURKE, BILLIE—Widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, mother of Patricia Ziegfeld.

BURNS, BOB—His first wife, Elizabeth Fisher, mother of his 13-year-old son, died August 1, 1936, just when luck was turning in his favor after years of struggle. On May 31, 1937, lonely Bob married his secretary, Harriet Foster. Now heir-conditioning their home.

BURNS, GEORGE—See Gracie Allen.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES—After 5-year acquaintance, married Ethel Kenyon Sutherland, December, 1932. Divorce rumors currently popping.

BYINGTON, SPRING—Believes a divorcee should get alimony only in proportion to time she was married. Divorced herself, from a gentleman named Chandler. Has two daughters in college, Phyllis and Lois.

CABOT, BRUCE—Married Adrienne Ames in 1933, legally adopted her daughter, then was divorced April, 1937.

CAGNEY, JAMES—It was love at first sight with Jimmy and his actress-wife, Frances Vernon—and that was more than a decade ago.

CANTOR, EDDIE—When he married Ida Tobias in 1914, Eddie had hardly five dollars. Now he has five daughters, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet.

CARLISLE, MARY—Still keeping the boys guessing.

CARRADINE, JOHN—After the movies finally found John, in 1935, he soon found a wife, Ardanelle Cosner. They have a little John, born December, 1936.

CARRILLO, LEO—His rivals for California's governorship, probing his record, will find only one marriage—to Edith Shakespeare. They have an adopted daughter, Marie Antoinette.

CARROLL, MADELEINE—Married since 1931 to wealthy Philip Astley of the Chequers, England, Astleys. One of the more successful long-distance marriages.

CARVER, LYNNE—As Virginia Reid, she gave up films in 1935 to marry Dr. R. C. McClung of Birmingham, Ala. Divorced in 1936, she came back with a new name. On July 18, 1937, married Nicholas Nayfack, young M-G-M executive.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE—No one was certain he had married Mildred Harris in 1918 until she divorced him in 1920. His second marriage—to Lita Grey—was no secret. She gave him two sons, Charles, Jr., and Sydney, before their divorce in 1927, when she won boys' custody. Everybody suspects Paulette Goddard is Wife No. 3—but they won't talk.

CHATTERTON, RUTH—"Still good friends" after 8 years of matrimony, Ralph Forbes gave Ruth a Nevada divorce, August 12, 1932. The next day she wed their mutual good friend, George Brent, whom she divorced October 4, 1934. Denies being engaged to Portuguese millionaire wine exporter.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE—Became Mrs. George O'Brien in 1933. They lost their first child, born in 1934, now have a second.

CIANNELLI, EDUARDO—Hadden't been in America a week when he fell in love with socialite [Continued on page 68]

Don't Be Afraid of a Broken Heart

[Continued from page 32]

screen rather by the dramatic incidents in her own life.

"But recently many letters have come to me from girls my own age who ask me for advice on very personal problems.

"I don't consider myself as having lived long enough or learned enough to give adequate counsel. And so I have usually hedged such questions—frankly replied that an older person might be more competent to advise them."

Then she turned to me—"If I thought something that once happened to me would help other girls—"

And she began telling this untold story, without undue emphasis or dramatics.

She is not a girl given to dissection of herself nor intimate revelation. With inherent dignity she shrinks from a public parade of her emotions. And so it is a difficult task. And yet she realizes that there might be profit in it for others.

"THERE was a time," she begins, "when my heart was broken. When I thought it would never mend. It was long before I had thought of a career—long before Max Reinhardt's production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl proved the Open Sesame to a screen career for me—that I met the man who was to influence my heart so greatly!

"He was the personification of charm! He had ease, grace, assurance. People inevitably fell under his spell! And he had the gift of laughter! That appealed to me. As it does, I think, to all young girls. They put such value on the man who can amuse them.

"Then, like a revelation, I was in love!

"It had come upon me slowly. At first, there was a delightful companionship—pleasant, unemotional, friendly. With not even a suggestion of that desperation which usually precedes love.

"Suddenly, it was something far deeper. My world began to revolve around him. This, I said to myself, would last. It was the real thing. The sort of thing for which every woman waits. If I had been a bit older I would have realized that no woman can weigh emotion unless she has a standard of past experience and old knowledge. I was very young, and very impressionable.

"The inevitable happened, given the personality of the man. My love came in conflict with all the ideals bred into my bone. From childhood I had been taught that the basis of a man's character was integrity and honesty and sense of responsibility. This was a nice person and I cared for him deeply, but he had none of these qualities.

"I told him I couldn't see him any more. But I did. And for another month my mind and my heart were at war. After days of indecision, I realized I had no choice. He had no place in my life. It was finally finished.

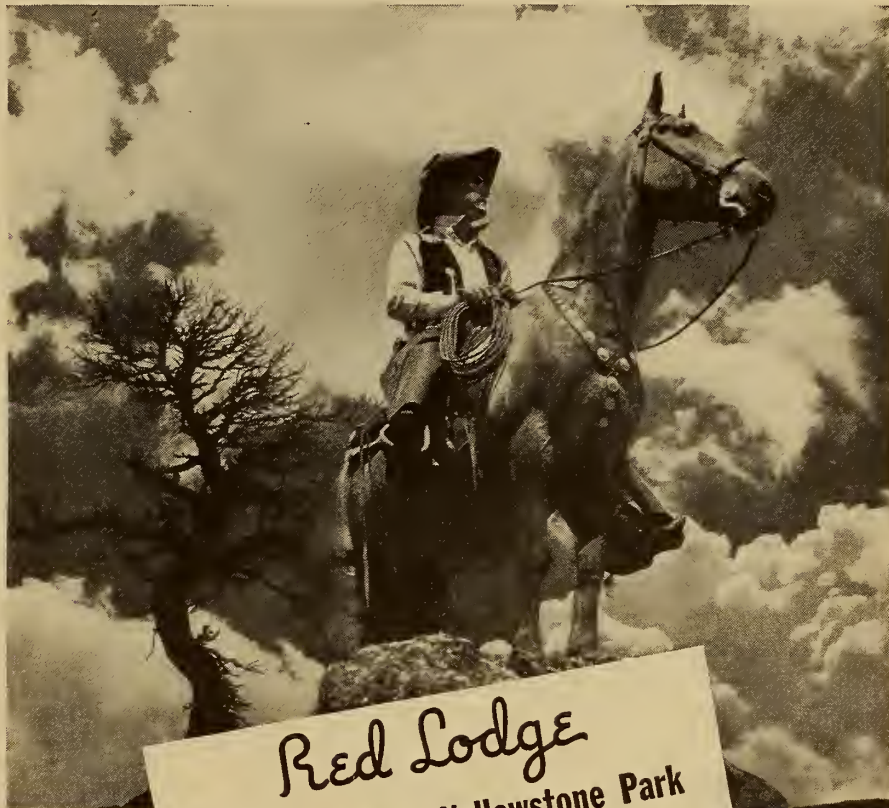
"This, I believed, was the end of my life—the most devastating thing that could possibly happen to me. My heart, I was confident, was completely shattered.

"I cried for three months. Until I had no more tears in my eyes or in my system. I would never love again!"

Olivia smiles in amused memory. "Curious how girls at eighteen jump to conclusions. How irrevocably they make

[Continued on page 73]

Acclaimed by Thousands "AMERICA'S NEWEST TRAVEL THRILL!"



Red Lodge HIGH-Road to Yellowstone Park

Open but one short year to Northern Pacific Rail travelers, the newest entrance into Yellowstone, Red Lodge ... via the glorious HIGH-Road that skirts the mountain tops for many miles ... has been praised by thousands as "one of the most glorious sights in the world."

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HOLLYWOOD Rapid Dry CURLERS
AT NOTION COUNTERS AND 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES



She Doesn't Say Yes, She Doesn't Say No

[Continued from page 29]

camping place—not at all a complete Hollywood star's residence.

But Taylor's house is ready. Complete. If—mind you, I say *IF* very loudly—Barbara should marry Bob soon—now that he has returned from Europe, she could move right into that house and not have to worry any more about furnishing her own!

And, dear reader, of that, make the most.

AS FOR Barbara, she says: "Skip the romance," whenever anybody asks her whether or not she and Bob have any definite marriage plans. She doesn't say yes; she doesn't say no. She just doesn't answer definitely at all—not even to her most intimate friends.

But, like certain other insiders, I wouldn't be at all surprised, *now*, if Barbara and Bob finally marry—and within a matter of weeks, at that. About a year ago, with information I had and with a fairly close knowledge of Barbara that long antedated her divorce from Frank Fay, I wrote a story which was published—and by their mere silence, tacitly endorsed by Bob and Barbara—which said that it would be many months before these two marry, if ever. The reasons?—well, mostly Barbara's tremendous "squareness." And, too, her fear of marriage, following her disastrous experience in the Fay romance.

You see, Barbara has been through life's mill. She's been through the Hollywood mill, too. She knows that in the first flush of a new-discovered friendship or love, particularly in Hollywood where all things loom out of all proportion, marriage may be a hasty step that will ruin happiness and a career. It's happened often—and she's seen it happen. So, even when Taylor might have asked her to marry him, Barbara would have said no, through all these last months. Out of her love for him, she'd have said no. Even though she might have wanted to marry him, she'd have said no—lest marriage ruin that career of his that was skyrocketing him to the heights. Barbara knows what early marriage will do to the career of an up-and-coming sex-appeal screen hero. She didn't want to do that to Bob Taylor, then.

But that hurdle is past now, for one. Bob has crashed the heights. His position in screendom is now secure, as contrasted with a year ago. Popularity polls the nation over show him running neck and neck for top place with Clark Gable, in the male stars' division. Bob Taylor is set—beyond the point where marriage might ruin his film future.

THAT brings Barbara to a second hurdle: shall she risk marriage again? I know, as do all of Barbara's friends, how deeply burned she was by the smash that ended her romance with Frank Fay. I mean burned not in the colloquial sense, but literally. It burned her heart out—or nearly out. Barbara vowed, in those days of travail, that never, never, never would she risk marriage again.

And that is the second hurdle that she must jump before she'll say yes to Bob Taylor. I honestly don't believe she's made up her mind, yet. But this time, I think she's going to make it up—to that "yes." After all, the Bob-Barbara romance has been on for months. She and he and Hollywood have all learned it's not one of those "quickie" things that make Hollywood the love-laugh-

ing stock of the world, too often. It's something that's real, and lasting. If, as is more than probable, she said to him in the early months of their love: "Wait until you're sure, Bob. I want to wait, too, until I'm sure!"—if she said that, then surely they've waited long enough to know. I'm sure that *they're* sure, now.

And bear this in mind, too—a long separation, such as theirs has been during the months Bob was making that picture in England, is likely to be the crystallizing factor that changes love's indecision and uncertainty into definite, positive certainty. A separation like that either, as the old adage has it, "makes the heart grow fonder," or it kills the romance definitely.

As to that, I think that Bob and Barbara are now deeper in love, since their separation, than before. I know that he called her across the Atlantic and the continent, every Sunday morning. The only telephone on the Stanwyck ranch is in the stable office a half mile from the house. (You see, Barbara hasn't even gone to the extent of putting a telephone in her house!) Breathlessly, when the Taylor call came from London, Barbara ran that half mile, and they spent many minutes—not to mention dollars—talking to each other. And the gifts that came by mail and telegraph; the flowers—all these things are pretty publicly known. No, their romance hasn't been cooled by distance; it's been intensified.

AND so, don't be surprised—! As for Barbara, herself, she's happier today than she has ever been before in her life. That life story of hers is known to anyone who's interested in movie folk—a childhood of poverty, a career that saw nothing but fight and struggle, a marriage that came crashing from rosy heights of infatuation into the blackest depths of disillusion and disappointment, seven years in which she turned her back on her career in a desperate, unremitting effort to make that marriage stand up—all these things brought Barbara pretty steady unhappiness.

Today, she's thrown herself head-over-heels into her career. She started to do that, militantly, as an anodyne to the pain in her soul after the Fay crash. She turned back to her career, and in it, found escape. Some men find escape in drink; others in drugs; others in travel. Barbara found hers in work. She could not only *act* somebody else; she could be somebody else in the roles she took—one after the other, as fast as the studios clamored for her.

And then, in the midst of that desperate effort to find escape in work, Bob Taylor came along, and she *fell* this time, head over heels, into another phase of happiness. She was afraid of it, afraid that, like her other experience, it couldn't last. But it has lasted—and as the weeks have gone by, the cloud of pain and fear that has over-hung all of Barbara's life, has lifted.

TO SAY she's happy would be untrue. She'll never be an utterly happy person. She's too introspective. She's as utterly un-Hollywood as any person could be. She's not a crowd-seeker. She doesn't go for Hollywood parties, Hollywood amusements. I've seen her, sitting in a corner at a Hollywood shindig, looking as disconsolate and forlorn as anyone ever could. All she wanted was to go home, be alone. Most of the time, she did.

Since Bob Taylor has been away, she's been out with no man save one—Jerry Asher, RKO publicity man and close friend of both Barbara and Bob. When he went away, Bob gave Jerry a picture, on which he scrawled: "I'm entrusting the lady to your care!"

Jerry's been her escort at the luncheons she's gone to, at parties at Joan Crawford's house, at other quiet social affairs Barbara has had to go to during Taylor's absence. When, or if, Bob and Barbara marry, it's a hundred to one that Jerry will be best man!

Barbara's private life is the least sensational in all Hollywood. She lives out on that ranch. She's tremendously interested in the three-score horses there—many of them belonging to her and Mrs. Zeppo Marx in partnership; the rest belonging to other Hollywoodites who've placed them there for training by Barbara's stable-master, the famous Kentuckian, Harry Hart. Barbara and Mrs. Marx are entering their horses in the California race meets. It's Barbara's big offscreen interest now. And so she rarely comes into town, when she's not working on a picture. She stays out there, as remote from Hollywood's whoop-de-do as though she were in the middle of the Sahara desert, instead of just over the hills from the studios.

THE biggest kick she's had in a long time was when her stable-master came to ask her to grant a few days off to a stable-boy who wanted to get married.

"Let's give him the wedding here," suggested Barbara. The boy agreed—and hesitantly asked Barbara if she'd—gulp—er—ahem—well, if she'd be bridesmaid.

Nothing suited Barbara more. She went for the idea like a ton of bricks. She had the bunkhouse decorated and it was there, rather than in the star's home, where the guests might have felt ill at ease, that the wedding took place. Barbara was bridesmaid, and she wore the simplest dress imaginable, instead of the ermine and silks and things some other stars might have.

A way back I said her work and her ranch were her two prime interests, now. That is, leaving Bob out of it. But the real big thing in her life is still baby Dion—the four-year-old lad she and Frank adopted. By the divorce terms, she has custody of the child. Fay, right now, is fighting in court for the right to see him oftener than he has. But not even he denies that Barbara is the grandest mother in the world to that boy. Bob Taylor's crazy about him, too. What's more, Dion is pretty keen on Bob. Dion wouldn't mind at all if he became "papa."

To write about "The Private Life of Barbara Stanwyck" would be actually bore-some. It's so un-Hollywood. Work, horses, quiet living, love for Bob Taylor, love for little Dion—and around these, the humdrum, day-in-day-out living of a down-to-earth, real sort of person who's finding an approach to happiness for the first time in a tangled life. She's always been hungry for happiness. Legendary, almost, are the innumerable stories of how she tries to bring happiness to others. She can't stand others' suffering. She's given away thousands. "She's the biggest sucker in the world for a hard-luck tale," say those who know.

It's not that she's a sucker, though, as the saying is. It's rather that so intensive, so deep in her make-up is this quest for happiness, that in giving some of it to others, she finds a little for herself.

She's finding more and more of it, as time goes on. Hollywood is glad, for there isn't anyone in Hollywood who doesn't feel that if anybody rates happiness, it's Barbara.

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Who's Whose In Hollywood

[Continued from page 64]

Alma Wolfe and wooed her with gestures, not knowing the language. They have two boys in their early teens.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE—Secretly married a long time, Claudette and Norman Foster finally took a world-tour-by-freighter honeymoon, then tried the separate-house type of matrimony. It didn't work. She's now married to Dr. Joel Pressman.

COLMAN, RONALD—Because he was a recluse, long thought a bachelor. Instead, was long separated from Thelma Raye, English actress, who divorced him in 1934. Still a recluse. Denies any and all romance rumors.

CONKLIN, PEGGY—Married to James Thompson of the New York "400."

CONNOLLY, WALTER—Long and happily married to actress Nedda Harrigan. They have a 13-year-old named Anne.

COOGAN, JACKIE—"The Kid" has grown up. A married man since November 20, 1937, when Betty Grable said "I do."

COOPER, GARY—Old-timers remember his long, hectic romance with Lupe Velez, which ended this side of the altar in 1931. Married socialite-actress Veronica Balfe in 1933. Daughter born September 15, 1937.

CORTEZ, RICARDO—First wife, actress Alma Rubens, who died tragically in 1930. Married socialite divorcee, Mrs. Christine Lee, January 8, 1934. Recently rumored apart, more recently rumored reconciled.

COSTELLO, DOLORES—Received final decree of divorce from John Barrymore, and custody of two children, October 27, 1936. Friends predict she will soon marry Dr. John Vruwink.

COWAN, JEROME—Quietly, but definitely married.

CRABBE, LARRY—Married his pre-movie sweetheart, Adah Held, in 1933. Has a year-old daughter.

CRAWFORD, JOAN—On January 3, 1929, married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. On May 12, 1933, divorced him. Two years later, married the world's most persistent suitor, Franchot Tone.

CROMWELL, RICHARD—Still looking them over.

CROSBY, BING—Sang *I Surrender Dear* to Dixie Lee, for keeps, in 1932. Son Gary born 1933. Twins, Philip and Dennis, born 1934. Expecting again.

CUMMINGS, ROBERT—Young, tall, handsome, wealthy, but—already married, to Vivienne Audrey.

CURTIS, ALAN—M-G-M's new white hope loves Priscilla Lawson more than "romantic rave" publicity. He's marrying (just married?) the girl.

D'ARCY, ALEXANDER—Young Man-About-Hollywood, 1938 model.

DARRIEUX, DANIELLE—"The rage of Paris" is married to Henri Decoin, French writer-director.

DARWELL, JANE—Won't 'fess up to an early brief marriage, but is suspected of one.

DAVIES, MARION—Holds the Hollywood bachelor-girl record.

DAVIS, BETTE—Quietly and successfully married to orchestra-leader Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., since 1932. Another case of schoolyard sweethearts.

DAVIS, JOAN—She and Serenus (Si) Wills, late of vaudeville, still are partners and have a 4-year-old, Beverly.

DEANE, SHIRLEY—Engaged to cameraman Russell Bowditch, but a "no-marriage-until-a-certain-date" contract clause is delaying the wedding.

DEE, FRANCES—Happily Mrs. Joel McCrea since 1933. They have two sons.

DE HAVILLAND, OLIVIA—Love requires leisure. And Olivia is busy.

DEL RIO, DOLORES—Came to Hollywood as the wife of Jaime Del Rio, who later died tragically in Paris. In 1931, she married scenic designer Cedric Gibbons.

DE MILLE, KATHERINE—Her adopted father, Cecil B., introduced her to Anthony Quinn a year ago. She married him October 2, 1937.

DENNY, REGINALD—When he isn't acting or inventing model airplanes, he's married to Isobel Steiffel. Previously wed to Irene Haisman.

DESTE, LULI—Widow of Baron Gottfried Hohenburg, who was killed in a European air crash just before she came to the U. S. A.

DEVINE, ANDY—Eloped to Las Vegas October 28, 1933, with Dorothy House. Son Timothy born November 26, 1934.

DIETRICH, MARLENE—Just returned from yearly reunion with husband Rudolf Sieber, a director abroad. Married May 17, 1923. Daughter Maria born 1925. Year after year Marlene and her escorts baffle the divorce prophets.

DIX, RICHARD—Gave up "perennial hachelor" title for socialite Winifred Coe, October 20, 1931. Daughter born, January, 1933. Divorced, June 29, 1933. One year later, to the day, he married his secretary, Virginia Webster. They have twin sons.

DIXON, LEE—Learned to dance to win girl he loved, but before he completed his lessons, she eloped with a rival. Claims he hasn't recovered yet.

DODD, CLAIRE—Newspapers first learned she had married J. Milton Strauss, broker, in Mexico in 1932 when she invited reporters to her home in January, 1937, to meet her son, Jon Michael, born October, 1936.

DONLEVY, BRIAN—Celebrated his freedom from Wife No. 1 by marrying Marjorie Lane, actress-singer, December, 1936.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN—Twice married. Son by first marriage, Melvyn, now 11. Son by second, Pierre, now 3. Present wife (since 1931): Helen Gahagan.

DOWNS, JOHNNY—Still intermittently pursuing Eleanor Whitney.

DRAKE, FRANCES—Popular with the boys, but elusive.

DUNN, JAMES—His first marriage ended, pre-Hollywood, in 1925—in Denver. Recently married again. Beautiful Frances Gifford is the bride.

DUNNE, IRENE—Married Dr. Francis Griffin, New York dentist, in 1930, little anticipating she would have the world's most famous long-distance marriage. Adopted baby, Mary Frances, November 1936.

DURANTE, JIMMY—Married to singer Jeanne Olson since World War days. Jimmy, the kiddie, once said, "It don't seem no longer ago than the Civil War to me."

DVORAK, ANN—Met Leslie Fenton in January 1932, flew to Yuma with him March 17, 1932, gave up career for year to go to Europe with him. "And would do it again," she says.

EBSEN, BUDDY—Easygoing, married to energetic Ruth Cambridge, Winchell's former "Girl Friday."

EDDY, NELSON—M-G-M still is looking for a romance for Nelson. How about the ex-Mrs. Sidney Franklin? She's his favorite audience.

EILERS, SALLY—Unsmilingly divorced Hoot Gibson, August 1933. Smilingly married Director Harry Joe Brown, September 1933. Son born, August 1934. Still smiling.

ELLIS, PATRICIA—Of all the suitors rather favors Fred Keating.

ELLISON, JAMES—Eloped to Yuma with actress Gertrude Durkin, April 1937. Said: "Hollywood will be startled. You see, we knew each other only four years, and our marriage is very sudden."

ERIKSON, LEIF—Married to Frances Farmer two years now.

ERWIN, STUART—Persuaded pretty June Collyer to give up her career for him. They have two children, William and Judith.

EVANS, MADGE—Still living a quiet life—and a single one.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS—No. 1: Beth Sully (mother of Doug, Jr.)—married, 1907; divorced, 1918. No. 2: Mary Pickford—married, March 1920; divorced, January 1935. No. 3: Lady Sylvia Ashley—married, March 1936.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS S., JR.—Divorced Joan Crawford nearly five years ago. "Engaged" to Gertrude Lawrence for a time, but that blew up. Currently attentive to Marlene Dietrich. And others.

FARMER, FRANCES—It's still love with the Leif Eriksons—who discovered each other before anyone else did.

FARRELL, CHARLES—Millions still wonder why he and Janet Gaynor didn't marry each other. Yet he has been married since 1931 to Virginia Valli. Recently derided a new crop of divorce rumors.

FARRELL, GLENDA—Married and divorced, early in life and has a son, Tommy, in his teens. Claims she won't marry again. But may not mean it. With writer Robert Riskin out of picture, has been going with Drew Ebersson.

FAYE, ALICE—Honeymooning in Hollywood [Continued on page 81]

That Nasty Man

[Continued from page 57]

bles and brush to reach the tableland at the top. It had thirty or forty live oak trees on it.

"It took us weeks to learn whether or not it was for sale. Owners had to be seen. It was part of the Lankershim estate, and when I was able to buy four acres of it, I bought the plot on the opposite side of the road so that we would have an unrestricted view forever of Los Angeles and San Fernando Valley. We are going to call it, of course, The Oaks."

It sounds permanent and ancestral and thoroughly English. To their friends ("Real friendship is as rare as real love," Rathbone remarks) it sounds like more of the Rathbone parties, famous in the colony for their ingeniousness. On their eleventh wedding anniversary in April 1937, guests were invited to come as famous couples. Hollywood's imagination ran riot and the results were hilarious.

"But we don't give many parties," said Rathbone, rejecting the title of Champion Party-giver. "Three hundred nights of the three hundred and sixty-five we are alone. When we do give parties, they are large parties, and that must be where our reputation starts, although I will say that my wife gives a great deal of attention to plans, arrangements and entertainment, and all her efforts are met with success. I am sure that she could go on giving endless parties, successful parties, and I wouldn't even be missed, although I suppose a husband is rather necessary as a sort of—sort of back-drop, shall we say?"

"We seldom give dinner parties because it is so hard to find eight or ten people who have enough common interests to keep up a conversation. Usually one person dominates it and the party is ruined, whereas if you give a large party with dozens of people the chances of everyone having a fine time are very great. No one is ignored. No one slighted."

NOVICE party-givers may be glad for this expert opinion. Novices in the art of matrimony may be more grateful for what Mr. Rathbone has to say about success rules for this ancient and time-honored guild. From the husband's point of view a thoroughly domestic wife and a good home manager are the essential requirements. In his case the talented Ouida Bergere Rathbone sacrificed her own fine career as scenarist to manage his household.

"Affection is necessary, too," Rathbone said, "and respect for the other person's privacy. Many times I walk into my wife's sitting-room, see her busy at the desk with accounts or letters, greet her, apologize for the intrusion, and leave the room. She does the same for me. We know that when we have finished what we have at hand we can join each other."

Into this idyllic atmosphere has come young Rodion Rathbone to make his home. His mother is Ethel Marian Forman Rathbone whom his father married when he was a youth of twenty. This marriage was later dissolved. Rathbone *per se* relishes the thought of his son in the house, helping him establish himself in life, not as an actor but as a motion picture engineer. It rounds out and gives luster to a full life that was nevertheless not quite complete without parental overtones. It's going to be great stuff to have a son along when he tramps the dry hills.



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Temptations I've Faced in Hollywood—Clark Gable

[Continued from page 24]

both male and female, when she enthrones them among the stars. These are the enticements with which Hollywood baits her trap."

Clark, I thought hopefully, has been baited by them, Heaven only knows. But I needn't have been so hopeful. For he hasn't so much as nibbled at the bait.

The most spectacular thing about Gable is, of course, the complete lack of anything spectacular. The most significant, the most astonishing thing about him is that he has not changed one single atom since the day he first signed his M-G-M contract and it was realized that the greatest star since Valentino, perhaps the greatest star in all picture history, had come over the skyline of the screen. In one short year all of Hollywood and the rewards thereof could have been under his conquering feet. They weren't because Clark has never taken his feet far enough off the ground to let anything, including Hollywood, get under them. You can't believe that a man could be subjected to the assault and battery of fame and fortune and flattery and power and prestige to which Gable has been subjected and still remain, as he has, just plain, down-to-earth regular. But he has.

Robert Taylor once said of him: "If I can keep my head as Gable has I'll be okay..." Tyrone Power said just the other day: "If I can keep the square slant on things Gable has kept, I'll be saved for posterity!"

AS WE sat at luncheon in the M-G-M commissary the other day I recalled to him the first time I ever interviewed him, the first interview he ever gave... in the old M-G-M commissary it was, right after he had made *Dance, Fools, Dance*, with Joan Crawford and the impact of the Gable personality had set Hollywood to star-quaking. It was for *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE*, too, that first interview. I reminded him that I had asked him how he would feel if, at the end of that year, he should find himself in the spot once occupied by Valentino, the spot where women would tear the clothes from his back, swarming about him like locusts, demanding, devouring, desirous and how he had said to me, his honest eyes meeting mine, "Why I should think it would be sorter *repulsive*." And he laughed and said, the honest eyes unchanged: "That answer still goes. I still think it would be sorter repulsive... but I wouldn't know."

The years of his fame have mounted, and continue to mount and they are not years which the locusts have eaten. For he still "doesn't know." Women have constituted no problem in his life. They just aren't a problem, that's all, and even women, little busy bees that they are, can't make themselves a problem to a man who would just laugh and go his way, not heartless, not even heedless, just unheeding.

He has been married. And after his second marriage dissolved he has gone with Carole Lombard, the only girl with whom the name of Gable has ever been linked. For if you will recall, the Gable name has never been linked, periodically, with this fair charmer and that. The columns have been anemically lacking in little squibs about Gable "heartying" here and there. Even columns have to have a few crumbs to feed them. And seldom indeed do you read that Clark and Carole have been seen dining or dancing, at this party or that...

NO, GABLE has never, he insists, been annoyed by the various perils created by the ladies, bless 'em, which have destroyed the peace of mind of other screen celebrities. Neither fans nor extra girls have been a menace to him. It was Fredric March who once said to me: "Any temptation women may offer to men on the screen does not come from the stars you work with, it comes from the ranks of the extra girls, bit players, non-professionals, girls who think that you can do something for them, get them breaks."

Clark said: "I've never been bothered that way, never, nor in any other way." I reminded him of the experiences other stars have had—the well-bred young woman who was a visitor on Bob Montgomery's set one day and told him that she was a friend of his family's and mentioned names and incidents which seemed to corroborate her statement. And how, as they stood in back of one of the cameras the better to talk quietly, she suddenly screamed and tore at her hair and clothing and had to be removed, forcibly, from the set. Common experiences, these, the women neurotics, the stars the victims of neurotics.

But save for the one unpleasant case of the badly confused (to put it mildly) Mrs. Violet Norton, Clark has been free of such as these. And he has been free because no morbid miasma could live and hold up its head in the lusty, gusty presence of Gable. The most neurotic, the most fevered fan, unless completely deranged, would sense that it was no go, that Gable would simply shout with healthy laughter at such capers. For laughter, hearty and debunking, is the most powerful defense a man can employ against the whims of a neurotic woman.

"No," he said, "I've never had any trouble... I've never had to remove any women from my set or home because no one ever tried to break into my sets or into my home. Occasionally when I was at the hotel girls would phone but the girl at the switchboard was a canny kid and she just wouldn't put the calls through unless she knew the party speaking. I never went through the lobby of the hotel when I was going in or out. I always used the elevator and went right down to the basement garage where I kept my car and went up the same way, straight from the garage. So I avoided any of the star-gazers who congregate in public places."

WE CHECKED off the temptations, one by one. I said: "Extravagance? I remember your telling me when we did one of our first interviews that you didn't want a lot of money, wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it, didn't want to dwell in marble halls with a swimming-pool, private golf course, projection room, all the star fixins'. Howsabout it now? Hasn't the super luxury standard of living of Hollywood got you down? Haven't you been tempted to go a taich haywire and splash around with yachts and parties running into the thousands for liquor alone and steam-heated swimming-pools and retinues of servants and gardens that would make the vistas of Versailles look like chicken runs?"

"Nope," said Gable, "I have not. I once told you that there is all the ocean to swim in, a good enough swimming-pool for any man; that I didn't need a yacht when I could ship aboard a lugger any time I felt like it, that I hated big parties and was only comfortable with a very few people and only

when I know them well. That still holds, all of it. But I will say this, if a young man just heading for stardom should ask me what I consider the most dangerous temptation Hollywood has to offer I would tell him to beware of spending his money recklessly.

"Spending money recklessly seems to me to be the outstanding temptation Hollywood has to offer. It's never been any temptation to me but that's no credit to me. It's just the way I'm made, a man who'd be more worried than pleased with all that fol-de-rol. *You do what you want to do* when you're able to do it. I just don't want to do those things, or have them that's all. Gosh, the way some of the stars live . . . ! The palaces they live in, the parties they give . . . do you realize that it must take the income of five million dollars to maintain many of them as they are living now? And there won't be any five million dollars for them to retire on.

"No, ma'am, not me. I live now as I've lived ever since I came to Hollywood. I live on the income of some ten to twelve thousand a year. And that's enough and more than enough for any man. It's more than enough for me. I won't even need that much when I am through with pictures. I won't need as many clothes, for one thing.

"**N**OPE, luxury is no temptation to me. I don't want to be in a spot where I have to borrow money to pay my income tax. I don't want anything I can't buy and *pay cash for*. I don't want anything I don't own, outright. I could buy myself a \$75,000 or \$100,000 home if I wanted one. I don't, but I could have one IF I wanted to put

\$20,000 down as a deposit and let a bank carry the balance. I don't want anything on that basis. No mortgages on anything. What I have I want to own, or not at all. I've leased a small place in the San Fernando Valley now, four and a half acres, a plain comfortable house. I took the place because I got fed up with hotel life and because I wanted a place where I could have my two horses and look after them.

"Now, I get a chance to exercise them every morning, even when I'm working. And I live as simply as possible. I don't have a chauffeur, for instance. What do I need a chauffeur for? I know how to drive a car. And I like to drive a car and I do drive my own car. I don't want a butler. What in hell would I be doing with a butler? I don't want a valet, and I don't have one except when I'm working in a costume picture like *Mutiny* or *Parnell* because then I have to have someone to take care of the fancy duds for me. I wouldn't know what to do with the things. But a valet at home? Not me. I'm able-bodied and healthy and over twenty-one. And if I can't dress myself and shine my own shoes by this time I'll never be able to. I have a cook and a housekeeper on the place and that's all I need, and more.

"**I** HAVE four more years to go on my contract," said Gable then, "and when those four years are over *I am through with pictures*. Maybe they'll be through with me before that time elapses. I still don't believe that a star's popularity is very long-lived. But whether or no, it's quits for me when my contract comes to an end. I'll have enough money then,

barring accidents, to give me the income I need to live on for the rest of my life. And that's *all* I want to have. And if that isn't enough for any man it's too bad about him."

"But if you should marry again?" I asked . . . and Clark answered, "It's still enough."

I said: "but you'll never retire, Clark. Everyone says they will; no one ever has."

"I will," Clark told me, "wait and see. What'll I do then? First I'll travel for two years, maybe three. I'll see all the places I want to see, do all the things I never have time to do now. I've just had a swell six months vacation and never a dull moment. I've only been to the studio twice in the whole six months and this is one of the two times. I was pretty well fagged at first. I'd had a stiff two pictures. We worked until our nerves were ribbons on *Parnell*."

"Then, after that, I went immediately into *Saratoga* and you know what happened on that. That just about did knock me flat. Jean and I sort of began together, you know. We started in together, here at M-G-M, worked together in *The Secret Six* with Wally Beery and Lewis Stone as the stars and with us as very important minor players. We didn't even have our own dressing-rooms then. We wondered whether we would ever get another job after that picture was finished. We made more pictures together than we made with anyone else, I guess. I was awfully fond of Jean. She was always a big kid to me, a kid with a heart as big as all outdoors, generous and swell and real.



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"I felt her passing more than I've ever felt anything . . . so, I needed a rest, a change, a break. I didn't go far away I wanted to go to China on the Clipper. I planned to stay there about three months. But before I got going the war got going and that was that." (I thought, but it wouldn't have been much fun for Carole, to have Clark away for three months.) I spoke my thought and Clark said, "It would have been okay with Carole. She was all for it. She was working. And she's not selfish. She knew that I wanted to go and so she wanted me to go. That's the way she is.

"SO I just stayed around home. I wanted to enjoy myself and I can't enjoy myself unless I can find seclusion somewhere, be out of the public eye, be allowed to forget that I am a 'public character.' I like to be with people who make me feel what I know I am, no different than they are. And I figure that I could get more of this seclusion within a radius of fifty miles of Hollywood than I could get by dashing off to South America or to Egypt or somewhere. So I tucked in, for part of the time, on a huge ranch up in Santa Barbara County.

"If I've got any temptation at all it's to escape into the wilds and be what is elegantly known as 'incognito.' Or more than that, be where it isn't even necessary to be *incog* because nobody gives a damn who you are or where you came from.

"I'd spend whole days up there just lying in the sun. It was never monotonous because that's the kind of a life, the only kind of a life I like and enjoy. If I felt like talking, that was easy. I found new friends among the cowhands, desert prospectors, hitch-hikers, the little country storekeepers who have funds of wisdom bigger and much more valuable than their stocks of goods. I'd come down to Hollywood week-ends to see Carole. When I was down for longer stays I'd go to the bike races, the football games, the fights. That was enough pleasure for me, sister."

I said, then, "Inflated ego? The Swelled Head? I know that you have escaped this malady, everyone knows it, but HOW? What anti-toxins have you used? How did you gain this immunity?"

"THE flattery, applause, recognition, fan letters are for the studio-manufactured article labeled *Clark Gable* instead of *Corned Beef*," laughed Clark, "you know that and so do I. When I first came to Hollywood and tried to get a break in pictures, even extra work, no one would have me. No one gave me a second glance. I'm the same now as I was then except that then I had the advantage of being several years younger. But they couldn't 'see' me—and they *didn't* see me. I remember that. Not bitterly. Hell, no. Just with amusement that ballyhoo can make all the difference, an advertised product draw the eyes of the world to an article, or a person, not one eye has even glanced at before. As for the name in electric lights, that's the letter-head on my business stationery, that's all.

"And up in Eddie Mannix's office here on the lot," grinned Clark, "there's a sign which reads: DON'T LET M-G-M'S SUCCESS GO TO YOUR HEAD! That's the answer. Commit that to memory and take it to heart and your head will fit your hat."

I said, my voice growing weaker as Clark flicked each tasty temptation from his grey tweed shoulder as he might have flicked a buzzing gadfly, "What about the temptation to forget how the 'other half' lives? I mean, the little fellows who hold down twenty-five-dollar-a-week jobs and glad to have

them? Aren't you liable to forget the 'other half'?"

"Not if you've been the 'other half' yourself, sister," Clark said, a bit more seriously. "I've been the other half, don't forget that. I've worked in the well-known oil fields, factories, lumber-camps. And for less than what Hollywood would call a 'living wage' and I lived on it all right, too. I was on the stage for twelve years before I ever came to Hollywood. I had to count my pennies to make them stretch for room-rent and three squares a day. I knew what it was to be 'between jobs.' And I still have friends from those days, fellows who are still living on the twenty-five a week basis. No, I don't forget. I'm the same fellow now that I was then. And I remember, too, how when I'd have successes on the stage I'd be the hail-fellow-well-met, with lots of thumps on the back and greetings of 'well, ole-man-ole-man-ole-man, come and have a drink,' and when I'd have flops I'd still be the same hail-fellow but not well-met at all. They say it's easier to take failure well than it is to take success well. Maybe. But it's also easier to remember failure than it is to remember success. The bite goes deeper."

I SAID, a bit more hopefully, "Wild parties? Night life?"

Clark shook his head. "Nothing doing," he said, "you've never seen me anywhere, have you? Nor ever read of me being seen anywhere, except at the races. I never go to big parties and never give them. I haven't been to a night spot for two years. I never have any fun in those places, so why go to them?"

"But," I said, "Carole must like to go places now and then, to see if not to be seen."

"Nope," said Clark again, "Carole doesn't care for that sort of thing anymore than I do. We never go to the night spots. I think we've been to one night spot twice in the past year or so, that's all. We have a few good friends and we have dinner at one of our houses and play tennis or ping-pong or badminton or something. That's the extent of our social activities. We go to the movies quite a bit, Carole and I. And once or twice she's gone duck hunting with me. She's a good shot, knows how to handle a gun. That about says it all."

"Jealousy, then," I asked, on a dying hope, "competition or the fear of competition? Flare-ups of temperament, the temptation to use your power to make demands?"

"Too busy feeding the horses for any of that," laughed Clark, "any fighting that has to be done I leave to my manager, Phil Berg. And there isn't much of that. There were some arguments, plenty, I guess, over this picture, *Test Pilot*, that Spence and I are making now. But I wouldn't know. I only sat in on one conference. I stay away from conferences as much and as often as I can. As for the jealousy and competition angle, no. There's plenty of room for everybody and, hell, if someone can get the breaks let him get them, he deserves them. When a Bob Taylor or a Jimmy Stewart rises on this lot it's swell for me . . . it means fewer pictures for me to make!"

Well, well, as I was saying, I certainly did not pick a winner to give me the low-down on Hollywood's hectic temptations! And it's all his own fault, too, that he hasn't had any temptations to tell the world about. He's the reason he hasn't gone to his own head; he's the reasons temptations have slunk away, defeated, their tails between their legs. Even a twirpy little temptation knows when it is licked.

Don't Be Afraid of a Broken Heart

[Continued from page 65]

every incident. With what desperation and youth they write 'Finis' to life! My heart was broken—and it would stay broken!

"There would be no mending cement for it!

"I think if I had been a little older, and a little wiser, some of the pain would have been tempered by the certain knowledge that nothing ever goes to waste—neither emotion, nor pain, nor disappointment. That everything contributes to our character and helps in the maturing process.

"A woman can't learn if she insulates herself. It is more true today than it has ever been, that experience is the one great teacher.

"At the moment, when I was baffled and perplexed and distressed by that gnawing pain which refused to go away for so long, I little realized how worthwhile this would prove to be later.

"Shortly after I was signed to my contract at Warner, I was introduced to a man who could easily have influenced my life and career—impaired both, I am certain—if I had not had the memory of three months of tears to guide and caution me.

"It would have been very easy for me to be dazzled by his importance. But now, I could be objective. I could measure him more casually. I said to myself, wait a minute, be cautious; it's easy to fall in love, but awfully hard to get over it. I had a standard set by experience, and now it served an excellent purpose.

"Frequently nothing makes a woman so sane as a remembered insanity. From the vantage point of three years, I realize how much that emotional upheaval has modified and formulated my attitudes.

"I HAVE never, for one moment, regretted that hurt—after the first three months.

"For an actress, an emotional disappointment has peculiar and singular value. I don't believe that it is important for us to live every experience, or to know every emotion which we portray on the screen.

"But the camera is pitiless. It not only photographs your face and your figure; it has an X-ray eye which probes into your spirit. If there is nothing in your character, the camera will ruthlessly reveal it. Not every experience is necessary—but experience of some sort, is!

"And so it is my contention that anything which contributes to insight, to a sympathetic understanding of human ways and human errors, is a priceless contribution to character and to dramatic validity.

"Personally, I think that the modern woman prepares herself better for love and marriage than the girl of older times. We ask a lot of it, and we are willing to give a lot to it. It isn't a matter taken for granted—marriage is no longer the only accepted sphere for a woman. And so it has assumed a significance which it never has had before. At least, that is my impression.

"I sometimes wonder whether the fundamental reason for the many divorces we have today, isn't that we ask much more of our emotional relationships than women have ever before demanded. We are honest with ourselves. We want the best and expect it. We want everything out of love and marriage, or we will take none of it.

"WOMEN are still hurt today, as they've always been, as they always will be. Just because we are more independent doesn't imply a change in our sensibilities or in our makeup.

"But this is certain. Women take their hurts and make something worthwhile out of them. They enrich their lives with the lessons learned from them.

"Now of course, I know that what I called a broken heart three years ago, was nothing of the kind. I was merely going through emotional growing pains. It was a tempering process. I am inclined to think that it has made me a better person—more understanding and more human. And I like to believe that it has helped me as an actress."

There will come a time when love in all its splendor will come to Olivia de Havilland. For she does not isolate herself from real emotions—but does analyze them and separate the real from the dross.

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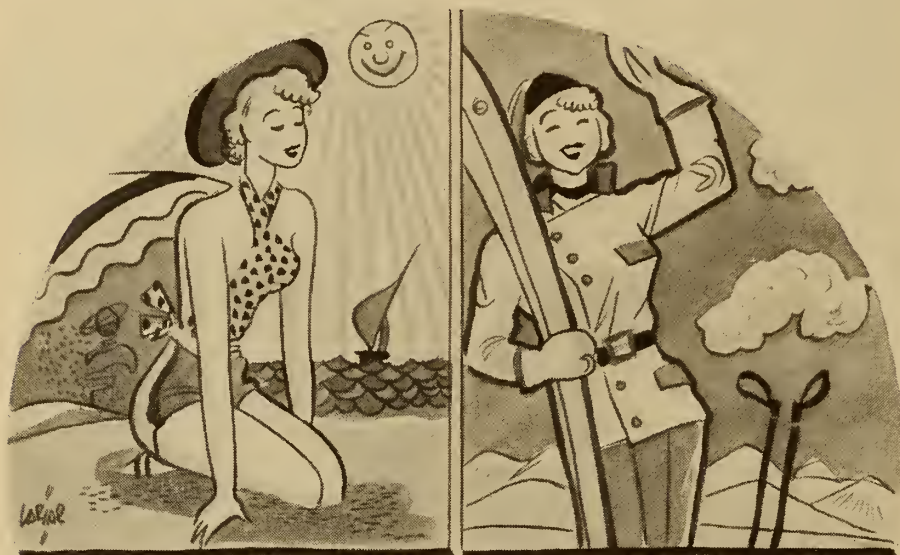
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Face Value

[Continued from page 52]



Whether you go North, or South, or all around the world, a velvety pink lotion protects you from weather—whether fair and warmer, or cold with snow in sight

own voice, she'll begin to notice the voices of other people—including women she hears speaking on the radio. And she can imitate all their little tricks of speaking. We're all really a flock of mocking birds—you'd be surprised how well most people mimic and copy other people's inflections. And it's just as well—for how else would a child learn to talk and do all the things he must in order to get along in this world of ours?

"Of course a pleasant voice isn't all that one needs in order to be charming, though it's importance can't be stressed too much in this day of telephones, radio and public speaking for club women. Most of the impression that a woman makes she makes by dint of her looks—her appeal to the eye of the beholder. And that's where good grooming comes into the picture. That's another obsession of mine," and Miss Swarthout laughed softly.

THE lovely singer thinks that two things go into making a well-groomed appearance. Utter cleanliness—and the knowledge of one's type. Knowing one's own type is pretty much knowing what features to play up, and which to tone down. In Miss Swarthout's case, the hair, eyes and lips are accented, while the rest of her face serves as background for them. "I've always liked to experiment with my hair," she said, "but I'd pretty much decided on a center part with roll curls at the side before I went to Hollywood. When I first went out there they left my hair and make-up alone—but the first tests were more or less flops.

"So then the make-up men and I got together. We fluffed out those side curls, and thinned out my thick eyebrows from underneath to make my eyes look larger. For my first pictures they *straightened* out my pug nose with dark shadows down the length of it, and around the nostrils, and covered me up with grease paint and powder.

Miss Swarthout's hair, like her skin, surely takes a beating in the good old-fashioned way, for she brushes and brushes, night and morning, and then goes at it

again each time she washes her hands, or stops at a mirror to powder her nose, renew her lipstick or put on a hat. The result is certainly worth the work, because there's a gleam in her hair that you don't notice in that of most brunettes.

To accent her lips and make them a fitting frame for her dramatic voice, Miss Swarthout uses a very dark and startling lipstick. She likes one that is fairly indelible, but which has enough creaminess in it to keep her lips soft. She makes her lips still more striking by using no other color except a dark shade of fine powder on her tanned—yes, we said California—face. Tan, Miss Swarthout thinks, is very becoming to most brunettes and grand, too, for the skin—provided, of course, that the skin isn't allowed to become burned or dried out in the process. So the lovely damsels of today will do well to smoothe on a sun tan lotion to induce tan and prevent burning.

Charm must appeal to the sense of smell as well as that of sight and sound, Miss Swarthout believes. The well-groomed woman smells clean as well as looks it—and to the odor of dainty soaps she will surely add a delicate aura of perfume.

"I love perfumes, and use them as much to gratify my *own* sense of smell as my husband's," she said. "I like a flower scent in the tiny bit of oil I pour into my bath, or in the cologne with which I rub myself after the shower.

"The only time I leave off the perfume is when I'm wearing a flower with a scent of its own. I'm very fond of flowers, but prefer a single bloom or a lovely spray to a huge corsage.

If you want to go sophisticated the way Miss Swarthout does, with a dark lipstick, I've found the very thing. It contains just enough of a creamy base to keep your lips from chapping, but not so much that you'll be eating it off all day long. And what's more you'll find that the color will stay with you till you use soap and water to take it off. Comes in a neat gold metal case with fleur-de-lis design and red band

encircling its middle. An equally nice feature of this same line is the powder—their first—that they've just brought out. There's a very dark one that looks well on girls with tanned faces or on dark-skinned brunettes. Best of all is the way the powder and lipstick harmonize. For your convenience, the manufacturer has given the powder the same line number as the lipstick with which it harmonizes. There's no guesswork in choosing either now. The lipstick and powder in matching gold metal box cost a dollar each, and I'd love to give you the name.

No matter whether you're tanning yourself under a tropical sun or skiing down a snow-covered mountain slope, you'll find a true friend in a pink lotion put out by a well-known manufacturer. This creamy liquid prevents windburn and sunburn and soothes any roughness or chap you may have acquired before learning of its existence. The flat flask-like bottle is grand for packing in that small over-night bag you're taking with you on the snow train, and will slip equally easily into your beach bag for use before and after sun bathing. A six ounce bottle costs only a dollar. Write me if you'd like to have the name.

A BOON to all girls who would have their eyes sparkle their brightest is a comparatively new eye lotion. Two drops in the corners of the eyes will chase away the dull, red look which comes from the glare of snowy wastes, of sun-lit beaches, of bright lights or even the printed page of the book you've been reading all day. These two drops will make your eyes clear and white, ready to be set off by your mascara and eye shadow. This refreshing lotion is entirely safe for use in those precious orbs of yours, because it has been made up from the formula of two prominent eye specialists. A handy purse-size bottle complete with dropper-stopper costs only twenty cents. And you can get an attractive "economy size" in blue and white decor for your dressing-table or medicine cabinet at 60 cents. The name is yours for the asking.

For a skin that is as soft and delicate as a southern belle's—even in the frozen north—use fruit juice. Externally as well as internally. A Florida house has a line of the grandest liquids—all made from the oils of tropical sun-ripened fruits, the avocado, papaya, lime and lemon. The avocado oils are especially like those found in our own skins, so the avocado emollient reacts well when smoothed on. The papaya skin toner is a natural aid in refining the pores and aiding the circulation, and the lemon and lime cleansing cream and foundation cream are all that could be asked for to complete the beauty ritual. Since these creams are made from fruits that have lived their lives out under the sun, they give you all the benefits of that sunshine. Liquid and water soluble for quick penetration of the skin, they just can't clog the pores. Each of the four bottles costs about a dollar—and they're worth it. I've tried them and I know! If you're intrigued by them, I'll be glad to send you the name.

Going feminine this season? Want a new hair style, some suggestions for making up that will bring out the deadly female in you? Then send a snapshot of yourself to Denise Caine, c/o MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. She'll be delighted to help you solve your problems. Be sure to enclose a stamped envelope with 3c U. S. postage for her reply.

You Don't Need Beauty to be a Star—

[Continued from page 38]

"What are we going to do about your hair?" they asked her, when she arrived in Hollywood to play the comedy lead opposite Bing Crosby in *Doctor Rhythm*.

"What are you going to do about my hair?" ("I'd heard about these things," she explained, "I'd been warned against these things, and now it looked as if these things were promptly beginning to happen to me").

"It's too severe. We're going to test you with wigs."

"Look, test me with Medusa locks if you like, or test me baldheaded. On this condition. Make one single little test with my own hair just for auld lang syne. To show my grandchildren, when they ask me what I didn't do in the movies."

"Lillie, bewigged, looked ducky but it wasn't me. Then they ran off the last test, without benefit of wig. When the lights went on, my jaw was out and my fists up. 'That's it,' they said, 'the last one.' I made a noise like a gently expiring balloon. 'D'you mean I don't have to fight for my own hair?' 'Fight if you must, but you'll wear your own hair and like it.' Yoicks! I love the movies."

To pin her humor to paper is no easy task. You who have seen her do the rake-hell *grande dame* on the stage don't need to be told that it lies in imponderables. A swish of the skirt, a tilt of the brow, a lift of the hand, an impressive if senseless pause here, a cockeyed intonation there, and Lillie has

you on the floor, weak with mirth and moist-eyed with adoration. What she does and why she does it, she can hardly tell you. One day she twiddled her fingers and said "Puh-leeze!" like a duchess on a bender, and "Puh-leeze, Lady Peel," became the riotous catchword of a whole cross-section of the populace.

"I WAS barely conscious of it till it started bouncing back at me. Then I stopped it. A gag's like a good meal. Best to quit while the dish still holds its savor. I get all my direction from my audience. Out there behind the footlights, things come to you, you get the feel of the crowd, you know how far you can go. If you go too far, you can always draw back and pretend you meant something else."

"That's why I was terrified, my first day on the set. No audience. Nothing but dead silence and the camera. I found myself wrestling with that camera for a laugh. The darned thing stood and stared at me. I knew how important it was, I felt I ought to make friends with it, wheedle it or feed it a chocolate bar or something. Then I thought, no. With all the good will in the world, no camera's going to turn you into a glamour girl, my love, too late, too late. So pull out your own little bag of tricks, and come home with your shield on it."

"In other words, if nature failed to give you the kind of face you'd have given your-

self, go right into comedy. Comedy's so much more tolerant than romance. She won't moon over you, but she's less likely to give you the boot when the frost is on the rosebud, Molly dear. You can go on and on being a comic, God help you, till you dodder into your comical dotage. Not that I ever gazed at myself in the mirror and said, 'Lillie, you're a clown.' Clown? Don't be silly. I was a singer. I sang *The Messiah* and all sorts of bee-yoo-tiful songs. The other came out on me in spots like the mcasles, when I wasn't looking."

These spots began coming out early. Miss Lillie's mother was a concert singer in Toronto, and leader of the church choir. The small Beatrice was required to attend services twice every Sunday. She never thought of rebelling. But one day the minister suggested to her mother that it might be as well to leave the little girl at home. Glancing in the little girl's direction, her mother caught her in the act of dipping her hat over one eye while, with a bored expression, she grandly waved a non-existent fan to and fro. "I don't think I was doing it purposely, what do you think?" murmurs Miss Lillie. "Anyhow. I didn't have to go to church any more."

AT FIFTEEN she crossed the ocean alone to join her mother and sister who had preceded her to England, where the elder girl was studying to be a concert



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pianist. Beatrice, for her part, was going to sing on the stage. That being settled in her own mind, she skipped the formality of seeking counsel or aid. She went to agents, she tried out in auditions, she haunted music halls on amateur night. "I warbled tender ballads like *I Hear You Calling Me*. Nobody cared. One night I sang Irving Berlin's *At The Devil's Ball*, with two little horns tucked over my temples, very subtle.

"They gave me what's known in this country as the razz, only your razz compared with the British is as a summer breeze to a typhoon. They're artists at it. They whistled, they hissed, they stamped and clapped in rhythm, they whooped me down. Symmetrical features wouldn't have helped at that point. They were too far away to be impressed with detail. What kept me going was bravado. I was crushed, but was I mad! I whipped off my horns and tail, and came forth in a frock, girlish and demure."

Her clear voice conveyed no hint of either fear or anger—the faintest touch of scorn, perhaps, in the opening words: "For your possible approval, I will now sing Irving Berlin's latest song success, *When I Lost You*."

For some reason they liked it. Derision turned to friendliness, catcalls to cheers. "And I learned my first lesson in handling a crowd. But it netted me nothing more tangible."

SHE began to grow a little dispirited. Dispiritedness with her, however, didn't pull a long face. It looked around for something to cheer it up. She heard of an audition being held for Charlot's Revue. "Nuts to this," she thought. "We won't get the job, anyway, so let's have fun." She combed out what she describes as her "dinky little curls" and for the first time put her hair up. She borrowed a slinky long evening dress. She swished out on the platform and announced languidly: "I will now give an imitation of myself imitating Miss Ethel Levey imitating Lady Macbeth."

"I got the job because I didn't expect to, and therefore didn't give a hang. They actually engaged me, though Mr. Charlot himself wasn't there. Then I had to perform for him, and I was petrified. I couldn't recover the mood tra-la-la. What made it worse was that I'd got myself into a little number with the skirt up to there." She whacked her leg above the knee. "Chic, I called it, but mother came in and called it rude, yanked it over my protesting head and lengthened it down to there. Which started me off on the wrong foot, or had we better say leg?"

"In any case, Mr. Charlot remained unimpressed and with ample cause. Maybe that's the time the eyes of a doe or the throat of a swan would have helped, who can tell? He might have put me into an animal act. However, the contract being signed and sealed, there was nothing he could do, poor dear, but send me off to the provinces and pray. The prayers or something were effective because when he finally put me into a London show, I proved, to the general amazement, a hit. It was wartime, there were no young men about, so they toggled me out in boys' clothes. I was practically Marlene Dietrich, just the face was different."

SHE sang *I Wanna Go Back to the Farm*, and retired to her dressing-room, whence she was dragged a few moments later by an agitated manager who shoved her out on the stage again because the audience refused to listen to the next number. They wanted Lillie. They still wanted her after her second withdrawal. When she

came out the third time, a moustache adorned her upper lip. The house rocked. It was a big night. She felt particularly pleased with herself over the inspired touch of the moustache. That was all her own. Mr. Charlot would love her for that. She felt a gentle glow at the prospect of his approval. Till, passing the callboard, her eyes were drawn to a newly tacked notice which read: "Miss Lillie fined five shillings for trying to be funny."

Which kept her subdued more or less till the last night of the show—always a high-spirited occasion in a London theatre, when the bars are let down and almost anything goes. "I decided I'd be in every number. Just how I arrived at that decision I couldn't tell you. It was less a decision than a compulsion. Must have been these spots I mentioned a while ago. Having been forced under for so long, they now popped out and refused to take no for an answer. Anyway, it was the last night. So what could I lose?"

SO SHE wove herself in and out of the evening. Coming from nowhere, she startled the leading man with a bright tap on the shoulder. "Pardon me, but you're wanted on the gramophone." She shadowed the heavy, aping his gait and style and, on being discovered, simpered: "I don't love anyone but my daddy." The final ensemble was a song number called *Have You Seen the Ducks Go By, Quack, Quack?* A row of pretty girls paraded behind a fence and at each quack, quack, stuck their heads through. Their number was abruptly increased by a swaggering duck in a cowboy's ten-gallon hat, its face as it peered through the slats a blend of wonder and impudence, its quack wandering from high C to low A and taking in all the points between. The number had always stirred admiration, never the wild applause it won that night.

To her dressing-room, jammed with congratulatory friends, came a boy. "Mr. Charlot wants to see you, please, Miss Lillie."

"Into each little life some rain must drip," she murmured. "Goodby, all. I've had such a nice time. Yet never let it be said that a Lillie flinched before the guillotine."

"So you think you're funny," said Charlot.

She felt tentatively of her throat. "Not at the moment."

"Well, I do. So you're going to be a low comic in the next show."

Thus did Bea Lillie enter into her heritage, to the joy and profit of those on both sides of the footlights. The record of her triumphs would read monotonously. In New York she is cherished as dearly as in London. During the American run of the first Charlot Revue, George Kaufman, looking like a man hit by a comet, used to stalk Broadway, accosting all comers. "Have you seen the Charlot Revue? No? Well, it's compulsory."

Never once has her star shown any sign of waning. Happily married to Sir Robert Peel, her marriage interrupted her career only when their son was born, the son who is now a sixteen-year-old at Harrow, and ranking baronet since his father died.

The years, which wither surface beauty, have brought her gift of laughter to richer flower. Now Hollywood has her. To people who ask whether she likes the movies, she says: "I'll tell you when the picture's released." To people who ask whether the movies will like her, I say: "If they don't, it's their loss. She can go on and on in the theatre till she doddles into her worshiped dotage. The movies can comb the four corners of the earth without finding her match."

Glorify Your Canned Vegetables!

[Continued from page 54]

The canner has taken more pains than you may realize to pick, pack and process field-fresh vegetables for your convenience, economy and variety. He sends a perfect food packet to your kitchen table. What do you do to bring it to your dining table?

All canned vegetables are packed with some moisture or liquor. Do you throw this away, down the sink, or do you wisely save it for broth or soups, or use it as sauce for the vegetable itself? This liquid in the canned vegetable pack contains valuable health minerals and vitamins—your sink doesn't need them, but your children do! For example, don't throw away the juice from a can of beets, but combine with cream into a plate of deliciously flavored soup. Or, drop a bouillon cube into the liquor from a can of asparagus and you have another invigorating cup of broth. Or, keep the liquor, add salt, pepper and a dash of Worcestershire sauce and lo, you have a pepful health cocktail.

MY SECOND point: use canned vegetables just as you would fresh, in combination with other ingredients and with many cooking methods. When fresh vegetables are in season you doubtless boil some, but also bake or pan-fry others. These methods add flavor, interest and variety to the vegetable itself. Thus carrots in a cream sauce, or pan-sautéed with butter (the French call this Carrots Vichy), or tomatoes cooked with minced onion and celery and pepper

are something you may commonly prepare from fresh garden truck vegetables. So why not give the same treatment to your canned vegetables? Need a can of tomatoes, for example, always taste the same old way? Not at all, as the following recipe clearly reveals:

TOMATO CURRY

- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 tablespoon minced celery
- 1 No. 3 can tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon curry powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- Paprika, pepper
- ¾ cup cream
- 6 small toast rounds
- ½ cup grated cheese

Melt butter, add onion and celery, and cook 3 minutes. Add tomatoes and heat. Blend flour, curry, salt and pepper, and add. Cook until mixture thickens slightly. Add cream. Pour mixture into oblong or wide greased glass casserole. Cover with toast rounds, toasted side up. Sprinkle with cheese. Brown in hot oven. (Or may be served immediately instead on hot buttered toast slices.) (Serves 6.)

CORN is another familiar canned vegetable, but how often is it used in only a warmed over fashion, straight from the can? There are moreover many types of canned corn: the whole ear corn, so natural in flavor as to almost delude one into believing it to be freshly picked; whole kernels or niblets; and cream style corn in which the creamy contents are also scraped from the cob. The whole kernel corn is most excellent as a filling for baked peppers or tomatoes, etc., while the creamy style is suitable for the many delectable corn puddings so loved by the whole family. Peppers are in season most of the year and make an economical family dish. Try this one some night this week:

CORN STUFFED PEPPERS

- 6 large sweet green peppers
- 1 can (2 cups) corn
- ½ cup thin white sauce
- 4 tablespoons tomato catsup
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons onion juice
- Butter
- Cracker meal
- Grated cheese

Cut tops off peppers and remove seeds and membranes. Put peppers and top slices in water, and boil 5 minutes. Mince cooked tops and add to corn, together with white sauce, catsup, sugar

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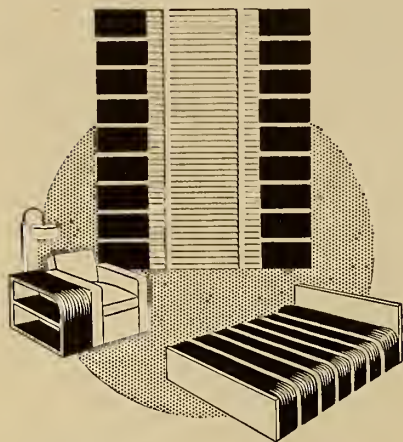
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and onion juice, and mix thoroughly. Pack into drained pepper cases. Dot tops with butter, sprinkle with cracker meal and grated cheese. Bake until brown on top, hot oven (425°F). (Serves 6.)

TO MANY, canned asparagus is a deluxe vegetable and one to be used exclusively as a cold salad. But a can of asparagus tips may be extended by an interesting cheese sauce and breadcrumbs, baked a few moments until the crumbs brown, and in this composite form offer a hot delicious entree dish, quite sufficient for any meal if flanked by a salad and a substantial dessert. Another tempting suggestion makes a whole custard or soufflé type dish from eggs and asparagus, and this recipe is included in the free leaflet we trust you will send for.

On a busy day, one seldom has time for prolonged cooking, but still "one must eat." So why not take advantage of canned vegetables to admirably and promptly fill the bill, as in this commonsense pick-up lunch:

HOLE-IN-ONE LUNCHEON

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- Salt, pepper
- 2 cups rich milk
- 1 can string beans
- 1 cup boiled potatoes, diced
- 4 large slices thin boiled ham
- Minced parsley

Melt butter, add flour, blend and add seasonings together with milk. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy, cooking 3 minutes. Add drained beans and diced potatoes, and heat. Arrange ham slices (cold or pan fried) in center of individual plates. Heap creamed mixture on ham. Sprinkle with parsley, and serve immediately. (Serves 4.)

IN ADDITION to these familiar staple vegetables, how many of us ever note and try some of the other less usual canned varieties? Sauerkraut, of course, is well known to many households who find in its pre-cooked hearty cabbage dish the basis of many filling sausage and frankfurter specialties. But Brussels sprouts, little brothers to cabbage, are less well known and used. Heated in their own liquor, with butter added, a douse of cream and a sprinkle of curry, these become ideal accompaniments to steak or other light broiled meats.

Southern vegetables like okra, loved by the creole, are seen but a short span in northern markets, but in canned form they are available the year round. Try putting together some time a can of tomatoes and a can of okra—your family should appreciate it. Artichokes are a bit "fancy" but a can goes a long way when they are used in salads, or hot and buttered with cheese sprinkle, au gratin.

Much has been done lately with lima beans, butter beans, and that Indian mixup known as "succotash." These are good straight from the can, but still better when swathed in a thin cream gravy dotted over with minced pimiento; or quick-baked with a half dozen strips of bacon reclining on top. For an easy no-cook starch accompaniment to the informal meal, there is nothing better. And speaking of beans (and of course don't forget that "Boston Knows Best") the red kidney bean packs are getting better and more tasty every year. If you haven't been ordering some of these different beans, the near future's the time to start! In the set of free special recipes there's an

unusual corn biscuit and an interesting pie containing canned corned beef and tomatoes, which you mustn't miss.

SOME distinguished foreigner said (it is whispered) that the national emblem of America is **WHITE SAUCE**! Certainly this so common sauce is often served where it does not belong and where it could be made to better standards. But on many canned vegetables it is still the best and most popular sauce. So for the benefit of some who do not know their sauces, here are a few jottings on the subject:

White Sauce (for Vegetables)

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Grains pepper or paprika

Melt butter in sauce pan, add flour and stir until well blended. Pour on milk gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to scald and cook, over hot water, 5 minutes.

King Sauce

To White Sauce add:

- 1 tablespoon minced green pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced pimiento
- 1 hard egg, chopped
- 4 stuffed olives, chopped

Egg Sauce

To White Sauce add:

- 4 hard eggs, cut in ¼ inch slices

Onion Sauce

To White Sauce add:

- 1 Bermuda onion, minced fine, cooked with butter 3 minutes

Lemon Butter Sauce

- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ¼ cup butter

Cream butter and slowly add lemon juice.

Once you start this good idea of giving the canned vegetable a square deal (and yourself too, of course) you will be able to say, quoting the poem, "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" Canned vegetables will aid you bridge the gap between seasons.

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Even His Best Friends Don't Know Him

[Continued from page 27]

man had gone by, the phony smile vanished instantly. It was just one of an actor's prop smiles, you see.

Well, since that visit, I've been asking questions, and learning things. I've found that Bill is so changed that his most intimate friends—Warner Baxter and Ronnie Colman—are worried about him. I've learned that Bill had so little heart for returning to work that the beginning of this picture had to be postponed for days, until he could catch the mood. I've learned, from his own lips, that he has changed his whole attitude toward Hollywood and its works. I've found that there is a new Bill Powell today.

When I was assigned this story, the editor wrote me, "It's a cinch that Powell won't go along now as he has in the past—rooted so long to Hollywood soil and Hollywoodisms—without making a change to new scenes and ideas, etc. He rates a story—a story on The New Bill Powell." The editor was right. And here's the story.

MOST of you know, thanks to the amazing machinery of news and publicity that uncovers everything in Hollywood, that the first thing Bill Powell did when he came back to Hollywood was to go straight from the train to the crypt where rest the remains of Jean Harlow. For the greater part of an hour, Bill stayed there. The columnists, news-chatterers and radio-gossipers made the most of the item—and then

went on to other Hollywood personalitattletalking.

And so most of you don't know the story and the developments that followed that sensational train-to-crypt move of Bill Powell's. You don't know that Bill, now suddenly stricken anew by grief as he again moved in the scenes where he and Jean Harlow had lived and loved and laughed, suddenly became a problem to his studio and his friends . . .

It's not so hard to understand what may have led, for instance, to Bill's day-after-day refusal to turn up at the studio to begin shooting on this picture. You see, with that bitterly cruel disregard Hollywood can show for real emotion while it sells synthetic emotion, the original working title of the picture in which Powell was to co-star with 20th-Fox's European importation Anna-bella, was *Jean!* And the name of the girl with whom, in the script, he fell in love, was *Jean* . . . ! Imagine what must have gone on in Powell's heart as he tried to study and learn lines of love to speak to an utter stranger on whom that name had been hung for box-office value—the while he mourned at the crypt of the real Jean he still loved?

No wonder they couldn't find Bill when they wanted him to come to work. No wonder they couldn't contact him when interviewers and others sought him on business. Day after day, they postponed the starting date of the picture. Day after day,

they were advised that Powell wasn't ready yet. So worried they were, finally, that unbeknownst to Hollywood, they were readying Warner Baxter to play the role.

Meantime, Baxter, himself, and Colman—the two closest friends Powell has in Hollywood—were worrying about Bill, too. Not, like the studio, for business reasons, but out of love for their friend. "He just can't seem to pull himself back to work," one of them told a studio official, discussing Bill. "He doesn't seem to have the heart for it."

BY NOW, the shock of the titling of the picture and the naming of the girl in it had penetrated even Hollywood's skin. Orders went out that the title *Jean* be stricken out, and the picture re-named *The Baroness and the Butler*. The name of the girl was changed from *Jean* to *Josephine*, or something like that, for the time being. Orders went out, too, that no one was to speak to Powell, in publicity interviews, about Jean Harlow. As a matter of fact, these orders were superfluous. Those who knew and liked Bill Powell would never have mentioned Jean. Those who didn't know any better soon learned, from Bill's response to mention of her name, that they'd gone much further than making a mere error in judgment. Bill's fists clenched, his jaw tightened, his stare became icy, he turned and walked away.

[Continued on page 88]

GIRL ON OATH TELLS HER SECRET OF GAINING WEIGHT

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Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Sworn to before me

Donald M. McCready, Notary Public

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vita-

min B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. Now you get these exact missing elements in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

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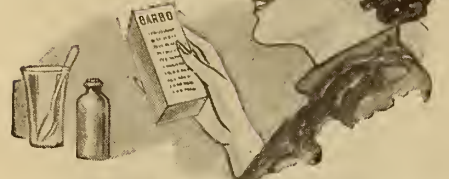
Miss Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public McCready

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"I Ran Away with My Husband" Bette Davis

[Continued from page 21]

she has had made at home and sent over to the studio, and says, "Well—before I let some other woman run away with my husband, I'd try running away with him, myself."

And, with that, you discover that you've started something. The girl has strong ideas on the subject. She forgets her salad completely as she expands on this business of running away with your own husband.

"Why not?" she demands, leaning toward you challengingly. "If more wives did run away with their husbands, and more husbands ran away with their wives, they wouldn't even think of getting divorces—so that they could run away with somebody else."

"I read some statistics on divorce the other day that floored me. Do you know how many marriages end in divorce today? One out of every six. Not in Hollywood. In the entire United States."

"People are too ready, nowadays, to give up their marriages at the drop of a brusque word. If it looks for two days running as if they aren't 'getting along,' they put in a hurry call for lawyers. They think they are being terribly modern and frank, 'admitting their mistake.' Actually, half the time, they're being only shallow and selfish; all they're admitting is that they don't know what love is. That is terribly applicable, here, in Hollywood. People go into marriage with the idea that if any arguments come up—well, it's easy enough to get a divorce."

"So many people—girls, particularly—go into marriage with the idea that life is going to change completely as soon as they say 'I do.' They are going to live happily ever after, because people love them and have promised to dedicate their lives to making them happy. Life is going to be all roses and no thorns. All sweetness and light, no sour notes or clouds."

BETTE grimaces her opinion of that particular mental approach to marriage.

"I can think of middle-aged couples in my home-town who still are married after twenty-five or thirty years—because they started out in an age when divorce wasn't countenanced. They had their difficulties and misunderstandings, too. But they had to find ways to overcome them; they had to make sacrifices to each other; they had to make marriage work. And they are happier now because of it. Happier, certainly, than countless divorced people I know."

"Look at some of these so-called marriages today. They're over in five weeks, or three months, or a year or two. You wonder why these people ever bother to get married in the first place. They obviously aren't looking for partners or aren't prepared to be partners. All they want is perpetual playmates."

"Not that I think anyone should approach marriage with the attitude of a martyr, all set to sacrifice one's self on the altar of the other's happiness. I emphatically *don't* think that. I think anyone is entitled to as much individuality after marriage as before. But I do think this: Anybody should be willing to give love as much of a chance after marriage as before."

"And that brings me right back to the importance of running away with your husband..."

"I know a young couple, both grand people, who had been married about two

years and weren't getting along too well. They were 'getting on each other's nerves.' They were having petty little quarrels over nothing at all. To avoid quarrels, they were beginning to avoid each other. They were spending more and more time apart. The wife was even beginning to become interested in another man."

"But this girl is one of those fundamentally decent people who can't be happy if they're going to hurt others in the process. She's sensitive, intelligent, honest with herself. One night, lying awake, thinking about all this, she asked herself: 'Am I in love with this other man, or not? I thought I was in love when I married. I was sure I was, or I wouldn't have married. But what's happened to our love? What have we lost that we once had? Could we recapture it, if we tried? ...'

"She didn't say anything to her husband the next morning, about her thoughts of the night before. But she did say to him, 'How about our going away on a little trip somewhere? Let's get a change of scene, have ourselves a vacation. We haven't had a real trip since our honeymoon.'"

"The idea appealed to him. They set out. They didn't know, one day, where they'd be the next. They were gone about two weeks. They had a grand time. They came back happier than they had ever been. And their happiness is lasting. They keep on going on sudden little trips together. And those trips are helping it to last."

"They had the time on that trip, you see, to rediscover each other. Time to reminisce about when they had first known each other, their emotions then, the thoughts they had had, the things they had done. They kept seeing new things, kept having new things to talk about, new experiences to share. They recaptured some of that carefree irresponsibility they had had when they were first going together. His business worries, and her household cares, were suddenly unimportant."

"In short, they fell in love all over again. She hasn't looked at another man since. He hasn't looked at another girl."

"OF COURSE, that's going to an extreme—running away with your husband so that you won't run away with some other man. But the idea of running away with your husband, or your wife, just for the sake of having carefree fun together again, has possibilities for any marriage. Even the happiest."

"We all are apt to take each other for granted after a while. Too, we get tangled up in the details of everyday life. Silly little things weigh us down. If a wife has a job, she brings it home with her, just as her husband brings his home. It's practically impossible, if you're conscientious about your work, to forget it when the day is over. And if you're a housewife, you're so busy most of the time, doing housework, that you get all messed up in *that*. We attach more importance to our separate day-to-day worries than we should. We all need occasional escapes."

"Some people 'escape' by going out every night in the week. But that's just as bad as never going out at all, which is terrible. There's such a thing as going out so much that you forget that it might be possible to have a good time at home, just the two of you, reading or talking or listening to good

[Continued on page 86]

Who's Whose In Hollywood

[Continued from page 68]

since September 4, 1937, when she finally said "Yes" to patient, persistent Tony Martin.

FAZENDA, LOUISE—Married ten years last Thanksgiving to producer Hal Wallis. Son born April, 1933.

FIELD, VIRGINIA—The newest "most-dated girl in Hollywood."

FIELDS, W. C.—Unhappily married once, and only once. Under pressure, he has also admitted to a grown son.

FLYNN, ERROL—Despite their battles—or, perhaps, because of them—Errol and Lili Damita still like matrimony, after two years. Gossipers have them calling it "quits" every other day.

FONDA, HENRY—Married Margaret Sullivan when both were unknown. Divorced in 1933. During trip abroad, Summer 1936, met and married Frances Brokaw, pretty socialite widow. Child born December 1937.

FONTAINE, JOAN—At 20, intent on career, discouraging willing suitors.

FORAN, DICK—Married Ruth Piper Hollingsworth, socialite divorcee, secretly in Mexico June 6, 1937. Now blessed-eventing.

FORBES, RALPH—After 3-week courtship, eloped to Yuma with Heather Angel, August 29, 1934. Previously wed to Ruth Chatterton—for eight years.

FOSTER, PRESTON—Married for years to schoolboy sweetheart, Gertrude Warren.

FRANCIS, KAY—No. 1: Dwight Francis (div.). No. 2: William Gaston (div.). No. 3 Kenneth MacKenna (div. 1934.). The leading candidate for No. 4 (if they aren't already secretly married) is writer Delmar Daves.

FURNESS, BETTY—Stepped to the altar with Johnny Green, orchestra leader, November 26, 1937. Her first trip, his second.

GAL, FRANCISKA—In 1934 became the Budapest bride of Dr. Francis Dajkovich. He is in Hollywood with her.

GABLE, CLARK—He learned about acting from his first wife, Josephine Dillon, now, Hollywood's best-known dramatic coach. Soon after breaks came his way, married Ria Langham, wealthy divorcee with two children. They separated in 1935, are not yet divorced. When free, expected to marry Carole Lombard.

GARBO, GRETA—Once started to elope with John Gilbert, but changed her mind on the way. Has denied all romance rumors since, including the newest (Stokowski) one.

GARGAN, WILLIAM—Married since his Brooklyn days to Mary Kenny.

GAYNOR, JANET—Disappointed millions of moviegoers by not marrying Charles Farrell. On September 11, 1929, married Lydell Peck, San Francisco lawyer, instead. Divorced, April 7, 1933. Now the constant companion of Tyrone Power—and it looks serious.

GEORGE, GLADYS—Ex-husbands: Ben Erway and Edward Fowler. Present husband: Leonard Penn, who has given up factory management for acting, to be with her.

GLEASON, JAMES—Married to the same woman—Lucille Webster—since August 1906. It's a Hollywood record. They have one son, Russell.

GLEASON, RUSSELL—Engaged to Cynthia Howard, society girl, November, 1937.

GODDARD, PAULETTE—Divorced from E. J. Goddard, wealthy lumberman, in 1932. Reported secretly married to Charlie Chaplin for past three years.

GRABLE, BETTY—See Jackie Coogan.

GRAHAME, MARGOT—Before Hollywood married Francis Lister, English actor. Have seen each other seldom since, but are not divorced—yet.

GRANT, CARY—Strenuously a bachelor since his 1935 divorce from Virginia Cherrill (they were wed a year). Now serious again—about Phyllis Brooks.

GRAVET, FERNAND—Has a pretty wife—Jean Renouard, French actress.

GURIE, SIGRID—So beautiful, but oh, so retiring. Romance rumors haven't touched her yet. Denies any pre-Hollywood marriage.

HALEY, JACK—Even his vaudeville partner, Florence McFadden, liked his sense of humor. She married him. They have two children.

HALL, JON—Playing the field till he gets acquainted.

HAMILTON, NEIL—Once took full-page ad in Hollywood paper to deny divorce rumors about self and Elsa Whitmer. Married about 15 years, and a father.

HARDING, ANN—Married actor Harry Bannister in 1926. Daughter Jane born in 1929. Divorced May, 1932, because of unhappiness over public calling Bannister "Mr. Ann Harding." Married Werner Janssen, world-famous orchestra conductor, in London, January 17, 1937. Has been "Mrs. Janssen" since.

HARDY, OLIVER—Tentatively divorced by Myrtle Lee, 1933. He divorced her May, 1937, following one near-divorce, one reconciliation and a separate maintenance suit.

HAYWARD, LOUIS—Still courting Ida Lupino, as he has been for two years.

HENIE, SONJA—Those romance rumors (with Tyrone Power, Cesar Romero, James Stewart, et al) have been just publicity. There's somebody in Norway. His name is Carl Carlson, insiders say.

HEPBURN, KATHARINE—Long denied having a husband. Then divorced Ludlow Smith of New York "400," May 8, 1934. Since then has looked at only one man twice—ace aviator Howard Hughes. A romance is suspected.

HERBERT, HUGH—He woo-wooded and won Rose Epstein, 'way back in 1916.

HERSHOLT, JEAN—Nearly 25 years ago, in Montreal, married Via Anderson. Like his great friend, Dr. Dafeo, has a grown son named Allan.

HERVEY, IRENE—Her first husband's name was Fenderson. Had a daughter, Gail, legally adopted by her second husband, Allan Jones. They were married July 26, 1936. Nursery first occupied December, 1937.

HILLIARD, HARRIET—Married briefly and unhappily, very young. Happy since late 1935, when she married Ozzie Nelson, orchestra leader, on eve of movie contract. After first picture, gave up career for year to have a baby.

HOLDEN, GLORIA—Married H. C. Winston, theatrical man, in 1932. Divorced, late 1937.

HOLM, ELEANOR—Became Mrs. Arthur Jarrett in 1933. Surprised him November 11, 1937, by announcing she and Billy Rose (husband of Fanny Brice) would marry as soon as both achieved divorces. Jarret sued her for divorce month later.

HOLT, JACK—Divorced from Margaret Wood in 1933. Father of Tim Holt.

HOMOLKA, OSCAR—When starring in Berlin, married German stage star, Greta Mosheim. Clash of temperaments soon drove them to divorce.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM—First married to Brandon Peters. Then to writer Austin Parker, whose divorce was one of Hollywood's friendliest. Adopted baby, Michael, May 4, 1932. Eloped to Yuma with Director Anatole Litvak, September 4, 1937. They plan to live in separate houses on same estate.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT—The perennial bachelor.

HOVICK, LOUISE—Twice married to Robert Mizzy, manufacturer, Summer 1937—first in water taxi, then on land. Honeymooned in trailer.

HOWARD, JOHN—Still eligible. Current interest: newcomer Kay Griffith.

HOWARD, LESLIE—During a World War leave married Ruth Evelyn Martin. They have a son Ronald, a daughter Leslie.

HUDSON, ROCHELLE—Still collecting proposals.

HULL, WARREN—First revealed publicly, late in 1936, that he had not only a wife, but three sons. And his fan mail promptly tripled.

HUME, BENITA—Married briefly, some years ago, to one Eric Siepmann. Often rumored romantic since. Popular with Ronald Colman.

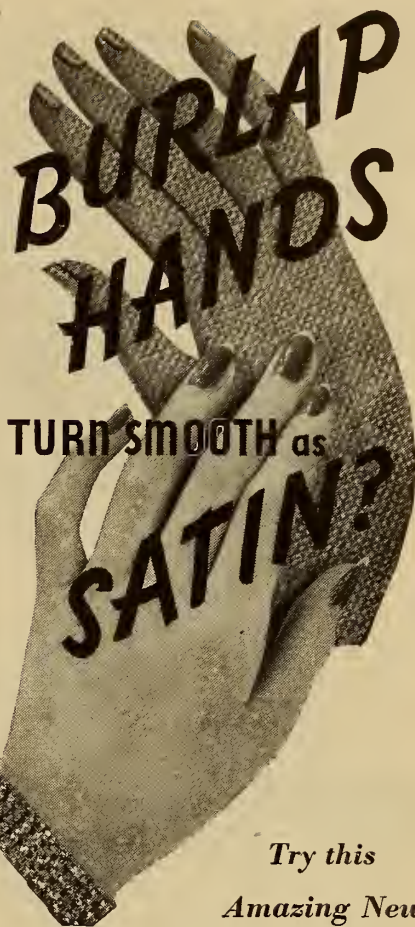
HUNT, MARSHA—It's a romance between Marsha and Jerry Hopper, film cutter.

HUNTER, IAN—Married Casha Pringle, English actress, in 1932. Children; Jolyon George and Robin Fan.

HUSTON, WALTER—Twice married and divorced before marriage to actress Nan Sunderland in November, 1931. Has a writer-son, John.

HUTCHINSON, JOSEPHINE—Her married name now is Mrs. James Townsend. In her early stage days it was Mrs. Robert Bell.

Next month's installment picks up those stars whose surnames begin with the letter "I"—and concludes with the letter "Z." You'll be surprised over what these romantic and marital statistics reveal. So don't fail to get next month's copy of **MOTION PICTURE**—and learn the complete lowdown.



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In Their Parents' Footsteps

[Continued from page 31]

and Constance Bennett, with Bonita Granville. He is 19, 6 feet two inches tall, with curly brown hair and almond-shaped blue eyes. He read Tim's message and smiled. "Culver was a tough place all right, but it was swell!" he said. "They give you some real arm training there. I'm a 2nd lieutenant in the reserve."

He told us he shares an office with two other fellows and lives on his salary.

As for Bonita Granville. We'll never forget her amazing performance in *These Three*. We thought a girl would naturally have some vicious streak in her to play a role like that so realistically. But instead she captivates everyone with her smile, graciousness and intelligence.

She wore slacks and a light blue sweater, black shoes and short white socks, and had a pink kerchief at her throat. She has golden brown hair, and a sensitive, eager personality shines through her blue eyes. She is five feet tall and weighs 93 lbs.

"I came out to California when I was seven years old," she said. "My dad was in pictures at the time." Bernard Granville, musical comedy star, of Ziegfeld Follies and Winter Garden fame, who died about a year ago. "I first played in a short, in 1931, called *Hollywood Kids*. Then I was Ann Harding's daughter in *The Life of Vergie Winters*. I had small parts in several pictures before *These Three*, *Silver Dollar*, *Cavalcade*, *Ah, Wilderness*. My biggest part up to now is in Warner's *Girl on Probation*, where I also played in *Call it a Day*. I am now under contract to Hal Roach. I like my part in *Merrily We Live* very much. It's one of those crazy family pictures. I'm not really mean this time. Just fresh and a little spoiled. I don't want to be typed as a brat. People would think I couldn't do anything else. So many of them think I'm mean in real life, too. I get some awful letters. One man sent me a Bible and asked me to read a chapter a day for the salvation of my soul. Can you imagine that?"

SHE grew up in a theatrical environment. "I wanted to be a great actress ever since I was that high. I took a bow with my father when I was three years old. The theatre is the only thing I know. Lots of people say I have inherited my father's talent. That must be it." She smiled.

"Do you feel you have missed anything other children naturally enjoy?" we asked her.

"Many people have asked me that. I can't of course do everything other girls do, but I don't think I have missed anything. I don't associate with picture people. I'm always with my mother. I don't go out very much. People always recognize you, and you sometimes run into crazy people. I go to parties, though, when I'm not working. I've been to a few very nice dances. But when I'm working, I'm dead tired in the evenings, and all I can do is to eat my dinner and go to bed."

At 14, Bonita is a high-school senior, and her teacher told us she is an outstanding student. Most movie children, she said, try to get by, but not Bonita. She is particularly good in languages—English, French and Spanish, and intends to do college work while working in the studios. Her hobby is designing clothes. "I design some of the clothes in my pictures," Bonita informed us. "I hope when I get a little older I'll design a lot more." She usually wears sweaters, slacks or skirts, but she has tailored clothes

and a fur coat, and can dress very smartly when the occasion demands.

At this moment her mother came in, the former Rosina Timponi, a specialty dancer in musical comedies before her marriage. Bonita must have taken after her English father, for her mother is of French-Italian descent and is black-haired. Mrs. Granville is a nice, quiet woman, devoid of all theatricality. Bonita is an only child, and, as she explained, her name means "beautiful" in Spanish.

"But I don't think she is beautiful," the mother said, looking at her fondly. "She is a good little girl, though." But take our word for it, Bonita is a decidedly attractive girl. The screen doesn't show her fine coloring. Of course, the mother is very proud of her talented daughter, and volunteered the information that acting comes naturally to her, that she reads her lines twice, and then knows them by heart.

LEATRICE JOY GILBERT, 13, is the daughter of two famous screen stars. She is making her bow as a young cinematress in M-G-M's *Benefits Forgot*, with Walter Huston and Beulah Bondi. She came to the press department of the studio with her mother and brown dachshund for her first magazine interview. Leatrice Joy is still an extremely beautiful woman and to all appearances, happy. She is now the wife of a Los Angeles business man.

Here is another young girl who impressed us by her charm and mental brilliance. She wore black shoes, and short white socks, like Bonita, a reddish skirt and a gray coat, with a white scarf at her neck. Her slim legs are brown, and she is dark like her mother and father. There is the same restless fire in her eyes that characterized the late great lover of the screen.

She is James Stewart's boyhood sweetheart in *Benefits Forgot* and said it was "a lot of fun."

"She has been acting all her life," her mother said. "She has always enjoyed being someone else. I have always been proud of the acting profession, it has some of the grandest people in the world, and have encouraged her to the best of my ability."

"I wanted to be an actress ever since I saw my mammy in *The Blue Danube*," young Miss Gilbert said.

She is in the 8th grade, at the fashionable Berkeley Hall in Beverly Hills. She likes roller-skating, swimming, horesback-riding, and tennis. But she has serious literary ambitions, and her real hobby is collecting rare books and first editions. "When you are an only child," she explained, "you don't have much company. I love books. I haven't got many. . . ."

SHE believes her name helped her get into pictures. Clarence Brown, Bob Leonard, Johnny Arnold and the gang at M-G-M who knew her father, all gave her a helping hand. Another staunch worker on her behalf has been Rod LaRoeque. "But now that I am in," she said smiling, "I must get along on my own." At this writing, she is being seriously considered for a nice part in *National Velvet*.

She is devoted to her mother. "They say actresses don't make good mothers," she said, while her mother smiled. "But I have the most wonderful mother in the world. She is definitely a duck. Oh, that's quite a pet

name, it's a compliment!" She kissed her. We hesitated to mention her father, with whom once we flourished plumed hats before Garbo in *Queen Christina*, but she spoke about him freely.

"I loved my daddy so," she mused. "One day, when I was eight years old, I wrote some fan letters to motion picture people I admired. I wrote one to Norma Shearer, and I decided to send a letter to my daddy, too. I wrote on the envelope, 'Very important and personal.' He wrote back right away, and on the envelope were the words, 'Very important and personal.' He said in his letter that he had always hoped I would want to see him. We corresponded from then on, and one day I went to visit him. He gave me a teddy bear and a beautiful collie, which died.

"Once I went to see him on Christmas day," she continued. "And I coaxed him to drive home with me. He didn't want to, but finally consented. When we got home, I said, 'Daddy, won't you come in and see our Christmas tree?' But he refused to go inside. I insisted. 'Young lady,' he said, 'you are arguing with a Gilbert.' I said, 'So are you!' So he went in with me. I was very proud of him. He was a great actor."

SO COMING to Mickey Rooney, we can truly say he is a born actor—and all boy. He came running into the studio commissary in corduroys and a blue work shirt open at the collar.

At 15—he is 16 today—Mickey won the junior tennis championship of California, and is also the California state ping pong champion. His energies and driving power would arouse Mussolini's envy. He has organized a snappy dance band and is its baton swisher. "We're going to play at the Vista del Arroyo Hotel in Pasadena," he told us eagerly. "There are ten pieces in the band. I play the piano. I joined a union. The others are real musicians, 22-23 year old fellows. One has played with Benny Goodman."

Nor is this all. He writes sizzling songs, and has them warbled over the radio by celebrated torchists. "I've written a new song, *That's What Love Can Do For You*," he said, "and Alice Faye is going to sing it on the air. It goes like this—" He began to hum it, meanwhile drumming the table with his fingers. "It's really swell. I wrote it here on the lot, with Sidney Miller. We wrote it in 20 minutes." Along with these various activities, Mickey has finished four pictures during the last three months—*Live, Love and Learn*, *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*—which is his favorite—*You Are Only Young Once*, and *Love is a Headache*.

He ordered a lumberjack's meal and three pieces of raw garlic. The modernistic Metro commissary, crowded with the world's highest paid personalities, was filled with garlic perfume, wafted from Mickey's busy mouth. We agreed that garlic is good for the health, but declined the piece he offered us.

"I've been in the show business all my life," he continued. "My father, Joe Yule, is a comedian. He is still playing in a Los Angeles theatre. My mother used to be a chorus girl. My real name is Joe Yule, Jr. I was born in Brooklyn. I've had no childhood. In my spare moments I've tried to make the most of what I've missed. When I was young I couldn't swim. They were afraid I'd get drowned. I couldn't do this, I couldn't do that. I had to help myself, nobody helped me. My mother has made a lot of sacrifices for me, and I think I can sacrifice a little of my youth working, to give her some of the things she has missed. I'm not the kind of a feller that grabs his mother and kisses her. I'm not emotional. But I don't think there is a kid in the world

who likes his mother more than I do." He thought for a moment, studying a piece of garlic in his hand. "I've always had in mind a saying by a great artist, Fanny Brice. One day she told me, here on the lot: 'Always be bigger than your job, and never lose your head. Remember, that there is always somebody twice as good as you are!'"

MICKEY is investing his savings in a trust fund and annuities. "When I become 21 I can have at least \$500 a month for the rest of my life. I don't throw my money around, but we aren't cramped, we eat. We have two cars." He lives with his mother and step-father in Beverly Hills. Of his own father, he said: "He is the only man who can make me laugh. If he was given a chance in pictures, he would be one of the cleverest comedians on the screen today. But he is one of those old-timers who thinks he has no chance in pictures, and is satisfied to do what he has been doing all his life."

Mickey has been out with Judy Garland once or twice, but he insisted his friendship with her is purely platonic. "It's pitiful the way they try to link us in a romance," he protested. "It gets me in dutch with my GAL." She is Barbara Dugan, a student at the Pasadena Junior College, a blue-eyed brunette. He hopes to marry her some day. "I met her at the Santa Anita race track when I broke my leg," he confided. "She dropped a program, I stooped and picked it up, and when I gave it to her, our eyes met, and bang! it was love at first sight. She recognized me, but she didn't let that bother her. I asked her if she would like to visit the studio, and that's how I had my first date with her. She has no acting ambitions, she's just a swell girl."

Mickey wants to be a director. "I don't think I'm the type to develop into a mature actor," he explained. "If I've lasted so long as a kid player, it's because of my height. I haven't been through that gangly age when you grow up all of a sudden. I'm already 16, but I'm only five-feet-three-inches tall, and I don't think I'll grow any taller. All my folks are short. You've got to have height to be a leading man. Maybe I can play character parts, I don't know."

OTHER PLAYERS FOLLOWING IN THEIR PARENTS' FOOTSTEPS

Noah Beery, Jr.
Constance Bennett
Joan Bennett
Joan Blondell
Gloria Blondell
Olympe Bradna
Tom Brown
Creighton Chaney (Lon Chaney, Jr.)
Broderick Crawford (now in N. Y., in *Of Mice and Men*)
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Gladys George
Fernand Gravet
Rita Hayworth
William Hopper
Frank McHugh
Ora Moore
Robert Moore
Paul Muni
Dennis O'Keefe
Marcia Ralston
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Clark Gable's Film Find

[Continued from page 37]

the next day. On the following morning when I reached the set, an assistant to somebody-or-other came up to me cautiously and whispered, 'Keep your eye on Gable. He's up to something. He talked to Conway about you all day yesterday.'

"And when I looked around, I saw those two in earnest conversation over at one side of the set. They looked at me frequently out of the corners of their eyes. Really, I felt sick. But when I went over past them shortly, they both had a cordial good-morning for me and I felt better. When I finished the scene, I thought I was all through. I should have sensed even then that Clark Gable had been doing me, a stranger, a great favor. But I didn't, and I was surprised when Conway told me to stick around.

"I did, and things happened."

TO SAY that "things happened" is to make a serious understatement of facts. Within a few minutes Conway walked over to O'Keefe and asked him why he was doing bit roles.

"Because I can't get anything better, of course," O'Keefe told him. Conway seemed to be of the opinion that our young actor was capable of better things—an opinion which had been emphatically pointed out to him by Gable himself.

Came the noon hour, and Bud Flanagan—for that was still his name up to this point—had the wits scared out of him. Conway disappeared for a few minutes and then returned and took the blond young actor in tow. A moment later he found himself in the presence of nine Important Executives on the lot.

"This is the young fellow I told you about, gentlemen," he said, and he proceeded to pilot Dennis among them, introducing him to each. Dennis was petrified!

The next day, after four long years of striving to get somewhere in Hollywood, Metro offered him a contract. And then the most amazing thing happened. That same afternoon he got a call from Columbia studio, where Harry Cohn, the president, had noticed him in a small bit and suggested the company sign him up. He was still dizzy from this development when his agent notified him that Paramount wanted to make a test with the idea of giving him a long-term contract. This was too much. Dennis went back to Metro and signed with the studio that had offered him the first opportunity.

A contract in Hollywood is something, but not always a good deal. It can make you a member of the studio stock company for years, but you may also remain unknown for years. Dennis O'Keefe, with the name now made official, did not feel at all certain it would ever reach the bright lights.

IN THE ensuing weeks he did several bits, and then received some vigorous training in the stock company school. Then one day he was summoned to the casting office to read a script of *Bad Man of Brimstone* which was about to go into production. He picked up the manuscript that night but found no enlightening instructions to go with it. He took it home and read the whole thing through. When he had finished with it, he was still puzzled about the whole thing.

At the studio next day he told an official his sentiments.

"There's not a doggone role in there I fit—except the lead itself," he said hesitantly.



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And then he darned near died when he was told he would make a test within the week for the coveted role in a million dollar outdoor epic! If he got the part, he would be second only to Wallace Beery among the men in the picture.

He made the test almost immediately. As soon as it was completed, he was assailed with doubts. He kept telling himself this was too good a break to be true. No use getting cocky or expectant. Be ready for a fall.

The morning after the test Dennis went to the studio commissary for breakfast. Seated across from him was a total stranger reading a newspaper, and they didn't even bother to say good morning. He found himself wondering with suppressed excitement if he were destined to get that juvenile lead in *Bad Man*, or whether he would be tossed into "B" pictures. A few minutes later Bill Grady, the M-G-M talent scout, walked up to him casually and said, "Just forget that appointment this afternoon. You'll be too busy to see me, and I guess I won't be needing you. I suppose you heard they gave you the lead in *Bad Man*."

Dennis put down his newspaper and said quietly, "Look, Bill, this is important. Let's have no jokes now."

Grady answered in obvious seriousness, "No joking, kid. You got the big break." And he walked away.

Dennis sat there in a half trance. His appetite had disappeared. The stranger across the table leaned across toward him and remarked, "Look, fellow, I don't know you and it's none of my business. But I couldn't help overhearing. Don't eat those eggs—they'll only give you indigestion."

THIS is a pretty good point in the story to tell you about the early life of Dennis O'Keefe. His father was Edward Flanagan, of the famous vaudeville team of Flanagan and Edwards. (Neely Edwards was the other half.) His father and mother could not always travel together, although they tried to make their vaudeville dates coincide. All their plans were suddenly disrupted when they found one time they were going to have an heir.

Charlotte Ravenscroft—that was his mother's professional name—suddenly found a need for a place called home. So she gave up her career as a singing violinist and went to her mother's place in Fort Madison, Iowa. That's where Bud Flanagan was born. When he was four years old, his grandmother died, and they moved to Long Island where they lived for several years.

After the close of the World War, Dennis came west with his father and mother. Papa Flanagan had a contract to do the Hall-Room boys comedies, with his partner. It was their introduction to filmland. Later, Bud went to Hollywood High School for a couple of years. There was something just a little sad about that experience.

"An unfortunate circumstance terminated my career at Hollywood High a little before it should," he said with a reminiscent smile. "They had a rule up there we all had to eat at the school commissary. Having been raised in a vaudeville family, I had learned to enjoy variety, and it was fun to get away from the campus, too. So I formed the habit of sneaking out and going up to a restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard.

"One day a professor, who had no more right to be there than I, saw me in the cafe. He reported me to the principal, and it wasn't my first rap. I was occasionally cited for busting boys in the snoot. This, for some strange reason known only to them, was just too awful. I was invited to terminate my connection with the school. So I

finished up at L. A. Coaching School, a private institution for children of professional people, and then went to U. S. C. prep school.

"My father died suddenly at this time. Shortly before his death, Bob McGowan, an official at Hal Roach's studio, dined at our house one night and asked dad for story ideas. My father told him that he was barren of them at the moment, but to ask the kid. As a result, I wrote a script for an Our Gang comedy and it was accepted.

"I got a job as a gag man out there. It lasted for a year. Finally I was told that I had such a swell-head it would no longer go through the door to my office. And since economy was being practiced, I got fired. It was cheaper than widening the door, I guess. That was Lesson Number One for me in the business of life.

"Dad had a swell act called *A Lesson In Golf*. I renovated the act and went out for a series of one nighters on the Service Station circuit. We played everything, finally hitting the Keith circuit back east. But we were a little late. Vaudeville had seen its day and was definitely on the decline. We got back in Los Angeles in time for a Triumphant Return to the Orpheum Theatre.

"BY THIS time mother had had just about enough of the show business. She convinced me I should get out of it. So I donned a pair of overalls, got a job at a wholesale plumbing supply house, and spent two years wrestling valves, bowls and you know what.

"A friend of mine eventually got me a small bit at RKO one day, and I took a powder on the plumbing business. After that I worked along Poverty Row where they made films on a shoestring. Why, one picture had me hired at \$50 a week as the villain, assistant cameraman, location auto driver, story writer, and prop man all in one! It has been that sort of thing ever since—up to now, except for one spell when I tried to write scenarios. And I sold some, too."

"You're holding out on us," we told him. "What about this screen story stuff?"

"Well, there's one interesting thing about that," he replied. "But first, let me explain something. When M-G-M cast me in *Bad Man*, they swore I was the only guy in town who would fit the part. I knew different, but I wasn't chump enough to say so. A swell fellow named Wayne Morris over at Warners could have done it equally well."

"What's that got to do with screen stories?" we asked, realizing there was a faint type resemblance between these two.

"There's a real close connection," Dennis replied, grabbing at a roll, now on his third cup of coffee. "You see, I sold a story to Warners called *Don't Pull Your Punches*. It was a prize fight yarn, and I saw myself in the lead. (I never admitted it, of course.) Well, Wayne got the part, and the picture was made as a "B" production. When the big boys saw the finished product, they decided Morris was a great find, and the film was shelved. He immediately did *Kid Galahad*, and I guess you know he made a smash hit."

Dennis is right—that's an interesting incident, because his own present success is moving along the same general path.

Yep, when Clark Gable found Dennis O'Keefe, he did the boy a great favor, and the studio, too. So when you see the picture, and know what a promising fellow O'Keefe is proving to be, remember Gable—and Director Conway—as the talent scouts who brought Dennis to you.



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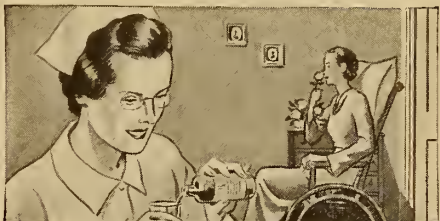
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"I Ran Away with My Husband" Bette Davis

[Continued from page 80]

music or rolling up the living-room rug and dancing. If you're so restless that you have to go out every night, or have somebody in, you aren't a very resourceful twosome. And you'll end up by being as bored as if you never went out.

"But occasional little vacations, alone together, are a different kind of escape. They can cure almost all the little maladjustments of marriage. Those terribly unimportant, over-important, little maladjustments.

"IF YOU thought you were in love when you married, there must have been some basis for your belief. Why not give yourself a few chances to remember that? Why not go off somewhere, once in a while, and recapture some of the old spell that brought you together in the first place?

"You get in some completely new place. You look upon some magnificent scenery together, and those little disagreements you may have been having fade right out of sight. You explore, you discover new worlds together—just as when you first met. You discover that you can still have fun together. You relax.

"On trips, too, you meet new people together. You aren't leading separate lives. Meeting new people, you talk on all sorts of new subjects—together. It does you both good, peps you up no end, to be reassured that you're interesting to other people, perfect strangers. Interesting not only as individuals, but as a couple.

"I don't think these trips should ever be planned, or that you should pick definite places to go—especially resorts. You're letting yourself in for possible disappointments then. They should be spontaneous, a bit of an adventure. Half the fun of going away together is not knowing what you'll be doing, what you'll be seeing. Everything will be new to both of you. And if you haven't made any plans to go to some special place, nobody knows where you are. And the psychology of that can work wonders.

"You can feel that you are two alone. As you did on your honeymoon.

"I KNOW that Ham and I are constantly hopping in a car on a Saturday, flipping a coin to see which direction we'll head in, driving a hundred or two hundred miles, staying overnight wherever we happen to land, playing golf the next morning, then heading home. And invariably we come back refreshed, with new viewpoints. We're both sold on the idea of running away together.

"We were more sold than ever, after our trip to England last year. It was the first trip abroad for either of us. We landed in England on our fifth wedding anniversary. After days of rain, suddenly here was a bright sunny day. We were in an intriguing new place together, sharing new experiences even after five years. . . There's no doubt about it: A trip gives you a bond. You may have good times together pretty much all of the time—but being off by yourselves, inseparably together, is different. It does things to you, and for you.

"If," she says, as she rises, "I ever thought my marriage was heading toward the rocks, I hope I'd remember what I've just said—and run away with my husband first. In fact," she says, confidently, "I know I would."

Shapely Legs

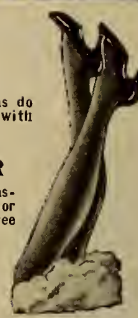
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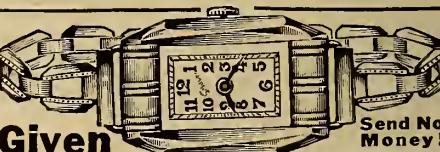
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Rough-Ridin' Romeos

[Continued from page 43]

with Tom Tyler between pictures. Jack Hoxie has an outfit of his own, nothing elaborate, just a cozy little rodeo.

Ken Maynard, pristine in snowy Stetson, his picture emblazoned on the cigar bands encircling his "heaters," swaggers mincingly on high-heeled cowboy boots as a Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty show star. And that unhappy warrior, William S. Hart, sulks in his Cinema City tepee pondering happier days and man's ingratitude.

Yet, they're not gone entirely, the old familiar mugs. Harry Carey's in there making movie villains bite the dust. Bill Boyd, slightly silvery of hair, is doing right nicely, thank you, as *Hopalong Cassidy*. Buck Jones is still putting up a rootin' tootin' two-gun fight—and has a top spot in Westerns, even though he deviates from simon-pure hoss-opy now and then. Jack Holt is a menacin' man for all cattle rustlers and other evil doers, and George O'Brien dons chaps and gauntlets to gallop again into the arms of the gal for a happy ending.

But there are a lot of new fangled kids on cowboy screens. This Autry, now. A red-headed, blue-eyed Texan, he whiled away lonely ranch-house nights by singing like a coyote when the moon is full. And presently a battered old guitar fell into his hands. That was sheer Fate. For instead of growing up to be a dogie chaser he took an easier way and wound up on radio as "Oklahoma's Yodeling Cowboy." That he was a Texan made no never mind to the radio announcers. From there, Gene and the guitar and "Champ," his hoss, went West—a Western—for Republic Pictures.

Put Tex Ritter in with Autry as a case history. Tex was a cowhand at the University of Texas, so to speak. And he, too, combined the ability to ride a pinto pony with a voice that vocalized attractively. Tex, too, faced footlights, hit the airwaves and ended on the screen as a star of "Musical Westerns." Musical Westerns! Wonder what Art Acord would have said to that! There's been a change in the pattern of equestrian screen saga.

But it's always been true that screen cowboys are where you find 'em. For one Tom Mix, who rode and ranged from the Border to Ponca City and the 101 Ranch, there are a dozen who stem from the Badlands of Broadway or other pavements, just as Bill Hart, himself, tried theoric boards before he knew tumbleweed from a tarantula. Only recently, though, have the ride-em-cowboys been recruited from college classrooms. As, for example, Dick Foran.

Redheaded Richard had been chasing cowhide, but in the form of a Princeton football rather than on the hoof. Then Warners saw him—and that was that. He began his cinematic career as a movie rah-rah. Then, all of a sudden, they needed a lad for a Western. Dick wasn't busy so they put a gun in his hand and sat him on a horse. He's been there ever since—and loves it. To the surprise of everyone, including Foran, he was an immediate click—and a big one. His fan mail pyramided, and he made more money for Warners and for himself than he'd have accumulated in years of movie football playing. In his guise of singing cowboy he'll quite probably outlast Bob Taylor.

Jimmy Ellison, who is Bill Boyd's buddy in the *Hop Along Cassidy* series, pranced into Hollywood trail-herding a bunch of polo ponies for the effete Poland-to-polo-

in-one-generation aristocrats. Before he could say "chukker" he found himself a juvenile hero in the Mulford yarns, which, believe it or not, now go in for whimsy. So far as James is concerned it's nuts to the last round-up in those Montana hills.

Tom Keene is another puncher whose life began in college. He was making passes for Carnegie Tech instead of roping steers on a ranch, and from that went on to a theatrical career. He was *Abie* in *Abie's Irish Rose*, and then he went to Hollywood as hero of a DeMille epic, *The Godless Girl*. In those days he was George Duryea. He didn't have too great good fortune, so like a smart kid he pulled himself together, changed his name and his technique and hiked for the horses. He's been going strong ever since. But now and then, when he has time out, he lights out for a season of summer stock at Skowhegan or some place. Still likes the footlights.

THREE newcomers to the ranks of the Rough-ridin' Romeos are Jack Randall, Monogram's singing star, Smith Ballew, who rides into the open spaces for 20th Century-Fox, and James Craig, who toted a college football in the Texas country before he toted a gun. Randall has a voice teacher who expects him to make all the cows, listenin' in, contented when the stars hang low over the ranch-house. Craig won a Paramount contract after adopting a talent scout's suggestion of studying acting for two years in a Houston, Texas, Little Theatre. He makes his hoss-opy debut in *Arizona Ames*. Ballew is a tall, rangy hombre who was lassoed from his own orchestra to swing a lariat instead of a baton. Before they ride into a last round-up they callate as how they'll brand their names in blazing letters on theatre marquees as prominently as Jones and Gibson. The Buckner and the Hooter have been shoutin' Yip-e-e a long time.

Many a smoothie of the silver screen has "clumb" down from the middle of a horse to become a hero of more sophisticated drama. There was, you may remember, a young fellow named Clark Gable. Clark stuck those big ears of his up over many a Western hilltop for bad men and Injuns to shoot at before he got the big break. Quite possibly the worst picture Sam Goldwyn ever made was *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. But it justified itself because Gary Cooper rode on in some scenes. George Brent co-starred with Rin-Tin-Tin early in his cinematic career. Come to think of it, Rinty got top billing!

IT WOULDN'T be surprising to see a family tradition established on western screens which might correspond to that created through generations by the great families of the theatre such as the Drews and Barrymores where there are third, fourth, even fifth generation of actors. Ruth Mix, Tom's little gal, has just signed to star in a series of Ruth Mix Productions for Grand National. Jack Holt's son has been seen on the screen. And so has Noah Beery, Jr.

But from whatever source new talent comes to the open spaces drama, there'll always be handsome juveniles, attractive ingenues and mustache-twirling heavies to thrill us in the bang-bangs. For, let the "Oscars" fall where they may, the cowboy 'n' Injun movies will keep right on rollin' along.

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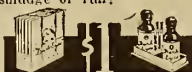


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Even His Best Friends Don't Know Him

[Continued from page 79]

Baxter and Colman and others who knew Bill must have worked with him. And anyway, Bill himself, in the final analysis, is no quitter. Anyway, at last—many days after the original starting date for Jean, Bill Powell showed up, ready to begin work on *The Baroness and the Butler*. And it was then that Hollywood began to discover that it has an utterly different Bill Powell than the Bill Powell of the days when Jean Harlow was alive.

ODDLY enough, this new intense seriousness reflects itself not in a dampening of his brilliance as an actor, but rather in the other direction. He seems to be applying a new intensity of effort to his acting. On the set, and around the 20th-Fox lot, they're already excited over *The Baroness and the Butler*.

Under the lights, while the camera rolls and Bill speaks his lines, Powell looks wonderful. He's put on a few pounds, and it seems to remove some of the "drawn" look that was on him when he went abroad. "Gee, he looks better'n I've ever seen him," people say as they watch him work.

BUT—when I sat a couple of feet away from him in his dressing-room, I saw something else—something that the trick lights, and the make-up, hid on the set. I saw new lines around his eyes—and not those wrinkles that come from laughter. I saw an undefinable something in his eyes that replaces the sparkle and the twinkle that used to flash while he swapped wisecracks in the old days. They are the eyes of a man who has just seen things still too deep for utter understanding.

HE KNOWS, himself, that he has changed. He tells, frankly, that his attitude toward his work has changed.

"I don't want to make more than two pictures a year—ever again," he says. "It's a matter of money—and of my own happiness and health. Financially, it has come to a point where one has to choose between one's health and happiness, and say, ten per cent of what one earns by making many pictures a year. For after taxes and other expenses are paid, that's about all that's left of what a high-salaried actor earns today. I'd rather live and be well on what I get from two pictures a year than make more money and pay for it with..."

His eyes, looking straight into mine until then, suddenly seemed to range beyond me. It was as if Bill suddenly didn't see me, or the dressing-room, or the cluttered stage beyond; but saw other things, other times. Then, after just a momentary pause, his voice went on:

"... with health, happiness." Suddenly his knuckles went white. His voice changed. "God—if health had come first, instead of the drive to work—some who are no longer with us today would have been here, still..."

His eyes burned into mine. The name of Jean Harlow wasn't mentioned, but it might as well have been shouted out loud in that little dressing-chamber. Bill didn't say another word. He got up, stood in front of the electric-light-rimmed mirror, gave a finishing touch to his make-up, turned abruptly and walked out, back to the set where they were waiting for him, to make celluloid love to Annabella.

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A Fireside Chat With Little Caesar

[Continued from page 48]

prevalence of nudity? Do we condemn a book that has a scene of normal lovemaking because of its torrid expression? Are we to burn the dictionaries for defining words that are derogatory?

"Most normal persons are opposed to rigid censorship, and it is my belief the public should be the ultimate judge. I feel that the public desires realism in movies so long as the boundary of decency is not trespassed. Of course, what Mr. Smith considers good taste, Mr. Brown may consider bad, but in the long run the public gets the kind of pictures it demands."

The man who made *Little Caesar* internationally famous turned to crime stories to illustrate his argument.

"Let's consider crime themes, which are most criticized, and to which I am, unwillingly, most closely associated. Crime pictures describe an important phase of contemporary life and so long as crime is a social reality, why shouldn't it be shown on the screen? Let me quote my friend, Will Hays: 'The proper treatment of crime, a social fact, or as a dramatic motive is the inalienable right of a free press, or free speech, and/or an unshackled stage or screen.'

WHEN *Little Caesar* was released the moralists swung into action by asserting that a hero had been molded out of a gangster and he became a sympathetic character when he fell into harm. This may be true, but his life ended like a varmint. He rolled into the gutter riddled with lead. A definite moral was established: He who lives by the sword, must die by it. To my way of thinking, the little tough guy had universal appeal because he was human and life-like. Life for the average human is rather slow-moving at its wildest, so that most of us delight in following the exploits of our story book heroes.

"I don't mean that after viewing an underworld drama, movie fans dash out of the theatre, grab a gun, jab it into the ribs of the first passerby or round up some of their pals and take a victim for a 'ride,' but they do retain to a certain degree many of an actor's idiosyncrasies. Some people may talk a little from the side of their mouths, others may walk with a slight swagger, but, invariably, after a few days these mannerisms wear off, leaving once again normal individuals.

"An acquaintance of mine told me of his sixteen-year-old boy who, during a controversy with his little sister at breakfast one morning, picked up half a grapefruit and aimed it at her. My friend had to act fast or the girl would have received it full in the face. When asked what inspired such an extreme gesticulation, the boy answered: 'Oh, I saw a guy do it yesterday in the movies.'

"It is my sincere hope that all the contemptible deeds committed by the characters I have portrayed have not been recorded against me. Neither do I wish it understood that I am fond of gangsters and killers. My neighbors will swear that I am nothing less than a peace-loving citizen. However, the psychology of the criminal fascinated me, as it does you, and I would like to understand it better. I would like to delve into the human soul and attempt to discover that which makes one a social asset and another a liability. Criminology is a very engrossing subject, but it interests me only pro-

fessionally. To portray characters of a criminal origin is not my choice.

"For some time I have had a strong, almost feverish desire to play the role of a man similar in background to Danton, Zharoff or Napoleon, with pasts rich and flowing with color. I want to play these roles in pictures. For instance, take Georges Jacques Danton, the French lawyer, who at the age of thirty-five met his death at the hands of the revolutionary tribunal he had created a year earlier. To perfect an ironic situation of this nature on the screen would give me much satisfaction.

"Then there is the life of Sir Basil Zharoff. Who was this strange personality? Shrouded in mystery, so uncanny in his ways and methods, that no one knew his authentic identity until his obituary was published. It would also fill volumes to reiterate the abounding career of the Corsican general who strode about with his hand at his breast, his little frame quivering with vitality and ambition."

THOROUGHLY engrossed with his cross-section of characterization, Eddie Robinson continued:

"When these immortals flash across my mind, I can't help perceiving the remarkable similarity between these men and our contemporary underworld czars. Bold, shrewd, they possess the identical relentless craving for power which must be appeased, though it means considerable loss of human life, and, for themselves, ostracism from society. In the case of Napoleon, inferiority accelerated his fiery ambition which is true of so many of the "big shots" of today who would be nothing short of corner hoodlums if they were not armed with guns.

"Relating back to crime in the movies, it must be remembered that pictures today emphasize the truth that crime doesn't pay. In comparison to the press, the movies are morally beneficial. On the screen when a murder is perpetrated, the culprit is always caught and flung behind bars, while in the daily newspaper the murderer is at large as in the accounts of unsolved crimes such as the Dot King, Desmond Taylor, Elwell, Halls-Mills, Rothstein cases to mention a few.

"I often wonder why our moralists have not bombarded the press. Screen plots are childish compared to some of the stories that run in the newspapers. Take the case of Robert Irwin. That the ghastly triple murders had plenty of hot news value cannot be denied, but was it a necessity to emphasize in such precise detail every minute step taken by the murderer in executing the crimes? Was it in the best of taste to exploit the Gedeon girl's body in most revealing poses every day for weeks? If a movie was made of the mildest criminal accounts, our most liberal minded reformer would leap to denounce it as indecent, tending to corrupt the minds of the young.

"To my delight, the moralists haven't attacked *Kid Galahad* with too much vehemence, nor do I think they will find *The Last Gangster* to their distaste. Of course, I am a little biased in thinking *Nick Donati* in the film wasn't really such a ruthless character. I feel this way because I literally relived *Donati's* whole life from the cradle to that momentous scene in Madison Square Garden near the close of the picture.

"I knew all his doubts and complexes, his strength and weakness and his passions."



Lack of sleep frequently etches needless lines into beautiful faces. Needless, because sleeplessness is often caused by constipation, as are also loss of appetite, mental dullness, nervousness, the aggravation of skin blemishes.

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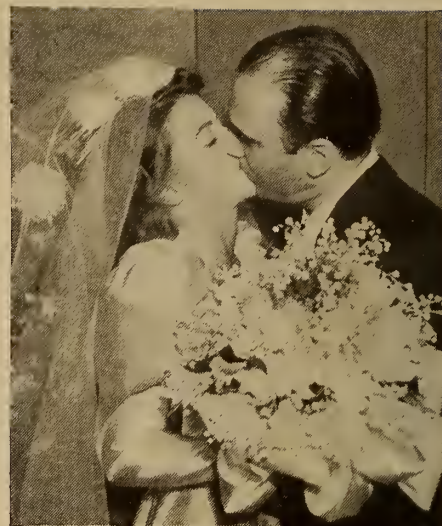
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 60]



After the marital tie-up bandsman Johnny Green takes his bride, Betty ("Hats") Furness into his arms for the usual kiss

wood every now and then. This time it was the news that Clark Gable had been killed in an auto accident.

Frantic, Carole hit the telephone, finally located Clark, safe and sound, working at the studio. "From now on," she told him, "you'd better call me every hour when you're away from me!"



CUPID'S COUPLET:

Kay Griffiths and Johnny Howard—There's a twosome that seems high-powered!



Hollywood has been trying its darndest to fasten a romance on Wayne Morris. He played the field until he met Priscilla Lane. Here they are at the Trocadero

was roundly booed by the luncheoners!

Extreme No. 2—lunching alone in a New York cafe, Jon suddenly felt two soft arms around him and a kiss planted on his lips.

When he recovered, he saw it was Marlene Dietrich who'd come over from her own table and given him the kiss (to quote her own words), "for a wonderful performance in your first big picture." But she called him *MISTER* Hall, so don't get the idea that here's a new romance.



TIPS Without Names—watch Merle Oberon and that famous British golfer. —don't be surprised if Dolores ex-Barrymore Costello and a big Los Angeles doctor make an announcement soon. —and it's a bigshot New York banker who's been giving vivid Margot Grahame the Hollywood nite-spot rush.



HOLLY-WOULD LIKE to KNOW: —if there's a reconciliation in the cards for Sidney Blackmer and Lenore Ulric? —if that on-again-off-again engagement of Paula Stone and Nite Club Operator George W. Mason is finally going to end in matrimony after all?



BLACKEST moment in Carole Lombard's current life was when she got one of those too-frequent false reports of disaster that excite Holly-

"I T'S-ALL-OVER" department:

—Virginia Lee Corbin Kroll, one-time child star, came a cropper on her "second honeymoon" with Broker Ted Kroll when he again sued her for divorce, charging that she drummed his head with a coffee pot.

—Steffi Duna and John Carroll just can't see eye-to-eye any more.



Rosalind Russell and Jimmy Stewart are a Hollywood twosome that gossipers call a heavy romance. So they might marry



Anita Louise's love-life is not packed with any heavy romance, but she enjoys Buddy Adler's company for "Troc" food



Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing
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Motion Picture

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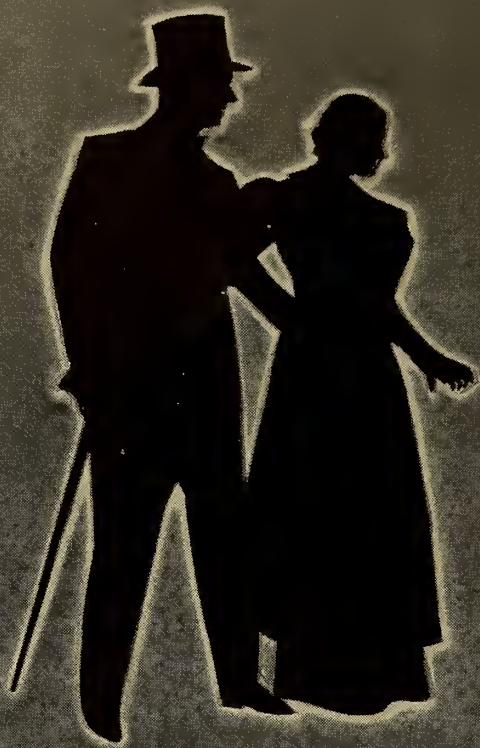
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A NEW DEAL FOR JIMMY CAGNEY

Things have been happening to Jimmy Cagney. He has been very much in the limelight of late—chiefly because he has made peace with his former studio, Warners—and will star for them again in the smash stage hit, *Boy Meets Girl*. He is determined to be back in the list of the Ten Top Favorites again. In other words he wants a New Deal. After Exploding the Cagney Myth—taking the mystery out of him—the May MOTION PICTURE will also feature sparkling stories about Simone Simon, new dazzler Ilona Massey, the Ritz Brothers, Alice Brady—and a host of others. And live, alert gossip and news about your favorites. Place your order for the May issue with your newsdealer.

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Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID

Editor

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APRIL, 1938

Twenty-seventh Year

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Cover portrait of Loretta Young painted by Zoe Mozert

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
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Staff Photographer



THE TALKIE TOWN TATTTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

STAND-INS take their standing-inning seriously. At least, Tommy Noonan (who stands in for Tyrone Power) and Mary Jane Irving (who stands in for Janet Gaynor) do! On account of they're even standing-in, but not before the cameras, for Ty and Janet in their o-so-beeg romance...! More than one Hollywood tourist has gotten a thrill out of seeing, at some nite spot, these two cooing and gazing into each other's eyes—looking for all the world like Janet and the Power lad doing their stuff. Tommy and Mary Jane are no less in love than their big-star "originals." And wouldn't it be a kick if, when Ty and Janet get ready



Here's evidence that La Dietrich and Doug, Jr., are still that way about each other—with Fritz Lang as a witness. Meanwhile Marlene sees the Earl of Warwick, too

to be married, they let Mary Jane and Tommy go through the ceremony first—just like stand-ins on the set?

extra gal who didn't get much publicity but who nevertheless saw lots of Ty...!

INCIDENTALLY, this Ty and Janet thing continues HOT. And Sonja Henie, who was once No. 1 woman in Ty's young life, is out in the cold—as cold as the ice she skates on. Not without a bit of final-curtain pyrotechnics, however. For your faithful ol' Tattler learns that Sonja and Ty talked it over, not long ago—and did they TALK!!! Why, they almost yelled!!! However, it doesn't seem to be an oversized secret that Sonja was never really seriously set in Ty's heart. All through the Henie-Power romance-blurbing, there was that li'l

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eddie Sutherland and Judith Allen—
They're doin' a lot of steady pal-in'...!

MIND you, it MAY be true—but somehow or other, nobody in Hollywood who claims to know his Hollywood is taking that Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane "engagement" seriously. All the wise-guys are adding a grain of salt before they swallow it. Reason: Wayne, since he went sky-

[Continued on page 8]



Jean Parker and hubby George MacDonald step own Big Apple at a party

A Questionnaire

FOR MOVIE FANS

Did you like these pictures?

David Copperfield ✓

Nothing Sacred ✓

A Tale of Two Cities ✓

Little Lord Fauntleroy ✓

The Prisoner of Zenda ✓

A Star Is Born ✓

Anna Karenina ✓

Viva Villa ✓

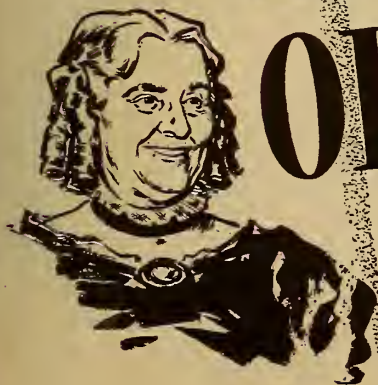
They were all produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

who believes his greatest picture to be

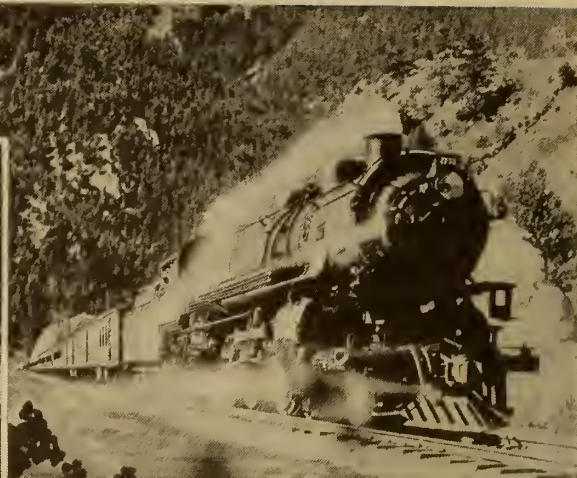
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SO FAR as the three 1938 Movieland Tours are concerned, the copybooks are absolutely right—there is no time like the present! That is, providing you are in the market for the best two weeks' vacation you will ever enjoy. Members of the 1935, 1936, and 1937 Tours, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., are still talking about the glorious time they had in Hollywood. And members of the 1938 Movieland Tours will enthusiastically agree once they arrive in the Magic City and are taken in tow by representatives of *MOTION PICTURE Magazine* and shown through the homes of the top-ranking stars, given a chance to chat with their favorite screen personalities, see them at work and at play, share in their fun at nightclubs, and watch them perform before the cameras at major studios. Of all the thousands of tourists who come to Hollywood during the summer, few, if any, ever get the opportunities to see the cinema city from the inside as do the lucky guests of these Tours.

How many tourists, for instance, ever get an opportunity to enjoy a cocktail party at the home of Warren William and his wife; or at the palatial home of the Harold Lloyds, or at a cocktail party presided over by Bazooka Bob Burns and his bride. How many tourists ever get an opportunity to chat with such high-ranking screen stars as these—and do it in their own homes? Not many—if any.

But that is only a part of the entertainment in store for you once you reach Hollywood. Warren William **WILL BE** host at his home for guests of Movieland Tour No. 1 that leaves Chicago July 3rd and arrives in Hollywood, Sunday, July 10. Harold Lloyd **WILL BE** host at a cocktail party at his home for guests of Tour No. 2 that leaves Chicago July 24 and arrives in Hollywood Sunday, July 31. Bob Burns **WILL BE** host at a cocktail party to be given at his home in honor of guests of Tour No. 3. And not only will these three famous stars be hosts but they will have scores of other famous stars in attendance to help make these events memorable ones.

But before we get too deep into your Hollywood vacation thrills, let's go back and get a preview of the 1938 Tours from beginning to end.

As you know, from reading the March number of *MOTION PICTURE Magazine*, Fawcett Publications, Inc., for the fourth successive year, is sponsoring a de-luxe trans-continental two weeks' vacation trip on wheels—all for the price of a round-trip ticket. With side trips from Seattle, San Francisco, Hollywood, Salt Lake City, and Colorado Springs thrown in **FREE**. As in former years, all these Movieland Tours, scheduled for 1938, leave Chicago. That's where the gathering of the vacation clan takes place.

The 1st Tour leaves Chicago July 3rd, arriving in Hollywood Sunday, July 10th.

The train at top takes you through the grandeur of the West, straight to Hollywood. Left, Harold Lloyd, who has finest estate in Hollywood, will be host for Second Tour. Above, Wayne Morris gave key to city to last year's Tourists

The 2nd Tour leaves Chicago July 24th, and arrives in Hollywood Sunday, July 31st.

The 3rd Tour leaves Chicago August 14th, arriving in Hollywood Sunday, August 21st.

Keep these dates in mind. Select the Tour that coincides with your vacation plans and write **NOW** to Movieland Tours, Fawcett Publications, Inc., 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., for the complete illustrated booklet—which will be sent you without any obligation on your part.

The itinerary [Continued on page 88]

MOVIELAND TOURS
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
360 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.,
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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

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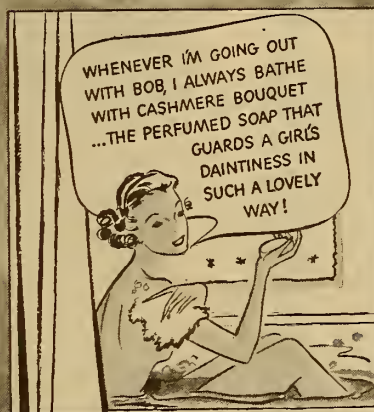


By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

SHE'S a Hollywood girl . . . second generation of picture-makers, for her father was Ray Grey, comedy director . . . Born and reared in the atmosphere of the picture business . . . Virginia naturally turned to the screen very early in life . . . To prepare herself, she studied dancing as one of the famous Meglin kiddies . . . She later became so proficient in the art . . . that she taught at the same dancing school . . . At nine, she was playing bits and parts . . . most important of which, at that age, was her *Little Eva* in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* . . . An expert dancer . . . she applied for and was accepted as one of the Glorified Girls in *The Great Ziegfeld* . . . She was remembered when the studio was seeking a stand-in for Madge Evans . . . she was kept on as stand-in for Florence Rice . . . Her break came when she was cast for the leading feminine role in the miniature musical, *Violets in Spring* . . . opposite George Murphy . . . Her work in this short subject was so outstanding that she was signed to a term contract . . . at M-G-M and played in *Old Hutch* . . . Although she is still heart-whole and fancy-free . . . this nineteen-year-old miss has definite ideas . . . about the qualities a "boy-friend" must possess . . . The youth of her choice, she says, must be a six-footer . . . with black (very black) hair; American; athletic . . . She doesn't care whether he dances or not . . . she'll furnish the dancing for both of them . . . But she would like him to be able to sing . . . A sense of humor will be the most important attribute . . . She disagrees with Marlene Dietrich's declaration that American men have no gallantry . . . or polish . . . "Perhaps American boys aren't the hand-kissing, heel-clicking, bowing-from-the-waist-type she asserts . . . But they have an inbred gallantry and chivalry . . . which register in their actual deeds of kindness, consideration and comradeship . . . Hand-kissing manners are nothing but trained-dog tricks . . . the American's gentleness, manliness and strength of character are inbred, natural and genuine" . . . Virginia is a blue-eyed blonde . . . five-feet-four-inches tall . . . and weighs 120 pounds . . . She was born in Hollywood and educated in North Hollywood High School . . . Her most recent screen appearances were in *Bad Guy* with Bruce Cabot . . . and in *Rosalie* with Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell . . . Virginia drives her own car . . . lives in a small apartment . . . does her own cooking . . . when she was a Glorified Girl she had platinum blonde hair . . . but now that she's settled down to a dramatic career . . . she has allowed the natural brown to return to her tresses . . . most of her fan mail comes from Hollywood girls.



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SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT
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SOAP...IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
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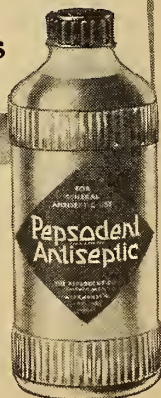
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Use
PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
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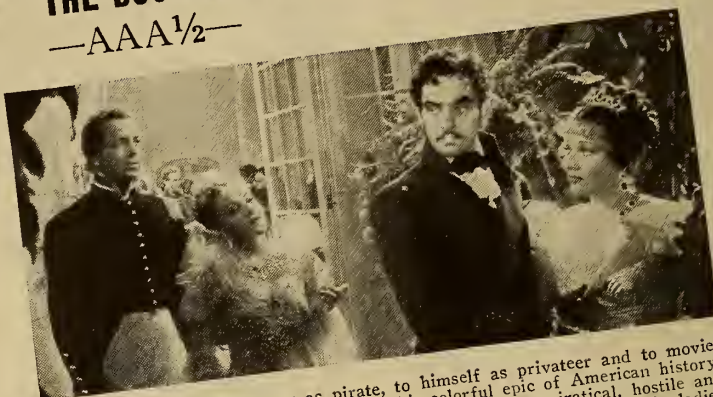


Even when diluted with 2 parts
water, still kills germs in sec-
onds... Lasts 3 times as long!

**MAKES YOUR MONEY GO
3 TIMES AS FAR!**

PICTURE PARADE

THE BUCCANEER —AAA½—



Jean Lafitte, known to you as pirate, to himself as privateer and to moviegoers, now, as patriot, is the subject of this colorful epic of American history. Lusty and bloody, *The Buccaneer* depicts his adventures—piratical, hostile and romantic, but mostly romantic. And why not when he has such lovely ladies as Margot Grahame and Franciska Gaal carrying a torch for him, although he carries a price on his head. Determined to win respectability so that he can win his fair lady's hand—Margot Grahame, a lady of birth and an American—Lafitte stirs his men to patriotism and offers the Americans open fire on his camp in the Bayous. Lafitte escapes and reaches Andy "Old Hickory" Jackson and makes a bargain with him. Lafitte is proclaimed a hero after the Battle of New Orleans but is renounced at the Victory Ball for scuttling a missing American passenger ship. He is given one hour to leave and sails off with Franciska whom he finally realizes is his real love. Fredric March gives all the color and romance credited to Lafitte.—Paramount.

HAPPY LANDING —AAA½—



Happy Landing may be the title of Sonja Henie's new picture but it is a happy landing for you, too, as you'll agree, when you land in your theatre seat and view Norway's darling on skates. In this, her latest film, Sonja darling not only skates on ice but dances as well in one of the most spectacular dancing on ice scenes ever filmed. Just to see Sonja on skates (remember what happened at Madison Square Garden when Sonja presented her Ice Carnival there?) is reason enough to see *Happy Landing*, but when the producers add an elaborate production, a grand cast, delightful melodies and an entertaining yarn, you just can't afford to miss it. And when Sonja isn't thrilling you with her grace and skill on ice, you'll be entertained by her romantic entanglements with Cesar Romero and Don Ameche. And then as though that wasn't enough there is also Ethel Merman, Jean Hersholt and Wally Vernon. Don't miss *Happy Landing* for Fox certainly have something there and you certainly will get something too—thrilling ice scenes, excellent comedy, delightful tunes and romance—double romance.—20th Century-Fox.

[Continued on page 16]

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES! ALWAYS INSIST ON THE ADVERTISED BRAND!



By **LEE BLACKSTOCK**

ANN RUTHERFORD is in pictures today because she is a "natural." Her sparkling eyes, fresh youth combined with a charming personality... and a background of the stage won Ann her first role in pictures... Ann went on the stage when she was in the first grade in grammar school... Children were needed in the San Francisco production of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*... so when Mrs. Rutherford took her small daughter down to the theatre for a part she landed a job... After her first appearance, Ann's success was such that her mother decided on the stage as a career for her daughter... Whenever a company came to San Francisco... and there was a job in it for a child, Miss Ann always got the part... When Ann was 11 she came to Los Angeles with her mother... where she finished her schooling... while still in high-school, Ann decided to get part time work in radio... and she was subsequently given a role in a local program... she continued on radio programs for four years... and it was while she was playing the role of a hillbilly's wife on the air... that a screen scout heard her and offered her a screen test... Needless to say... the test was highly successful and, as a result... she was given the lead of *Waterfront Lady* at Republic studios... While at Republic... she gained the friendship of Lew Ayres... who was then getting his start as a director... Lew took her "under his wing"... and each night after work he would go over her lines with her... until he had taught her all he knew... Ann played in several pictures at Republic... but it wasn't till she played the lead in a color short at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer entitled *Annie Laurie*... that she gained real recognition on the screen... After this, she was signed as a feature player at that studio... and she is now slated for top featured parts... Ann is five-feet-three-inches tall... has dancing brown eyes and dark brown hair... She plays a good game of tennis... is practicing archery and taking riding lessons... As her "greatest fear" she lists a runaway horse... Ann's main ambition is some day to become a "really great actress"... with such a grand start she has already had, Ann should certainly make the grade... You can bank on Ann... her studio has great faith in her! She considers *The Good Earth* her favorite picture... and Pearl Buck her favorite author... for perfume scents she likes gardenia best... among the plays in which she appeared as a child actress on West Coast are... *Little Women*, *Seventeen*, *Peter Pan*, *Daddy Long Legs* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*.



They spend Fortunes
to find
FRESH FACES

O.G. spends Fortunes to give you **FRESH CIGARETTES**

FRESHNESS! It's the very life of Hollywood! Money's no object in the hunt for fresh plays and players. *When a star goes stale, his light goes out!*

But when a cigarette goes stale, *it should never be lit at all!* For every drag you take on a stale cigarette is a drag on you. Freshness is the life of cigarette quality, too. Old Gold spends a fortune annually to put an extra jacket of Cello-

phane on its every package. You pay nothing extra for it... but it brings you a world of extra enjoyment. The full rich flavor of fresh-cut, long-aged tobaccos; prize crop tobaccos at their best.

Buy your Old Golds where you will... in damp climates or dry. They're as good where they're sold as where they're made... and that's as good as a cigarette can be made!



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Outer Cellophane Jacket
Opens from the Bottom
Sealing the Top



The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top
Sealing the Bottom

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, every Tues. and Thurs. night, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION APRIL MOTION PICTURE

Body So Skinny-Girl Was Ashamed To Undress!

But Family Doesn't Laugh Any More Since She Gained 7 Lbs. on 1st Bottle of **KELPAMALT** — Now Looks Fine and Feels Great!

All Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter From our Files

"Kelpamalt Company, Dear Sirs:

I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun-bath dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me, laughed and said: 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

Now, thanks to Kelpamalt, I'm looking forward to Spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt. The best beauty product on the market.—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me."

Kelpamalt has proven itself so effective as a weight and energy builder because it helps supply the iron, iodine and vitamins that are vitally necessary for you to get the real good out of your food. Your own doctor will approve this way. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good drug stores. And remember—your money back if you are not completely satisfied.

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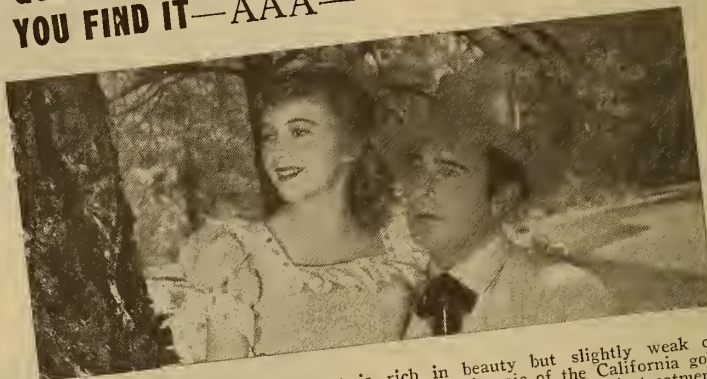
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral and Vitamin contents of food and their effects on the human body. New facts about **NATURAL IODINE**. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co. (Dept. 1407), Borden Ave. and 21st St., L. I. City, N. Y.



Posed by Professional Model

PICTURE PARADE

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—AAA—



A big, spectacular picture that is rich in beauty but slightly weak on the emotional side. Invested with Technicolor this epic of the California gold feud of the seventies diverts the eye with its gorgeous photographic treatment, breaking the emotional spell. But, you don't mind for it is a rare treat viewing the beauty of the California foothills, the golden wheat fields and the hydraulic machines washing away the gold impregnated hills in color. The backgrounds are magnificent and the colorful interludes in early San Francisco are strikingly appealing. The story reveals the rancher-miner feud and the fortunes of a family prominent in the farmer element. Claude Rains is the head of this family which consists of Olivia de Havilland, Tim Holt, Margaret Lindsay and John Littel. Also, George Brent, a mining engineer, who does a turn-about-face when he falls in love with the farmer's daughter, Olivia. The film covers a wide scope and sincerely interprets the mood and environment of the times. A grand cast, excellent direction, superb photography and a swell score makes this one of the things you want to see.—Warner Bros.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X—AAA—



If you connect this in your mind with *Madame X* divorce that thought immediately for *Lady X* hasn't the slightest resemblance to that derelict, pathetic and tragic *Madame X* whom you have viewed at least once, if not twice on the screen. *The Divorce of Lady X* is an English comedy, produced in England, with an English cast and a definite English flavor. And if you like that dry English humor you'll like this. And if you don't, there are many other things you'll like in this Alexander Korda production in Technicolor with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Binnie Barnes and some lesser known but nonetheless capable players—particularly, one Ralph Richardson who scores as the nitwit but likeable *Lord Mere*. *The Divorce of Lady X* is a comedy of errors, packed with suspense and humor that leads up to a delightful climax at the country estate of *Lord and Lady Mere* (Binnie Barnes) when Laurence Olivier, a barrister with prestige, discovers that he and his lady love, Merle Oberon, are not the principals involved in the intended divorce proceedings of *Lord Mere*. It's fun as you'll agree. And you'll adore the beautiful Technicolor—particularly the shots of the English countryside.—London Film-United Artists.

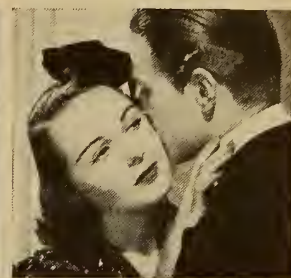
A QUEEN OF HEARTS ...since she bid goodbye to Misfit Makeup



"Twenty-eight tonight...and not a boy friend in sight!"



Dot's sister guessed—"Do something about your misfit makeup."



...And now..." You're the only girl in the world for me!"

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

I'M virtually living at Santa Anita race-track. I have to, if I want to catch any of the Hollywood gals in their best bibs-and-tuckers. Honestly, if you don't own a horse this season, or are, at least, on speaking terms with one and can call him by his first name, you just aren't in it! ... But it's a break for you, because it gives all feminine Hollywood another excuse for new clothes, new gadgets and new fashion huddles. . . And trust your gal friend, Chic, to be right there on the firing line to catch all the ideas and send them on to you. . . It was there I saw Gloria Swanson wearing a trick new belt that is a complete answer to any maiden's prayer of what to do about losing gloves. Gloria's belt looks ordinary enough—brown suede that fastens with a gold clasp from which hang two gold rings. But after she showed me the trick of fastening her gloves through these rings when she isn't wearing them, I decided a belt like that was going to be the very next addition to my anaemic wardrobe. . . But I can't resist going a step farther, and having, instead of the rings, two large, ornamental safety-pins to fasten my gloves to. I remember my grandmother used to anchor my mittens that way.

WHAT you wear around your middle in the manner of a belt is very important right now—and can be as individual as your imagination. . . Jane Wyman was wearing a terribly clever one that day, and she told me that she designed it herself. Her belt, of black suede which she was wearing with a light grey shirtmaker frock, had her name on it, spelled out in silver block letters. She likes it so well, that she is having several of them made in different fabrics for her sport clothes.

IT never takes Joan Crawford long to spot a fashion huddle, so as soon as she arrived at the club-house, she hurried over to where Gloria and I were talking. And had the *smartest* new bag to show us! But don't go for it unless you're a gal like Joan who makes her clothes and accessories *part* of her, not just something she wears. Because this bag was an exact duplicate of a postman's bag! (Yep—the very one he uses to deliver those nasty letters the first of the month!) It was made of a heavy gold-corded material, and hung from her shoulder with a long strap just like the real thing. Gosh, how many lipsticks I could lose in that!

REMEMBER last month I told you about the trick buttons all the movietown gals were using to pep up their plain frocks? Well, I managed to get a glimpse of Barabara Read as she hurried out of her box, just before the race started. Barbara's tailored sports dress of brown wool-alpaca was trimmed all the way down the front with brilliant hand-painted eucalyptus pods! I should say that is going back to nature for dress trimmings. . . Virginia Bruce hurried up to tell us we would miss the opening race—but I really think she wanted to show us her new lapel watch. Shaped like a miniature tortoise, and fashioned of tortoise shell, the face of the watch is visible through the shell on his back. The head of the little animal is really the winder-upper.

I REALLY didn't see much of the races, because I was making mental notes of all these things to write you and trying to decide what to wear when I went evening-clothes snooping at the Hawaiian Paradise that night. . . But I found out, when I got there, that it isn't so much what you wear as a *dress* that's important. It's the same with formal clothes as with daytime, the accent is on what you wear *with* your gown.

THAT cute little Betty Jaynes, from out M-G-M way, was the first arrival to pass by our table. She was so busy talking with her hands that she didn't see me—and why shouldn't she be? Because she was wearing the cutest little white *ermine* mittens, with cuffs of ermine tails. . . Another hand-talker-wither was Gloria Stuart. Her excuse was a pair of blue lace mittens with half-fingers like the old-fashioned kind. The cuff of her mitten, which reached well above the elbow, was outlined with gold sequins. . . Another old-fashioned note was struck by Virginia Bruce in her cape of blue ostrich feathers. Honestly, that gal can look more fragilely beautiful than anyone I know. . . Her cape is collarless, with broad shoulders and reaches clear to the floor.

Mlle. Chic

TO END MISFIT MAKEUP

Sally Eilers ★

star of "Lady Behave"
a Republic Picture

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"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY
THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"

HOW CAN YOU be sure your makeup *matches*? Sure it's right for you? There's never any doubt when you wear Marvelous Matched Makeup. For the face powder, rouge, and lipstick...the eye makeup, too...are in complete color harmony. And this makeup *matches* you...for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

BEAUTY EDITORS, fashion experts, artists and colorists agree this new matched makeup is right with your skin tones, your hair, your type. Stage and screen stars, lovely women everywhere, have changed to Marvelous Eye-

Matched Makeup because they find it brings them immediate new beauty.

THE PRICE IS LOW . . . start to build your matched set now. Buy that lipstick you need... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow or mascara...in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup...only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢). Your drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

If your eyes are { BLUE wear Dresden type
BROWN wear Parisian type
HAZEL wear Continental type
GRAY wear Patrician type

TONIGHT...you, too, can be a queen of hearts, —try this *matched* makeup that matches you!

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MARVELOUS EYE-MATCHED MAKEUP by Richard Hudnut



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Mail coupon NOW for Marvelous Makeup, keyed to your eyes! See how much lovelier you'll be with makeup that matches . . . and matches you.

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FWG 4-38

I enclose 10 cents to help cover mailing costs. Send my Tryout Kit of Marvelous Makeup...harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick for my type, as checked below:

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☐ Blue ☐ Brown Address _____
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ALL THESE STARS!

ALL THESE LAUGHS!

and Oh-h-h so much romance!

It's your top-hit musical (but TOP!)...with
all the zing and extra sparkle you expect
and get in a Darryl F. Zanuck show!

ALICE FAYE · TONY MARTIN

in

SALLY, IRENE *and* MARY

Three sirens of swing in
search of Social Security!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

JIMMY DURANTE
GREGORY RATOFF
JOAN DAVIS
MARJORIE WEAVER
LOUISE HOVICK
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BARNETT PARKER

AND
the leading comedian of screen and radio

FRED ALLEN

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen
Original Story by Karl Tunberg and Don
Eitlinger • Suggested by the stage play by
Edward Dowling and Cyrus Wood



Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

and
ALL THESE SONGS!

"Half Moon On The Hudson"
"I Could Use A Dream"
by Bullock and Spina

"Got My Mind On Music"
"Sweet As A Song"
by Gordon and Revel

and four more!





To appear in a picture entitled *Mannequin* one has to dress as a mannequin. So we find Joan toggled out in a three-piece pajama ensemble and keeping in character as the most imitated girl in the world. Note the monogram J.C.T. on the coat—which gives a touch of TONE to the outfit. Joan is now 'basking in her own backyard—and winning back the "wim and wigor" she used up while on a mad holiday whirl in New York

JOAN CRAWFORD



GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Some songbirds prefer daylight hours for vocal expression but Gladys Swarthout favors evening shadows for melodies in her movies. Not so long ago she gave us *Give Us This Night*—which suggested champagne and a waltz with HIM. Naturally this brought forth *Champagne Waltz*. That she still sings in the night is proved in her new picture—which carries the title of *Romance in the Dark*

By
**GLADYS
HALL**



ROSALIND blew into Hollywood from New York wearing hearts and dates and flowers and parties and family reunions like charms dangling from a charm bracelet. Roz had had one of the times of her life! Rosalind always has the time of her life. She'd rather laugh than eat, drink, make love, dance, work, play tiddledy-winks. And does. There is laughter on her lips and light in her eyes. And so you have the time of your life, too, when you are with Rosalind.

The lady has beauty, too, in case you think the camera is kind or your eyes are deceiving you. Mobile and mocking beauty and, yes, mysterious. Rich, dark hair. Brown, brilliant eyes. Rich, red mouth, formed by Nature to look slightly scornful. Nice hands and slender feet and a look of race. And she doesn't use her beauty as a weapon, rather she uses her brain, which is keen.

The day I talked with her she seemed more electrified than usual, which is high voltage. Rosalind affects one like a cocktail, very potent; she had had, I

say, one of the times of her life in the New York she loves. She had bought "sinful scads of clothes"; she had danced the nights away and watched the dawns come up like thunder over Bagdad's battlements; she had just bought a home in Beverly Hills and we were sitting in it, whitewashed brick and oak trim outside, it is; colorful, vivid blue and scarlet chintzes within, a bar done in gold and ivory-striped paper; zinnia colors . . . she said "now behold me, seated in my Beverly Hills mansion, surrounded by my Pokes, those satin cushions upstairs, all those coats, all that lingerie, little imports hanging [Continued on page 55]

**"I'M AFRAID OF
MARRIAGE"**
—ROSALIND RUSSELL

**ROSALIND IS NOT AGAINST
MARRIAGE, BUT IS SCARED OF
IT—PARTICULARLY WHEN IT
INVOLVES PROFESSIONAL PEO-
PLE. SHE SAYS THE RIGHT MAN
CAN CONQUER HER FEAR**

ROBIN HOOD
AND

Of course Robin Hood *would be* Errol Flynn and Maid Marian, Olivia de Havilland. An ideal partnership for romantic goings-on in Sherwood Forest, where the merest sweet nothings whispered by Mister H. and Mistress M. spell a mouthful of undying love. The boy friend tells his merry men to run along to their jousting bouts while he and his faire ladye take archery lessons from Cupid. It's told in color in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*

MAID MARIAN

By JAMES REID

RUMORS THAT BOB HAS GONE 'ORRIBLY BRITISH CAN NOW DO A FADE-OUT. HE'S STILL THE SAME BOB, BUT WITH A YEARNING TO DO SOME MORE TRAVELING

up at the studio till next week. All right. I'm going to have myself a bit of a rest while I can. I'm just going to sit back and relax. And enjoy being home again."

No one knew, from all this, whether his English trip had changed him or not. But today he had finally reported for work—for make-up tests for his next picture, *Comrades*. And I was going to have a conversational close-up of Robert Taylor in person. A chance to find out what, if anything, England had done to him.

The publicity girl said we would find him in the commissary.

This didn't jibe with the rumors that he had gone 'orribly, 'orribly reticent, the rumors that he had gone jittery about talking in public. This didn't fit the rumor-picture of Bob cowering in the farthest corner of his dressing-room, suspiciously eyeing an interviewer, weighing questions, answering only "Yes" or "No."

The commissary was the citadel of camaraderie, the studio clubhouse, the place where everybody relaxed. But that, as predicted, was where we found him.

Bob certainly didn't *look* changed. A little heavier, perhaps, than he was last August. A [Continued on page 74]

DID ENGLAND CHANGE BOB TAYLOR?

FOR a week since his arrival home, Robert Taylor had been in what the columnists refer to as "hiding." For a week, no reporters had so much as laid eyes on him—except at the races with Barbara Stanwyck. The press-agents hadn't seen even that much of him. He hadn't been near the studio.

According to Someone Who Ought to Know, Bob had said, "I don't have to show

While making *A Yank at Oxford* Bob lived in the English countryside—an experience he's not trading with anybody. He had an old English farmhouse—complete with trimmings



HOW TO WIN BEAUX



Loretta Young loves strings and bows and why not? She has more beaux on strings than any other actress in Hollywood. And now *Accent on Love*

AND INFLUENCE RELATIVES

AN OPEN LETTER TO DALE CARNEGIE—WITH TIPS ON TECHNIQUE FROM
LORETTA YOUNG—IN CASE HE WANTS TO REVISE THAT BEST-SELLER

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

DEAR Mr. Carnegie:

Well, I read your book "How to Win Friends and Influence People" and I think it's darling. So full of information and philosophy, or maybe I mean psychology, for the man who has something to sell and the married couple, but practically nothing helpful for the Unmarried Girl, like myself.

"Look, Loretta," I said to Loretta Young because I was at her house and we were talking things over, "Look, Loretta, I do think the professor has the right idea in helping people to utilize their dormant and unused assets, like he says in his preface, and to teach them to get along with people in everyday business and social contacts, but how's that going to help a girl to corral a new boy friend when the old one evaporates or joins the Marines?"

"I really think," I said, reaching for another buttered cracker, because we were having lunch in her darling dining-room, all cool and green and shining with the gloss of old and well-polished furniture, "that the book, and it's gone into heaven knows how many editions since it first came out in October, 1936, needs a few Hollywood overtones, or maybe I mean overtures; but anyway, Loretta, don't you think the Unmarried Girl needs some consideration in how to win beaux when these New York savants decide to help mankind? I do."

"But you don't corral men and win beaux," murmured Loretta in her husky tones. Really, professor, you'd be surprised at the minor notes in Loretta's voice. You'd expect her to be equipped with a full-fledged soprano voice, and there she is—all contralto. This will interest you, Mr. Carnegie, because of your own school of Effective Speaking. And she has never had a diction lesson.

"Oh, you," I said, laughing gaily as I helped myself to more salad. "You never have to worry about beaux because you have a standing army of men, as large as Mussolini's, waiting, just waiting for you to nod your head. In fact, you're just the type of girl that is needed when a book like this is written. With your knowledge and his vocabulary and publishing contact, it would be just darling, and so helpful. There could also be a chapter on how to manage your family, too, so that piratical relatives, no

matter how close the relationship, would not lure your beaux away. I notice that your sisters Bett and Poll never stole any of yours."

AND that's how the idea of this letter to you started. Just so you won't be too confused, professor, "Bett" is Elizabeth Jane, and Loretta's older sister. In films she is known as Sally Blane, and to the trades-people Mrs. Norman Foster. Older still, but not really very old at all, is "Poll" who is Polly Ann to her family, and Mrs. Carter Hermann to everyone else. There is also Georgianna Belzer, the Young girls' half-sister, aged thirteen, who is somewhere between the Goddess Diana and Perfection in Loretta's estimation. There doesn't seem to be any jealousy in this family, professor, which gives anyone a head start, with no complications, in the pursuit of the Full Life, don't you think? Maybe Gladys Young Belzer, the girls' mother, is responsible.

"There was never any beau-stealing in our family because Bett and Poll always had more beaux than they knew what to do with," declared Loretta.

"I have never known a girl as popular as Bett, nor as sweet and unselfish as Poll. The boys naturally gravitated to them and sometimes, before Bett and Poll were married, I'd come in from the studio and literally have to push the boys out of the way so I could walk across the room." Loretta said this with a twinkle in her blue-gray eyes, Mr. Carnegie, because she really has a nice sense of humor.

"Fortunately I have never fallen in love with a man who didn't return the emotion," continued Loretta who has had more luck than most girls. "Maybe it's because I never wanted a man to be more handsome than companionable. Even when

I was a youngster, just beginning to 'date,' it was the look around a man's eyes, the honesty and understanding of his gaze, that had me and held me. It's still that way.

A man doesn't have to be handsome to make me like him. I like manly men, dependable, reliable, but when they suddenly turn 'little boyish' and feel hurt about losing a favorite watch or something, my heart simply dissolves. If you say it's the 'maternal' in me, I shall scream."

It's funny, Mr. Carnegie, but that was

[Continued on
page 87]





FERNAND GRAVET

That gallant Gallic and new heart menace, Mons. Gravet, who, when he played that King, made you and you sigh to be THE Chorus Girl, bobs up here in a riding habit (he does play polo) to let you know that he also sings. And don't think he won't be singing to you as well as to Carole Lombard in that *Fools for Scandal*. This is Fernand's second American film—and even now he is right up there with the pack, meaning Clark, Bob, Ty, Gary and Errol

"I'D RATHER BE FIRST"—SONJA HENIE

SONJA HAS BEEN A STAR LESS THAN A YEAR—AND RANKS EIGHTH AT THE BOX-OFFICE. BUT THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER



Sonja has skated into the public fancy—and ranks among FIRST TEN after starring in only two films. Her next is *Happy Landing*

By
**MOLLY
CASTLE**

ONE morning at breakfast Mrs. Henie opened up her newspaper and there, among the first ten box-office favorites, was the name of her little daughter Sonja, less than a year a star. Sonja, who had made but two pictures—or one-and-a-half, if you take into consideration that the poll was held before her second picture, *Thin Ice*, was generally released.

Delighted, Mrs. Henie read the list to Sonja. Sonja put down her cup of coffee and looked thoughtful.

"That's nice," she said. "That's very nice." But she continued to look thoughtful. "I would rather have been first," she added after a few moments.

Even though she had above her on the list four men, two child stars and a team, even though she was, in so short a time, the first grown-up girl-star on the list, still, she was only eighth at the Box-Office. That is good, but not good enough for Sonja. She would rather, but definitely, be first.

It is the same with her life.

"I don't want to do anything unless I

can be best at it," says this small, chubby person, whose chin beneath the dimples is so soft and round that to look at her you would never even suspect its owner's square-chinned personality, the maturity behind that baby face.

And to that end her life and career are planned, down to their smallest details.

First her career. Two pictures a year she will make (and for these they will pay her \$100,000 a picture. A contract like that after just 12 months)! And what is all this about giving up her skates and taking to drama? That is not her idea of being best. Other people can act, but only she can skate just like that. Her acting is good, very good; her ballet dancing (her talent for which she will exhibit both off and on skates in her next picture) is very nearly first rate. But her skating is tops. And so, with her charming personality, her knowledge of dancing, her world-famous skating, is Sonja's appeal at the Box-Office. She would rather be first. She will be.

[Continued on page 83]



THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938

A jolly crowd of fun-
makers make merry
with songs, dances and
funny sayings in *The Big
Broadcast of 1938*. The
talent in center spells Lynne
Overman, Martha Raye, W.C.
Fields, Shirley Ross, Bob
Hope and Ben Blue. And
girls, Girls, beautiful GIRLS
with nifty figures and nimble
feet pep up the show



ALICE FAYE'S MARRIAGE CODE

ALICE KNOWS HER WAY AROUND WHEN IT COMES TO A MARRIAGE CODE
—AND WITH HUBBY, TONY MARTIN, GIVES FIVE RULES FOR HAPPINESS

By
**VIRGINIA
T. LANE**

THE soft strains of the wedding march lingered in the air. There was a hushed, expectant silence. Alice Faye handed her bouquet—all white orchids, gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley—to the maid of honor. Then she gave her hand to Tony Martin and the marriage service began, slowly, solemnly.

"With this ring I thee wed . . ."

She pushed back the soft mist of her veil and suddenly she and Tony were in each other's arms. There was no mistaking that rapt expression on their faces. They might have been alone for all the attention they paid to the music, the lights or the crowd.

"Hey," said the cameraman pushing back his cap, "I can't print a kiss *that* long!" But nobody heard him, least of all Mr. and Mrs. Tony Martin.

To them, it was their real wedding—with all the trimmings. Exquisite bridal gown, twelve bridesmaids and all. They had used their own rings, a slim band of diamonds for Alice, a plain gold circlet for Tony. And

it was he (*not* the property department!) who furnished the bouquet in the time-honored fashion of bridegrooms. When you see that scene in *Sally, Irene and Mary* you're seeing pretty much the real thing!

It wasn't in the script originally, of course. There's a story behind *that*—

You remember the headlines that broke in every paper in the country last September: "Alice Fay Marries Tony Martin In Yuma!" A surprise elopement. Two kids crazily in love, pulling a "fast one" on Hollywood. Alice was working in her first starring picture out at Universal, *You're a Sweetheart*, and she talked the director into letting her have Saturday off "to rest." Instead she flew to Yuma. Stood before the "marrying judge" there in a stuffy courtroom with the thermometer registering 114 degrees in the shade. Her nose was shiny. She could feel herself wilting under that oppressive heat. "I'm a fine looking bride!" she whispered to Tony. But he only squeezed her hand. With their picture schedules they [Continued on page 84]



In *Sally, Irene and Mary*, which is Alice's next film, she plays a real bride to her leading man and hubby

SUPERLATIVES

YESSAH, HERE IS THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA—AS YOU MIGHT EXPECT FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD. MOVIE STARS AND SUPERLATIVES GO TOGETHER

(Paul Muni), and *quickest rise to fame* (Jon Hall), and whether they're frivolous or serious, the titles are proudly worn, since you must stand out above the crowd in Hollywood—or go unnoticed!

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond joined the select circle when they achieved the *biggest wedding*. (Also, observers who know their Emily Post declare, the wedding in *most perfect taste*.) Myrna Loy and Clark Gable rated headlines when chosen as the *favorite stars* of readers of 55 news-



Shirley Temple is Hollywood's biggest money-maker—as well as being the most decorated star—with hundreds of medals

By TEMPLE CRANE

THE mosta of the besta! When he coined this catch-phrase, Ben Bernie *must* have meant Hollywood. Not a star in town but can claim some title or degree for the year, all the way from owner of the *longest fingernails* (June Travis) to such hotly contested honors as *biggest money-maker* (Shirley Temple) and *richest star* (Mary Pickford).

From all over the world, champions of every line come rushing to the movie town, and we have Sonja Henie, *best skater*, Eleanor Powell, *fastest tap dancer*, and even "Prince" Mike Romanoff, *biggest fake*!

For the year, stars worked hard for such varying degrees as *shortest marriage* (June Lang), *most artistic triumph*

Anita Louise in the opinion of beauty experts wears the crown of *most beautiful*



Jon Hall achieved *quickest rise to fame-making stardom* in first picture



Marlene owns *best legs and largest collection of artificial eyelashes*



OF 1937-1938

papers. Joan Crawford showed the power of superlatives as the *most imitated star* of the year, initiating no less than three hairstyles (even the Juliet, first worn by Norma Shearer, became popular in a modified version which Joan wore.) La Crawford also popularized broad shoulders, polo coats, full pleated skirts, and other fashions. Gable, incidentally, is the world's *most imitated man*, whom experts credit with giving impetus to a fad for moustaches, wearing gloves, and more informal evening outfits.

A score of beauty experts and world-famous artists nominated the figure of Betty Grable as the *shapeliest*, while Anita Louise, in the opinion of Max Factor and other experts, still wears serenely her crown as *most beautiful*, and its honors like these that send the producers knocking at their doors! And Wendy Barrie has the smallest [Continued on page 85]

Beauty experts, famous artists nominate Betty Grable as the shapeliest



Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond had biggest and best wedding



Clark Gable rates as favorite male star of 55 newspapers. And is the most imitated man, having started moustache fad

Joan Crawford.....	most imitated
Betty Grable.....	best figure
Greta Garbo.....	biggest salary
Dorothy Lamour.....	longest hair
Robert Taylor.....	most fan mail
Shirley Temple.....	best box-office
Clark Gable.....	ditto for men
Adolphe Menjou.....	best-dressed actor
Kay Francis.....	best-dressed actress
Mary Maguire.....	smallest shoes (size one)
Anita Louise.....	most beautiful
Frances Dee.....	most publicity shy
Basil Rathbone.....	most original host
Wendy Barrie.....	smallest waistline (22 inches around)
Gary Cooper.....	tallest male (6 feet, 3 1/2 inches)
Gail Patrick.....	tallest girl (5 feet, 8 inches)
Ilona Massey.....	most predicted for stardom
Mary Pickford.....	richest woman
Charles Chaplin.....	richest man
Joe E. Brown.....	biggest mouth (5 inch spread)
Ginger Rogers.....	best sport
Bob Burns.....	best columnist
Katharine Hepburn.....	most original girl
Jack Oakie.....	most original man
Harold Lloyd.....	richest and biggest home and estate

Jimmy Stewart is rated best story-teller—more amusing than many professionals

VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD



TO HEAR KENNY BAKER TALK HE IS JUST A YOUNG FELLOW TRYING TO GET ALONG. REALLY HE IS GETTING PLACES IN A HURRY

stead of the ten-cent tip she's gotten used to by now.

But don't get me wrong. Kenny Baker's no mactavish. Kenny's just a young feller who wants to get places in this world. One of the places he wants to get is his own farm—not one of these movie stars' farms which is so expensive to run and operate that every walnut it produces costs five or six dollars. Kenny, having been born in the very scent of fertilizer—he's a small-town kid, you know—wants a farm that'll not only pay for itself, but show a profit, too.

He's saving [Continued on page 81]

Kenny, who made good in radio, is determined to make good in the movies. He sings for you in *Goldwyn Follies*

THIS being February, Kenny Baker gets a break—he has thirteen cents a day more, to spend, than he has in other months. Oh, I know it doesn't seem like an awful lot. But to Kenny Baker, it's a big difference. You see, when a guy usually has only about a dollar-sixty-five a day for everything from lunch, gasoline, smokes, tips and things like that, thirteen cents—either more or less—makes an awful difference.

And that's the way it is with Kenny. You see, Kenny allows himself just \$50 a month for spending

By
**HARRY
LANG**

money. On 30 or 31-day months, that jitters down to the measly dollar-sixty-five or so, each day. But in February, thanks to only 28 days, it gives Kenny Baker all of a dollar-seventy-eight each 24 hours. So he became a regular Hollywood big shot this February, for a change. When he's playing poker with his pals (than which he likes nothing more), he's liable to bet fifteen or even twenty cents on a straight flush, instead of a dime. Or, maybe, he'll finally fulfil that repressed ambition of his—and leave 23 cents for the luncheon waitress, in-



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BURNS AND ALLEN



By LEON SURMELIAN

HERE'S THE SERIOUS SIDE OF
GEORGE AND GRACIE—WITH-
OUT BENEFIT OF GAGS. SINCE
THEY MARRIED 12 YEARS AGO
THEIRS HAS BEEN ONE OF THE
LOVE STORIES OF SHOW BUSINESS

ONE of the most amazing success stories in Hollywood is that of George Burns and Gracie Allen. It is also one of the happiest love stories.

George and Gracie have made a fortune and innumerable friends by telling jokes. They form a crack team of highly marketable nonsense, with the sensitive Gracie in the role of a fluttery femme sap, spouting the inanities her shrewd husband and stooge feeds her. Both literally grew up in show business. Recently they were in *Damsel in Distress*, peppering up the picture with their individual tomfooleries. Currently they are in *College Swing*, and are scheduled to make two more pictures for Paramount. Their weekly colloquy is a fount of fun over the NBC airways.

We had practically made a reservation for the psychopathic ward when we went to interview them. But they turned out to be a thoroughly normal couple. George, we suspect, would not like this. He offered, in fact, to "gag up" the story we had in mind, so that Gracie would be in character in it. But we believe you would prefer to meet them as they really are in private life.

We called on them at their home in Beverly Hills—a lovely colonial mansion. George had just got out of bed (it was 10 a. m.), and came to the library in his pajamas, a funny beret on his head, the inevitable cigar in his mouth. We were enchanted by the gracious interiors of the house. There are, to be sure, some magnificent estates in movieland, but this is about the finest "homey" place we have seen.

"We bought it for the children," George said, speaking in that husky voice of his. "We always lived in apartments, but when we adopted Sandra and Ronald, we settled down and became substantial citizens of the community." The private life of George Burns and Gracie Allen revolves around their adopted children.

Presently these two youngsters came in with big, curious

eyes, Sandra hugging a doll, Ronald carrying a teddy-bear. Both are fair and rather delicate. The girl is three-and-a-half years old, the boy two-and-a-half.

"I'm trying to give them what I, myself, lacked as a child," George said with a grim look in his gray eyes. "I really should have been in that show, *Dead End*. Things were very tough for me when I was a kid. My dad, Lewis Burnbaum, was born in the old country. I don't know what country it was. I was just a baby when he died. Mother brought us up, five brothers and seven sisters. We had to

fight the terrible environment of the lower East Side in New York, where I was born."

SWATHED in an elegant dressing-gown, Gracie entered the library. She is Irish, with dark eyes and almost black hair. Her hands are small and very white. She is quiet, unassuming, and very feminine. She lets George do most of the talking during interviews. His is the dominant personality.

We all went to the breakfast-room, cheery with the bright morning sunlight. Sandra climbed a chair.

"Sit down, don't stand up like that," Gracie admonished her. "That's a good chair." It was a work of art with its floral designs. Everything in this home is of the finest. "Sit down and you'll get a nice piece of toast with jam on it." But Sandra, with the obstinacy of childhood, preferred to stand up on the chair she had climbed. "She is being very naughty, I don't love her at all this morning," Gracie told us in that piqued motherly voice. "Daddy doesn't love her either." Whereupon the sensitive Sandra burst into tears, and her parents in vain tried to pacify her. The nurse took her away. Ronnie watched the proceedings with astonished looks.

"All my life I wanted to go into show business," George asserted, after a hearty sip of coffee. "I was the only one in my family who had that desire."

[Continued on page 64]

WHO'S WHOSE

EXTRA! IN THIS SECOND AND FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THE MARITAL AND ROMANTIC SET-UP IN HOLLYWOOD'S "400" YOU NOW HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS OF WHO HAS BELONGED (OR BELONGS) TO WHO

By JAMES REID



Carole Lombard



Lola Lane



Ginger Rogers



Simone Simon

AS MOTION PICTURE mentioned last month, this is a directory to end all wrong impressions about marriage in Hollywood.

Most writers have approached marriage in the movie capital from one of two angles. The first premise is they can't succeed; the second, they can. Invariably writers cite only the cases that "prove" the particular points they wish to prove. But now we are facing facts for the first time. So let's look at the record—as recorded in black and white.

This is the first time that a *Who's Whose* in Hollywood has been presented in any magazine. It answers questions that you have been wondering about ever since Hollywood became the romantic capital of the world. And, being entertaining and illuminating, it is something you will want to keep as a reference.

Did you know there are four hundred names in this *Who's Whose*? These names are not carefully culled to prove any particular case. This directory is concerned with Hollywood's Ranking Four Hundred—considered from the angles of their importance in pictures, the publicity they are given, and the fan mail they receive.

By reading every item you can form your impressions of the success or non-success of the stars in their off-screen romances.

The first installment last month carried names from A to H inclusive. This second and final installment carries through from I to Z inclusive. When you reach the final entry, check your impressions of Hollywood marriages as a whole with the actual statistics compiled from this directory. You will discover that Hollywood has been slightly maligned.—**Editor's Note.**

INESCORT, FRIEDA—For past several years the wife of writer Ben Ray Redman.

JENKINS, ALLEN—Lives such a quiet married life that even his studio doesn't know his wife's name.

JEPSON, HELEN—Listen for songs composed for her by George Possell. He is her husband.

JESSEL, GEORGE—Divorced by Florence Courtney, October 24, 1932. Married Norma Talmadge April 23, 1934, nine days after she divorced Joseph Schenk.

JEWELL, ISABEL—Once had people guessing whether or not she was married to Lee Tracy. She wasn't. Now has them guessing about Owen Crump.

JOLSON, AL—No. 1: Alma Osborne Carlton. No. 2: Ethel Derman. No. 3 (since 1929): Ruby Keeler. They have an adopted 2-year-old, Al, Jr.

JONES, ALLAN—First married very young and had son (now 10) by first wife whom he divorced July 25, 1936. Next day he married Irene Hervey. They have just welcomed the stork.

JONES, BUCK—In a circus tent in Lima, O., August, 1915, married equestrienne Odelle Osborne. They have a grown daughter, Maxine.

JORY, VICTOR—Married to Jean Inness, who plays *Ramona* to his *Alessandro* in yearly California pageant. They have a small actress-daughter, Jean.

JUDGE, ARLINE—Married Director Wesley Ruggles in 1931. Son born, 1933. Divorced April 9, 1937. Five hours later, married Daniel Topping, wealthy sports promoter. Thinking of retiring.

KARLOFF, BORIS—Twice married, once divorced.

KEATING, FRED—Fancy-free, except when Patricia Ellis is in town.

KEELER, RUBY—Has devoted most of her time since 1929 to Al Jolson. Her career has been a sideline. Has an adopted son, Al, Jr.

KEITH, IAN—No. 1: Blanche Yurka. No. 2: Ethel Clayton. No. 3: Baroness Fern Andra. No. 4: Hildegard Pabst, heiress.

KELLY, PATSY—Happy, though not married.

KELLY, PAUL—Married to Dorothy Mackaye, actress-writer, who shared early tragedy with him.

IN HOLLYWOOD

KENNEDY, EDGAR—Despite those "slow burns," married for years—to Patricia Allen.

KENT, DOROTHEA — Married, but separated.

KENT, ROBERT—See Astrid Allwyn.

KIBBEE, GUY—Married to Brownie Reed since 1930, and has two children.

KING JOHN—"Engagement" rumors link him with socialite-actress Frances Robinson.

KNOWLES, PATRIC—On the eve of coming to Hollywood, in 1936, he married Enid Percival, English actress. They have been honeymooning here since. Now expectant.

KRUGER, OTTO—Proposed to Susan MacNamany the first time he met her and they've been married nearly twenty years.

LA MAR, HEDY—Separated from Fritz Mandl, multi-millionaire Austrian munitions maker, who is coming to try to dissuade her from divorce.

LAMONT, MOLLY—Up in the clouds with aviator Eddie Bellande. Married March 30, 1937.

LAMOUR, DOROTHY—Wife of Herbert Kay, orchestra leader, since 1931.

LANDI, ELISSA—Divorced from John Lawrence, barrister, in 1934. Now periodically rumored engaged to Nino Martini.

LANE, LOLA—Mrs. Lew Ayres from 1931 to 1933. Mrs. Alexander Hall from 1934 to 1936. Next—?

LANE, PRISCILLA—At this writing, the press-agents report her "engaged" to Wayne Morris.

LANE, ROSEMARY—There is no Only One as yet.

LANG, JUNE—After tempestuous romance, married agent Victor Orsatti May 29, 1937. Soon after Hawaii honeymoon, he sued for divorce on grounds she wouldn't leave her mother. Now seen with millionaire A. C. Blumenthal, with rumors of a marriage this Spring.

LANGFORD, FRANCES — Keeping everybody in suspense.

LAUGHTON, CHARLES — Married the woman who founded The Children's Theatre, London: Elsa Lancaster. She usually acts with him.

LAUREL, STAN—Divorced from Lois Neilson, 1933. Married Mrs. Ruth Rogers, 1935. Divorced, 1937. Then a Mrs. Mae Laurel arose, claiming she was his common-law wife in 1916, asking alimony. Case dismissed December 6, 1937. Recently married Vera Inarova Shuvalova (Illiana) Russian dancer, after whirlwind courtship.

LEDERER, FRANCIS—Until he eloped to Las Vegas with Margo, October 16, 1937, Hollywood didn't know that he had been married before, to one Ada Nejedly, whom he divorced in Prague in 1935.

LEEDS, ANDREA—Several boys are interested, but she's biding her time.

LILLIE, BEATRICE—Widow of Sir Robert Peel and has a son in his teens.

LIND, DELLA—Married to musician Franz Steininger.

LINDEN, ERIC—Supposed to have been heartbroken when Frances Dee married Joel McCrea. Now interested in Cecilia Parker.

LINDSAY, MARGARET — Still waiting for the One and Only.

LLOYD, HAROLD—Happily married for years to his onetime leading lady, Mildred Davis. Children: Gloria, Peggy (adopted) and Harold, Jr.

LOCKHART, GENE — On the screen, he's usually married to Kathleen Lockhart. Off the screen, he has never been married to anyone else.

LOGAN, ELLA—There are rumors of some Lochinvar soon to come out of the East and carry her away.

LOMBARD, CAROLE—Divorced William Powell in 1933, after two years of marriage. Rumored engaged to Russ Columbo just before his tragic death, September 2, 1934. Now the constant companion of Clark Gable.

LORRE, PETER — Married to Cecilie Lvovsky, actress, since June 22, 1934.

LOUISE, ANITA—Once had puppy-love affair with Tom Brown. Romance rumors vague since. Palsywalsy with Buddy Adler.

LOWE, EDMUND—Married once, and divorced, before marrying Lilyan Tashman, who died March 21, 1934. In 1935, married Rita Kaufman.

LOY, MYRNA—After 3-year romance married producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., June 28, 1936, in Ensenada, Mexico. He was previously divorced by Juliette Crosby.

Herbert Marshall



William Powell

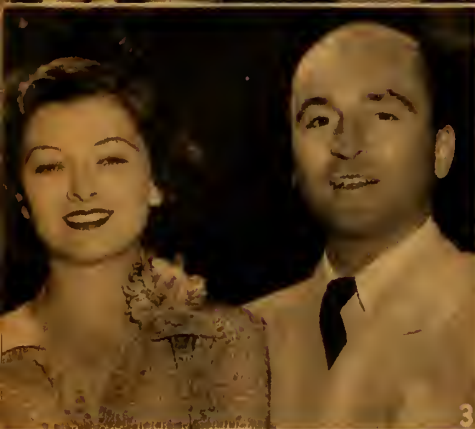


Tyrone Power



David Niven





1. Johnny Weissmuller-Lupe Velez
2. Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone
3. Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow, Jr.
4. Barbara Stanwyck-Robert Taylor
5. Virginia Bruce-J. Walter Ruben
6. Allan Jones-Irene Hervey

LUKAS, PAUL—Twice married. Present wife—Gizella Benes.

LUPINO, IDA—Allegedly still trying to win mother's consent to marry Louis Hayward.

MACDONALD, JEANETTE—Once held record for long engagements—with agent Robert Ritchie. Engaged to Gene Raymond less than a year before she married him June 16, 1937.

MACK, HELEN—Married Charles Irwin, middle-aged broker, February 13, 1935. Son John Michael, born May, 1936. Divorced, October 26, 1937. Now seen with Lew Ayres.

MACLANE, BARTON—No one seems to know when, where and if he has been married and he isn't telling.

MACMURRAY, FRED—In pre-dawn ceremony in Las Vegas, June 20, 1936, married Lillian Lamont, New York model.

MAGUIRE, MARY—Current rhumba partner of producer Joseph Schenck, whose ex-wife (Norma Talmadge) she resembles.

MARCH, FREDRIC—Married his leading lady, Florence Eldridge, in 1927. They have two children (both adopted): Penelope and Anthony.

MARGO—Her marriage to Francis Lederer is her first.

MARSH, JOAN—Marrying writer Charles Belden when his divorce is final.

MARSH, MARIAN—Engaged to broker Al Scott, Colleen Moore's ex.

MARSHALL, HERBERT—First married to Mollie Maitland. In 1928 married his co-star, Edna Best, mother of twin sons by previous marriage. Daughter born May 25, 1933. Now separated, but not divorced. Supposed to have parted because of Gloria Swanson. Now seen with Lee Russell.

MARTIN, TONY—See Alice Faye.

MARTINI, NINO—Periodically rumored engaged to Elissa Landi.

MARX BROTHERS—Chico has been married long enough to have a daughter, Maxine, on the stage. Groucho has been married since 1920. Harpo has been married to starlet Susan Fleming since September, 1936.

MASSEY, ILONA—Reporters haven't been able to reach Ilona yet. The studio denies any marriages, past or present. Meanwhile, her escorts are varied.

MCCREA, JOEL—See Frances Dee.

MCHUGH, FRANK—Proud husband of Dorothy Spencer, proud adopted father of her two children by previous marriage, now boastful parent of infant McHugh.

MCLAGLEN, VICTOR—Married many years to Enid Lamont, daughter of English admiral. They have two children: Andrew and Sheila.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE—Divorced from first wife in 1924. Married Kathryn Carver in 1928; divorced, August 14, 1933. Married Verree Teasdale August 25, 1934. They formally adopted baby, Peter Adolphe, September 28, 1937.

MEREDITH, BURGESS—Married to actress Margaret Perry, who ran away from Hollywood in 1932 when critics panned her first picture.

MERKEL, UNA—Her marriage to Ronald Burla is the secret of that happy disposition.

MERMAN, ETHEL—Her answer still is "No."

MICHAEL, GERTRUDE—Often a bridesmaid, never a bride.

MILLAND, RAY—Hollywood discovered Ray, and he discovered Muriel Webber, at about the same time. They married in 1931.

MONTGOMERY, DOUGLASS—Hasn't been one-girl-minded since Lois Moran married someone else.

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT—Married to Elizabeth Allen (society girl, not actress). Lost their first child in 1931. Second born, 1933.

MOORE, GRACE—The first time she saw Valentin Parera, Spanish actor, she said, "That's the man I'm going to marry." They recently celebrated their seventh anniversary.

MOORE, VICTOR—Married Emma Littlefield in 1902. After 14 childless years, they adopted boy, named him Victor, Jr., then had daughter Ora and son Robert. On their 32nd anniversary, while Victor Moore was a continent away, making a picture, Emma Moore died.

MORGAN, FRANK—Long married to Alma Muller and has a grown son.

MORGAN, RALPH—Long married and has an actress-daughter, Claudia.

MORLEY, KAREN—Secretly married director Charles Vidor November 5, 1932. Son born August 26, 1933.

MORRIS, CHESTER—Married since stage days to [Continued on page 79]



B O B
H O P E



W A Y N E
M O R R I S



J O N
H A L L

Watch out Gable! Here are three new fan males whose increasing popularity is a threat to your security. Any one of these new heartthrobs — Bob Hope, Jon Hall or Wayne Morris—is an answer to a maiden's prayer 37

SPRING



KAY FRANCIS, HOLLYWOOD'S
FIRST LADY OF FASHION,
PREDICTS SPRING'S SWING.
NOW, WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT

SWING



Kay Francis has swept him off his feet and she'll do the same to you when she meets him at the altar in *Women Are Like That* in her sweeping wedding gown of white jersey embroidered in seed pearls. Men just follow her train when Kay dons (left) a white jersey dinner dress with gold chain girdle. But, men are like that! You'll turn green with envy when Kay appears (*Women Are Like That*) in this cinnamon brown cire afternoon dress, above. The narrow skirt has soft folds in front. And you'll see red, because you can't have one like it, when Kay wears (top) this two-piece afternoon frock of black and red sheer wool. The floral motif is accented in black wool with red sequins. Right, Kay wears a frock of wood brown, using the satin and dull sides of the fabric



Bette Davis, one of Hollywood's better, if not best, young actresses is no slouch when it comes to fashions either. Above, she wears a smart town costume of grey sheer wool. Bette, apparently, believes in preparedness, for over her arm she carries a tweed travel coat. For spectator sports wear (The Santa Anita track?) Bette selects a two-piece hand crocheted dress in a bright tangerine shade, upper left. Now that Bette has finished *Jezebel* and has time to relax and revel she steps out at night. For such occasions she prefers a black velvet gown with fitted bodice and a bolero jacket of cloth of gold



We come back to Kay and Orry-Kelly fashions for *Women Are Like That*. Above, Kay wears a smart daytime frock of lustrous black crepe. The dress has a tailored collar, fitted waist, flared skirt and gold girdle. There's nothing smart like a fox so Kay Francis, upper right, wears a coat of brown broadcloth with three Cross Foxes set on at the front below the waistline. The slim lines distinguish this collarless coat. Brown and black still leads as a color combination for Spring, so right, Kay in a smart afternoon suit consisting of a simple black wool dress over which she wears a cape rich with Nutria and huge patch pockets. Women are like that!

HOW DISNEY DOES IT

By
**ROGER
CARROLL**

DISNEY TAKES YOU INTO HIS STUDIOS AND SHOWS HOW HE AND 600 LOYAL WORKERS CREATE HIS CARTOONS — WORLD-OVER FAVORITES



Water color backgrounds—not stage sets—are used in all films 250,000 separate drawings were traced by artists for *Snow White*



FOR three years, more than six hundred people had worked unceasingly on *The Great Experiment*. They had spent more than \$1,500,000—a staggering sum, even in Hollywood. But now, finally, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* was finished. The first feature-length animated cartoon was actually on the screen. The picture that “didn’t stand a chance.”

The morning after its premiere the department heads of Walt Disney Studio were gathered around “the boss” in his office. They weren’t gathered to discuss the premiere. They were there to talk about the *next* experiment—a ten-minute cartoon with music by Leopold Stokowski and his Philharmonic Orchestra.

But they couldn’t exactly ignore those clippings on Walt’s desk—the reviews in the morning papers; those telegrams from the biggest names in Hollywood; those memos of congratulatory telephone messages about *Snow White*. And the more they read, the more they grinned. Happily, proudly, and—a bit incredulously.

“Do they like it? Listen to *this!*” exclaimed one, brandishing a wire from a critic, who prophesied that *Snow White* would still be going the rounds when the youngest child now alive was snow-white with age.

“And are we *lucky* they like it!” exclaimed another.

Walt Disney himself, telling me about this scene later, said, “We’re certainly

‘lucky’—that was all any of us could say.”

That sentiment may puzzle you, if you have seen *Snow White*. If you have fallen victim to its indelible charm, its delicate artistry, its magic appeal. If you have seen how successfully Disney and his co-workers have picturized a dream, recaptured for us the whimsical fancies of childhood, and made fantasy seem, once again, as real as reality. If you have seen its painstaking perfection. That sentiment may puzzle you, unless you know Walt Disney and how he works.

You see the words “Walt Disney Studio,” and you visualize a smaller version of all the other studios where movies are made. But you shouldn’t. It is far removed from any other studio. Far removed, even in location. The sightseeing busses that take tourists past “all the studios” never pass Walt Disney’s. It is off the beaten track—even as his pictures are. It is on Hyperion Avenue, on the northern edge of Los Angeles; not Hollywood.

And it looks nothing like the orthodox studio. It covers very little acreage. It is a place of windows. It is a place of white stucco two-story buildings, haphazardly hitched to each other as the Disney enterprises have mushroomed. Seeing it from the outside, you wouldn’t suspect it of housing more than two or

three hundred workers. Seeing it from the inside, you are amazed to discover that there are nearly seven hundred workers there. That Disney needs that many helpers. And that, even with that many, it takes six months to make one *Mickey Mouse* short.

You don’t get inside the Disney Studio just out of curiosity. You must have business there. This is an enterprise that depends on ideas, primarily, for its success. And those ideas are jealously guarded. But suppose you are privileged. Suppose you are shown, step by step, how a Disney idea is developed into a Disney picture. It is a procedure, you discover, far removed from most movie-making. A highly complicated procedure, highly efficient, but—as haphazard, in a way, as the construction of the studio itself.

SCENARIOS are not written for a Disney picture; they are “talked,” then drawn. Walt calls together his story directors—who are not the typical gag men to be found in the typical comedy studio; they are cartoonists with “story minds.” They come prepared with plot ideas, all of them. They discuss these pro and con, booing some, relishing others, finally deciding by vote (with Walt sometimes in the minority) which plot idea has the greatest possibilities. They break down this plot into situations and sequences, divide them up among the group. They go back to their respective desks and, with expert animators, work up rough sketches of proposed action. Then they get together for another story conference.

This takes place in a big oblong room, three walls of which look like the inner walls of a schoolroom—except that, in place of blackboards, there are burlap-covered bulletin boards. The rough sketches are thumb-tacked here. The group moves from section to section of the bulletin board, critically eyeing the sketches, with the enthused gagsters pantomiming their [Continued on page 62]

Snow White dancing to the dwarfs’ music offers a whimsical touch



Fine fantasy. *Snow White*’s forest pets help clean the dwarfs’ hut





A winsome menace to good navigation is Dorothy Moore, neat filler-outer of swim suits. Now will youse boys join the Navy?

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

■ Cutest gift of the month, in Hollywood, was the charm bracelet Dick Powell hung on wife Joan Blondell's wrist. In the charms which dangle from it is told the story of the Powell-Blondell romance and marriage . . . and the last charm in the parade is a tiny baby—with a question mark!

Like You and Me

■ First thing Carole Lombard turns to, when she picks up any newspaper, is the comic page.

Hillbilly

■ Very first thing Fred Astaire likes to do when he gets home from anywhere is take off his shoes.

Names They'd Rather Do Without

■ Brian Aherne prefers to forget his middle name, which is DeLacey. Just as irked as Wayne Morris about his own FULL name: Bertram DeWayne Morris. And that "H" in William H. Powell stands for omigawd!—"Horatio . . . !!!"

Ballyhooley

■ Up in arms are a growing group of filmland's younger players, against the ballyhooping of synthetic but phony "romances" by make-hay-while-the-sun-shines publicists. It's gotten so that a young movie actor can't even lift his hat to a young movie actress in Hollywood any more, but that press-agents begin hollering "Romance! Romance! Romance!"

And so, over at RKO, the younger contract players have organized a Protective Association to combat this sort of thing. Listed on the membership are Frances Gifford, Cynthia Westlake, Crawford Weaver, Alan Bruce and Ida Vollmar. (For latest romance-news on Gifford, Westlake, Weaver, Bruce and Vollmar, turn to the Talkie Town Tattler!)

Mamma 'pank

■ Greatest delight of the New Year for Janie Withers' mama is that Janie has at last stopped biting her fingernails. Anita Louise and Olivia de Havilland HAVEN'T!

Caliban and Ariel (the John Barrymores to you) reunited, are as happy as a couple doves. They may star together on stage



Zorina, Europe's *most beautiful* ballerina (via Norway), makes picture debut in *Goldwyn Follies*. After stage role she returns to films

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Big-Hearted Stuff

■ **PERSONAL-SACRIFICE** Notes from Hollywood:—her heart bleeding for the trials and tribulations of sister-Frenchwoman Annabella trying to learn the ins and outs and hows of Hollywood, Simone Simon sent over her entire staff of Hollywood-trained household servants to Annabella, hired a new staff for her own menage!

His own romantic heart beating in sympathy with that of his stand-in who's in love, Francis Lederer does his own standing-in at 4 o'clock every afternoon, so that Stand-In Victor Sabour can go telephone the lady of his heart.

Deeply appreciative of the eight years service of Lillian Rimbault as nursemaid for Peter, her eight-year-old boy, Constance Bennett is giving Lillian a six-weeks vacation in her native England, and is paying ALL expenses herself.

Your Steak May Vanish

■ If you ever go to Claire Trevor's house for dinner, don't be surprised! Her cook was a professional magician for 15 years!

"My!-How-Time-Flies!" note

■ Just a year ago, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy did their ventriloquist act at Los Angeles Paramount theatre. Edgar got a \$260 check for the week's engagement.

Just the other week, Eddie Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, now Hollywood's ace publicity-record holders, played the same theatre. *This time, Bergen's check was \$7,000—and he smashed all the theatre's attendance records . . . !!!*

Which just goes to show what a difference of twelve months can make!

Greetings

■ On her birthday Deanna Durbin received 43 paintings and drawings of herself, in everything from pencil to oil, from her fans in this country and Canada.

Certainly the Gravy

■ It'd be okay with Joan Crawford if they'd dispense with forks entirely. She prefers to eat everything with a spoon.



A snappy number in a snappy outfit—that's Lana (Swell-Figure) Turner who swings on a garden gate, waiting around patiently for her favorite DATE



Whitney Bourne, w. k. New York socialite, who made good in stage plays, is now making movies. Next? *Broadway After Midnight*



Gary Cooper (among actors) Claudette Colbert (among actresses) now co-starring in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, are highest paid in U. S. Ask Uncle Sam

More About Names

■ Ethel Merman's papa is proud of her success in radio and screen. But there's a fly in the ointment of his pride. You see, papa's name is Edward Zimmerman, and he's an accountant in a New York wholesale house. And he thinks it's too bad that Ethel had to lop off the first syllable of the family name, to get by!

Plagued by memory-invoking names is Bill Powell. It wasn't until just before he went to work that 20th Century-Fox bigshots changed the name of his current film from *Jean to The Baroness and the Butler*. Then it was discovered that one of the crew of the picture is named Harlow. And now it's realized that the last name of Annabella, the French star who plays opposite Bill, is the same as was Jean Harlow's real name—Carpenter! With an "i" added, French style.

Putting "English" On It

■ Olivia de Havilland is an "English-style" eater. She uses her fork exclusively with her left hand.



Priscilla Lane, Wayne Morris' lambie pie, went skiing at Lake Arrowhead after completing *Everybody Was Very Nice*

Typical of the "most beautiful" chorus in Hollywood are nifties Marjorie Deane-Lynne Berkeley of *The Goldwyn Follies*



You'll muchee likee China's daughter, Anna May Wong, in *Daughter of Shanghai*. No likee to livee in Shanghai NOW



Labor Gives to Capital

■ Oddest birthday present of the month was what Peter Lorre's chauffeur gave Peter. Chauffeur is George Daniels, colored. Gift was a document, vivid with ribbons and seals, legally phrased, giving Lorre an option on George's chauffeuring services for life. George has been Peter's chauffeur-valet-secretary for over three years now.

Noivy Nute

■ Nerviest Fan-Letter of the Month: —to Richard Arlen, from a man in Illinois, a letter demanding that Arlen send on all his extra furniture, because the man's building an apartment house and wants to furnish it!

Sonja's Male Stand-In

■ Unique in Hollywood is Sonja Henie. All the other glamor girls have lovely glamorish stand-ins. But Sonja's stand-in is a man! His name's Bert Clark—and when Sonja is making a picture, Bert has to don clothes like hers, and do her stuff—and that's where the catch comes in. You see, Sonja's stand-in has to be capable of doing the ice-skating tricks Sonja does—and in all Hollywood, they couldn't find a gal for the job. So they hired Bert as the only male stand-in for a female player—and while Sonja rests as lights and cameras are set up, Bert goes through her routine to assure that when Sonja steps out, they'll get the best angle on her. Sonja's legs are neater.

Peterpannish Anna Neagle, who gave a command performance of *Peter Pan* for King George, stars in *Look Out for Love*

THE TALK OF



Like His Old-Time Self

■ Bill Powell is slowly but surely coming out of the blackness of despondency and "I-don't-care-ness" which rode him for months after the death of Jean Harlow. Surest sign of his return to an approximation of his old-time self is the series of gags Myrna Loy has inveigled him into—

Latest gag-exchange between la Loy and the Bill came when Powell, scanning the annual box-office returns and finding Myrna at the top on the gal's division and himself fourth in the men's sent her an elaborate scroll of congratulations, signed "William the Fourth." Myrna snapped right into it, sent two raspberries mounted on a silver cushion over to Powell's house by a messenger garbed, head to toe, as the real William IV.

Since then, neither is safe from the other. And happiest people in Hollywood are Bill Powell's friends, to realize that he's coming back from the depths.

To Catch the Gravy

■ No. 1 Napkin-Tucker-Inner of Hollywood is Wally Beery. He prefers it in his collar instead of his lap.

Exercising to Exercise

■ Peter Lorre decided he needs exercise. He ordered a pair of dumbbells. "Heavy ones," he commanded. When he got 'em, he found he couldn't lift 'em—150 pounds each. Now he's taking exercises to get in trim to exercise with the weights.

Sigrid Gurie, than whom there is no whomer for beauty in all Norway, relaxes at the beach after debuting in *Marco Polo*



Hungary's fairest, Ilona Massey, is opening Hollywood's eyes with her beauty, which you noticed in *Rosalie*



You'll Take Vanilla

■ Latest dissipation of Mary Astor is a fiendish drink she guzzles on the set. It's one part of thick cream to three parts of ginger ale!—to keep her weight up.

Waiting For Baby

■ Warner Brothers figure Henry Fonda's baby has cost them well over \$7,000 . . . ! You see, despite their best efforts to speed production, it was impossible to finish shooting in time for Henry to rush East to be with Mrs. Fonda to greet the stork. So when Henry did go, the studio had to sign up the cast on new agreements for the remaining scenes when Henry returned, keep sets standing, and all that sort of thing. Accountants put the figure of losses at the \$7,000-plus mark.

Shanghai Gesture

■ Giggle-of-the-month in Hollywood is over the gag about Anna May Wong's moving out of her apartment. Seems Anna May Wong is a patriotic Chinese gal. And her apartment overlooked a *Japanese* garden! [Continued on page 89]



Open caption to Garbo: Mary Maguire has smallest feet in Hollywood. Has dater-uppers eating out of her hand

Practicing up their yip-ees at B-Bar-H Ranch near Palm Springs are "cowhands" Fay Wray, Anita Louise, Jimmy Ellisons

HOLLYWOOD



HOLLYWOOD has heard—and embraced—in its day a good many formulas for success, but for all of that I think Walter Pidgeon has a new one. . . . Yes, meaning that tall, handsome, Irish-looking chap who was Jean Harlow's fiance in *Saratoga* and who since then has kept on ringing the gong or scoring a bull's eye or however you want to say it in such pictures as *My Dear Miss Aldrich*, *Man-Proof* and *Girl of the Golden West*.

Walter simply—and in a nice way—doesn't give a darn. Struggle? Worry? Lose sleep when some columnist spells his name wrong or fails to spell it at all? Chew his fingernails wondering whether this or that contract will be renewed? Walter grins that Irish grin of his and can't be bothered. He never has been bothered. He is quite sure he never will be. Success is swell, of course, but to miss out on it needn't be fatal, he holds. . . . With the result that Dame Fortune, perverse after the fashion of women, has contrived to treat him right kindly, and even his darkest clouds have had their silver linings.

Take, for instance, that time in 1930 when he was brought to Hollywood by

By MARIAN RHEA

WALTER PIDGEON, BEING IRISH, IS THE KIND OF GUY THAT CAN'T BE ANNOYED BY ANYTHING. SUCCESS IS SWELL, OF COURSE, BUT HE WON'T LOSE SLEEP OVER IT

a certain studio to star in a series of four color musicals, and all four pictures flopped. Quite a jolt, that, because Walter flopped with them.

"My name was certainly mud in this town," he told me at M-G-M one day when I was visiting the *Girl of the Golden West* set. Not that he looked it. He was all dressed up as an early California sheriff—side-burns, ten-gallon hat, boots, chaps and what-have-you, and to my admiring eye he presented a fine figure of a man. Very fine. . . . But this was almost 1938 and he was talking about "time was . . ."

"Of course," he explained, "I console myself by blaming my unpopularity on color which was in its infancy then, as you may remember. The films used to look all right at first, but with every showing they would get scratched until the entire cast was almost unrecognizable. I remember one that made me look as if I had the measles, which didn't especially fit in with the romantic role I was supposed to be playing."

The result was that Walter, measles-less though he actually was, couldn't get a role in Hollywood for love nor money; couldn't even get a bit.

"**S**O WHAT did you do?" I asked him, picturing him starving in a garret or standing in a breadline until one of those famous Hollywood "breaks" came along. But—

"Oh, I went to Europe," he said carelessly.

Yes, he actually went to Europe and not as a stowaway, either. Because that is another thing about Walter Pidgeon which makes him different from a lot of people out here. He saves his money. He saves a certain part of every pay-check and always has. So, of course, he had enough money to take him to Europe. He even had enough to pay for singing lessons in Milan. Knowing him as I do, I can only say to that: He would.

He stayed in Europe a year, caring not a jot about those color flops, and when he came back his name was no longer mud, at least not in New York, and he was [Continued on page 72]



THE MAN WHO DOESN'T GIVE A DARN

DON'T be a copy cat!" This advice comes from Claudette Colbert, lovely dark-eyed star of Paramount Pictures who is soon to be seen in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*.

"I know," she went on, "that that statement is anything but original. Still, I do think it the most important beauty rule any girl can follow. Hollywood is full of girls who try to look exactly like Garbo and Ginger Rogers and all the other stars. And what does it get them? A job as a waitress in—if they're lucky—some rendezvous of the real stars. And they'll probably never get noticed by any big director because they're just like a million and one would-be Garbos and Rogers."

I quite agreed with Claudette that the world was a wee bit too full of blondes trying to get places on someone else's looks. But what, I wanted to know,

After reading this article you will agree that Claudette Colbert is *Tovarich* to you

BE YOURSELF



CLAUDETTE COLBERT SAYS DON'T BE A COPY CAT BUT MAKE THE MOST OF THE BEST OF YOU

By DENISE CAINE

what was a poor gal to do if she wanted to be beautiful, and make the most of her looks?

"Do just that," and she gestured prettily with an expressive French hand, "Make the most of *her* looks. Stop trying to look like the other people. Be herself. Make the most of her individuality, and be confident of her own loveliness."

Claudette went on to say that she didn't mean you shouldn't take a tip or two from someone lovely in order to make yourself lovelier. She thinks that any clever girl will keep an open eye for beauty, and whenever she sees someone smart, look her over for tricks that she might adapt to herself. But that, she explained very carefully, wasn't really copying. When you take a tip from someone, and change it a bit to suit yourself, you're creating some new beauty for the world.

The lady has something there. Take hairstyles for example. The first girl who wore the page boy bob got herself noticed—so well, in fact, that everyone else began to wear the long, turned-under roll. And now the page boy bob has become so common

that it's the girl who doesn't wear it who gets on the front page these days.

Claudette herself has never gone berserk over changes in styles. Long ago she learned that bangs became her, and bangs it has been ever since. She had made certain concessions to fashion, or, in a costume picture, to historical requirements, inserting a wave here for one, winding a braid around her head for another, fluffing up the bangs now, brushing them down flat next. Just now, a saucy curl tilted up at the end of the bangs is the only notice she takes of the new up-swing hair movement. Bangs again. For who can imagine Claudette Colbert without them?

Claudette's face is different from most faces, and she makes the most of that difference. Her forehead is naturally low, so she obscures it almost entirely by wearing soft thick bangs to within half an inch of her eyebrows. She waves her hair softly away from her rounded, but high cheek bones, revealing them in all their glory. And because her neck is not very long, she keeps her hair fairly short [Continued on page 69]

RUBBER LEGS



Bolger was a Broadway favorite for several seasons because of his sensational dancing. M-G-M talent scouts signed him for *The Great Ziegfeld* and *Rosalie*

THEY CALL RAY BOLGER "RUBBER LEGS" BECAUSE HE GOES BOUNCING ALL OVER THE PLACE WHEN THE MUSIC STARTS. SOME DANCER!

RAY BOLGER, dancer, is taking an awful beating from Ray Bolger, actor, these days—and both seem to be very happy about it.

All his life Ray Bolger has wanted to be an actor. He started his theatrical career as an actor. He achieved his greatest success as a dancer. It was while he was making a sensational hit as a dancer in *On Your Toes*, (The Broadway musical) that M-G-M signed him for a Hollywood contract.

In *The Great Ziegfeld*, his first picture, he danced his way into the motion picture audience's attention.

But in *Rosalie*, which he recently completed he does more acting than dancing. And that makes him very happy. He sees ahead a whole new future—as an actor, despite the fact that he is known as one of the best dancers in show business.

"I consider my part in *Rosalie* the first important part I ever played in pictures," he says seriously. "In playing Nelson Eddy's buddy at West Point I realized

you could make the guy look good or bad. It was a terribly important role in that respect. I hope I made him look good.

"Before I went into that picture, I hadn't had to worry about acting problems for nearly ten years. All the intervening time was just one big hoof and mouth epic. I did the hoofing and there were always a couple of singers to do the mouthing.

Bolger owed his selection for the *Rosalie* part, he admits, to William Anthony McGuire, author and producer. Years ago when McGuire, then with Ziegfeld, tried to get him to hire Bolger, the great glorifier voted thumbs down.

Still sold on Bolger, McGuire met him on the M-G-M lot last year. When he found the dancing comedian had just been signed by the studio, he immediately ordered a part especially for him in *The Great Ziegfeld*.

From this picture McGuire, more than ever sold on Bolger moved him into *Rosalie* and the part he considers his most important

By
DON
BURR

[Continued on page 61]



*Brings
new aid to
Women's Skin!*

this new Cream with
"Skin-Vitamin"

*"A cleansing
cream that also
nourishes the
skin is a great
achievement"*

Mrs. Arthur Richardson



Mrs. Arthur Richardson

Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN

"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"

A NEW KIND of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of



(ABOVE) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment.

(CENTER) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now *nourishes* your skin.

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS**

Pond's, Dept. 6-CR, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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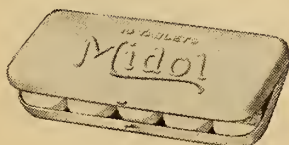


The Calendar said:
"be quiet"
MIDOL
said: "be yourself"



DOCTORS know that severe periodic functional pain is not natural to most women. For thousands more, science has found a way to make it unnecessary. Yet many women still go on letting the calendar regulate their lives, setting aside certain days each month to miserable inactivity.

If you are one of them, you should know about Midol. Unless you have some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol in all probability can make your days of menstruation as carefree as any other. It is offered for this special purpose—acts quickly, and in all but unusual instances brings definite relief. A few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day. Your druggist has Midol in convenient purse-size tins.



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PRIZE LETTERS HOW READERS RATE THEM!

KAY'S OKAY \$5 Prize Letter

I HAVE always said that Kay Francis is the most miscast star in pictures. And after seeing *First Lady* I repeat it again. Kay's all right, she's a good actress. *White Angel* and *One Way Passage*—incidentally the only two good pictures she's ever had—proved it. But, she's no comedienne as they tried to make out of her in *First Lady*. Why, the whole supporting cast walked away with the picture. How Miss Francis has held public favor for so many years with such a succession of bad parts is an enigma to me. But it must be something, something we remember from *One Way Passage* and have never seen again. It's a shame Hollywood has to go to Europe for its importations and comb the market for top-notch stories for them when it has stars like Kay Francis, capable, brilliant, charming, who are dying on the vine because of miscasting.—C. L. Mersich, 1708 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.



Kay Francis

NO MATINEE IDOL, HE \$15 Prize Letter



Charles Boyer

AT LAST Charles Boyer has won his rightful place in the Hollywood sun as a richly talented actor, not as a matinee idol of rare Continental charm. After being miscast so long it is gratifying to learn producers have recognized his versatility by giving him two roles worthy of his talent. His sincere portrayal of *Napoleon in Conquest* made that famous general more real and human to us than all the books written about him could do. And in *Tovarich* he revealed a talent for comedy that was as brilliant as his mastery of drama. Given the chance, Charles Boyer has shown that he's more than a provocative personality. He's proven himself a distinguished actor. May Hollywood not let him down again.—Floyd Miller, 320 Collins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

NO STUFFING, PLEASE \$10 Prize Letter

I RAISE my voice in a strong protest against one outstanding fault of some of our so-called best pictures, and that is the lengthening of these pictures so that they run longer than they should. A recent example of what I mean was *Rosalie*. Had this picture been shortened fifteen or twenty minutes, it would have improved it greatly. The "stuffing" of this picture was so unnecessary as to make it boring and uninteresting. Personally, I was tired of it many minutes before it ended and to me a fine picture, starring two bright personalities, was spoiled by the producer stretching it like an elastic band. I hope that *Rosalie* is not a forerunner of what we are to expect for the next twelve months. If it is we're in for some tiresome productions.—Maybelle E. Karr, 844 Reinhard Ave., Columbus, Ohio.



Oscar Homolka

"OSCAR" FOR OSCAR \$1 Prize Letter

WRITING this is a "must" for me after having seen Oscar Homolka in *Ebbtide*. The reviews of this picture prepared me for a practically perfect performance, but none of their superlatives were too strong. Indeed, I wonder if they were strong enough. Never in all my movie-going life have I so thoroughly enjoyed and admired and thrilled to an actor. Mr. Homolka is the supreme artist, in that he doesn't appear to be acting. His portrayal of the *Captain* was so convincing, he *was* the character he represented. Much as I like Frances Farmer, it was Mr. Homolka who moved me, who made his feelings mine, for the time being, who from the first had my sympathies and for whom my tears flowed and my laugh rang out. Please let us see lots more of this superb, unique actor.—Mrs. Enid W. Young, 106 Washington Ave., Colonial Heights, Petersburg, Va.

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—\$15, \$10 and \$5—with \$1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

LET'S BE CANDID \$1 Prize Letter

IT IS said that Hollywood is fearful lest candid camera shots debunk the glamour of their stars. As far as I am concerned, the more candid the better. A candid shot of Bette Davis in the process of transporting a morsel of food from a fork into her widely opened mouth is fascinating and likewise a shot of Mary Pickford unceremoniously licking a bit of food from her thumb (even as you and I) intrigues. The recent pictures of Robert Taylor depicting him with a healthy growth of beard and about to apply one of those bull-headed matches to a cigarette dangling between his lips is far more interesting than all the "pretty boy" publicity. Candid pictures show us the stars are real flesh and blood people who aren't always in beautiful poses and who do the same things we do in the same way we do.—Leonard Beeghley, 17 Main St., Jane Lew, W. Va.

DEFENDING DOUBLE FEATURES \$1 Prize Letter

WITH the constant stream of adverse criticism heaped on the practice of double-feature programs, may I rise in their defense? And why? Because while they may bore a certain group of people to death, and mean more money out of the pockets of the exhibitors, nevertheless they do enable people like myself—working-folk on a limited entertainment budget—to see the latest pictures reasonably. I can't afford to pay 75c to go downtown and see Eddie Cantor, Irene Dunne, Colbert, Lombard or Joan Crawford at the first showing of their pictures, but I know that if I bide my time and am patient for a couple of weeks, I can see *two* pictures that I've wanted to see for less than it would have cost me to see one in a major house. And believe me when I say that means a good deal in these times of economic stress. Good entertainment keeps up my morale.—M. M. Bradford, 6146 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

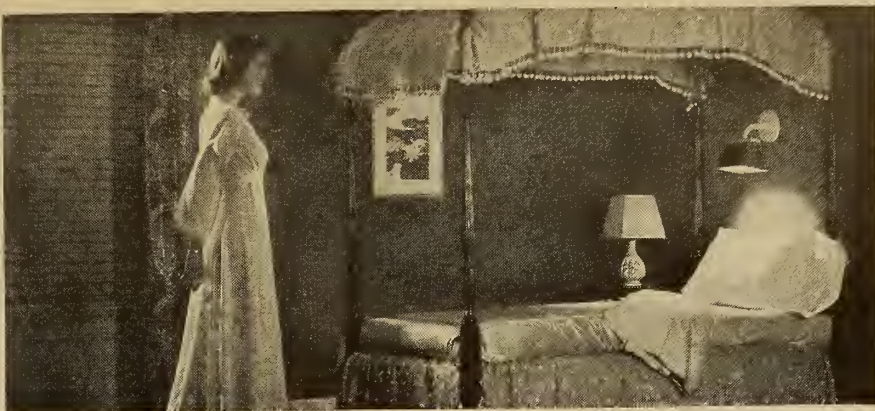
I DISAGREE \$1 Prize Letter

I DON'T agree at all with one of your letter writers in the February Prize Letters. And that is the writer who panned Eddie Cantor for his satire in *Ali Baba Goes To Town*. I don't see how anyone—and I'm a New-Dealer—could take exception to it. It was certainly clever and timely and I, like thousands of others, enjoyed it tremendously. And the fellow today who can't take it is a poor sport indeed. My hat is always off to Eddie Cantor for he's one comedian that I can always count on to furnish me with fun and laughs galore. And *Ali Baba Goes To Town* was certainly no exception. And, please note, I don't live in Maine or Vermont so my remarks can't be classified as "sour grapes."—R. W. Carr, 1016 17th St., Parkersburg, W. Va.

NOTICE!

THE WINNERS OF OUR MYSTERY RECIPE CONTEST ARE ANNOUNCED IN THIS ISSUE. MAYBE YOU ARE ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES. TURN TO PAGE 68.

SHE SAW A GHOST IN THE BED...



It rattled no chains and shook no bones—but there was an unwelcome ghost in Mary's guest room! It hid in the sheets, the curtains, the linens. Guests saw it with horror but didn't dare mention it—until Cousin Flo saw the ghost in the bed.



The very next morning, Cousin Flo told Mary—"It's tattle-tale gray that's haunting your clothes. Your weak-kneed soap doesn't wash things perfectly clean. If you want to chase out that mean dingy shadow—to banish tattle-tale gray—change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

FEW WEEKS LATER



And that was the end of the ghost in the guest room. Thanks to Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of gentle naptha, Mary now gets all the dirt out of clothes. The sheets shine so white—and everything smells so fresh and sweet—friends say it's a thrill to sleep at her house! ... Why don't you play safe, too? See how easy it is to ...

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap!

NEW! Try
Fels-Naptha
Soap Chips, too!

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

Everything was Lovely...



**UNTIL HE STRUCK
A MATCH!**

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Seeing is believing

Look at the photographs below. See what havoc the light plays with unprotected make-up. See the improvement in the second picture—with light rays modified and softened by light-proof powder.

You can trust this powder under all conditions. It is light-proof, and moisture-proof. Note the complete absence of shine, with that same lovely softness at all times.

We invite all women who think they have a "shiny skin" to make this test and see if Luxor powder does not subdue all shine.

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THIS is what happens when your make-up reflects every light ray.



SEE the difference using light-proof powder that modifies the rays of light.



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LUXOR, Ltd., Chicago FAW.4-38

Please send me a complimentary box of the new Luxor LIGHT-PROOF face powder free and prepaid.

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Address _____

YOUR WITNESS on the STAND



WITH WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. How many players over the age of fifty are registered with Central Casting?

A. There are four thousand men and women over that age waiting around for extra calls. Five hundred of them are over sixty-five.

Q. How old is Alice Faye, what is her nationality, where was she born? And will you answer the same questions about Tony Martin?

A. Alice Faye was born May 5, 1915; she is Irish and French; she was born in New York City. Tony Martin is about 27, is American and was born in San Francisco.

Q. How much do those box lunches, served when a movie company goes on location, cost the extras?

A. The extras don't pay for them. The studio always supplies all meals when a company is on location. Samuel Goldwyn, by the way, paid for 19,283 meals for extras during three weeks of location for *The Adventures of Marco Polo* company. The meals cost about one dollar each.

Q. Where can I get the words to the song Dick Powell sang, *We're Working Our Way Through College*?

A. Harms, incorporated, publishes the song.

Q. How many fan letters does Deanna Durbin get each week?

A. Seven thousand admirers write each week to this charming little singing star, which is more than even Mary Pickford got at the height of her popularity.

Q. How big was the island set in *Hurricane*?

A. It was enormous. The "island" covered exactly two acres, and was built on the back lot of the Goldwyn studio, almost in the heart of Hollywood. The lagoon, which covered an acre of territory, was pumped full with 981,250 gallons of Hollywood water, and the sides and bottom were cemented. The water was clarified by special chemical process to that beautiful transparency and, of course, thoroughly and continuously disinfected. Wind machines daily whipped the water to give it healthy circulation and keep it fresh. The trading schooner seen riding at anchor on the lagoon is really only two-thirds of a boat, the stern having been sacrificed in the interests of space conservation, but the 18 outrigger canoes are all practical and were brought from Samoa. There isn't a single nail in them. The coconut palms, which could fool even the most observing Polynesian, are synthetic and were made right here in Hollywood.

Q. Where and for how much can I purchase still pictures from movies?

A. Write to the studio concerned. Stills cost about twenty-five cents each. These are eight by ten. Larger ones, of course, cost more.

Q. When is Clark Cable's birthday and where should his fan mail be addressed?

A. His birthday is February 1, and fan mail should be addressed care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, California.



Alice Faye is a combination of Irish and French and was born in New York in 1915

"I'm Afraid of Marriage"

[Continued from page 21]

from every scented hanger." And Roz said: "I'd sell it all tomorrow and everything in it. I don't want to own anything I can't put on the Chief!"

I had, I told her then, some little rumors to run to earth . . . "what is all this I hear about you, so recently made a star, soon to be altar-bound with Jimmy Stewart? Explain *that* away . . . and then there have been repercussions of other romances, of proffered hearts and of a Rosalind, matrimonially-minded?"

Rosalind said: "Rumors, nothing but rumors. And as ridiculous as such silly things often are."

Then, suddenly . . . "I am afraid of marriage," said Rosalind.

Now, the words "I am afraid" sit strangely on the challenging Russell lips. For Rosalind has never known fear of any kind, she told me. She flies back and forth between New York and Hollywood in all kinds of weather. She once flew in a raging blizzard, ceiling zero, and while all the other passengers cringed and caterwauled she felt like yelling "Yip-ee!" And did.

There are a few people who really know her and so are without surprise at her antics. Her family, her brothers, James and George and John, her sisters, Clara (nicknamed The Duchess), Mary Jane . . . they remember Roz. The Hotchkiss family remembers her; the Walsh family, neighbors in Waterbury, Connecticut, when "the Russell children" were youngsters . . . they remember the raids on the Walsh cherry orchard . . . they can tell how, at least twice a month Rosalind's mother phoned Rosalind's father to say "please, James, send the carpenter to the Walsh home, Rosalind has broken one of their windows again . . ."

Yes, there are such as these, old friends, members of the family who can tell you that the pulse of Rosalind always beat passionately with love of life and laughter and . . . Make-Believe . . . Timidities are taboos in her creed. She drives alone, in the dead of night. She fears neither conventions nor hard work nor anything save failure and, especially, failure in marriage, failure in love.

SHE was saying: "I am afraid of marriage because I am afraid of failure. I'm deathly afraid of failure where marriage is concerned. And I'm afraid, not of love, but of the possible failure of love. I'm still the little girl from Waterbury, Connecticut, I guess, who believes that marriage is a matter of 'until death do us part.' It isn't that I don't believe in marriage. With my mother and father as exemplars of what marriage can be that would be ridiculous.

"A year ago I thought that I would marry and give up my career, leave Hollywood and pictures forever. I was actually making my plans. But that," said Rosalind, very quietly now, "was a year ago. Times have changed. Time has marched on. I have changed. And whereas I thought, then, that my world of the stage and screen might be well lost for love, I feel differently now. Very."

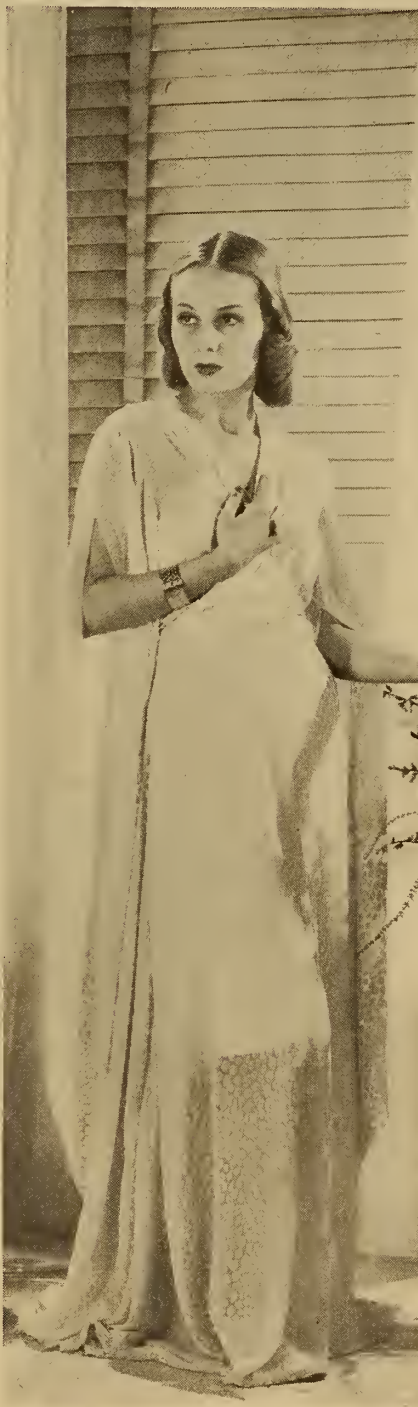
It is when you speak to Rosalind of love that the riddle of her personality seems not so easily solvable as you might have thought. For when she speaks of love the 'gamine' in her eyes slinks away, defeated; a veil is drawn and though Rosalind speaks with her habitual frankness, she speaks *without* laughter.

And so we agreed that the marriage prob-

[Continued on page 57]

Cleanliness

IS PART OF LOVELINESS



THE charm of attractive womanhood is made up of many things. Above all, that quality of fresh, sweetly fragrant daintiness, which is the most compelling charm of a lovely young girl, and of truly happy wives. For no husband fails to notice, and resent, any neglect of intimate feminine cleanliness. Too many women never realize that the freshness so *natural* in youth, requires constant care as maturity advances. A cleansing douche with "Lysol" disinfectant, in proper solution of water, is the frequent and regular feminine hygiene habit of fastidious modern women. They know that "Lysol" in solution cleanses thoroughly, deodorizes—dependably. Many hospitals use "Lysol"; many doctors recommend it for feminine hygiene. Complete directions are given on every bottle . . . at any drug store.

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You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

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For your cleansing douche

Lysol
Disinfectant

WIVES TELL HUSBANDS —



Now millions know it's a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

IT's getting around . . . flashing from family to family . . . from wife to husband . . . from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is *better than ever!* Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You'll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You'll like it *even better* than before.

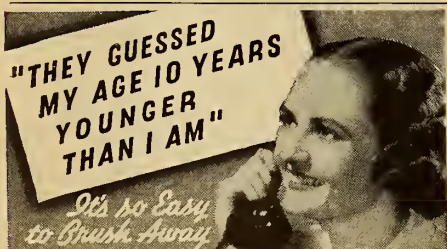
ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even *more* effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

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Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All druggists now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Try it!



GRAY HAIR

At home, without risk, you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



GREGORY LA CAVA Director of "Stage Door"

GREGORY LA CAVA, the rugged individualist of Hollywood—who won't make a picture unless he is "sold" on the story—with himself as sole boss, was born in Towanda, Pa. In early boyhood he revealed artistic tendencies, and later in high-school at Rochester, N. Y., developed with brush and pencil. Saving his money as a newspaper reporter he studied art in a Chicago art school, thence through the Arts Students League and the National Academy of Design in New York. In his formative years he became a cartoonist and gained a national reputation with the *World* and *Herald*.

La Cava was a pioneer in animated cartoons and drew some of the first *Mutt and Jeff*s. He wrote and directed some early Johnny Hines comedies so successfully that he became a Paramount director in 1920, first directing W. C. Fields. He insists on directing a picture in his own peculiar way, yet he turns out nothing but "hit" pictures—usually on schedule and under the budget. His working crews and players swear by him. Among these "hit" pictures are *Gallant Lady*, *The Affairs of Cellini*, *Private Worlds*, *She Married Her Boss*, *My Man Godfrey*—and just recently, *Stage Door*. The New York movie critics in a recent vote honored La Cava as the best director of the year with his *Stage Door*.

We said the players swear by him. Lombard and Colbert call him "the answer to an actress' prayer." Bill Powell and Menjou credit him with aiding their outstanding performances. As for Hepburn and Ginger Rogers, neither star had worked with him before—and both were anxious for the experience. La Cava, not only had these two stars to direct in *Stage Door*, but he also had fifteen other girls—and Menjou.

And he had nerve enough to make one of the best pictures of 1937—without a romantic leading man or a love story.

Gregory La Cava is a great kidder. Following his custom of giving a party on the set after completing a picture he invited the entire working crew, players, executives and a few friends on the set of *Stage Door*. The

piece de resistance was his valedictorian address tossed at the startled company over the "playback" while he hid high above the stage to watch the reactions of his victims. He satirized and lampooned their personal eccentricities unmercifully—but it was done in good fun—and the players loved it.

HERE is what Katharine Hepburn has to say about Gregory La Cava. "For five years I have wanted to make a picture with Gregory. I admire and respect his mental gifts as well as his ability as a director. And he doesn't pull his punches." She admitted that she got along angelically with him. She admits having arguments but expected them with such a keen mind as Gregory—because one always learns something. Other players agree with Miss Hepburn.

La Cava thinks and acts in a positive manner. In handling contrasting temperaments he is very much the psychologist. He analyzes the players, studies their characters, tries to understand their foibles and to get on with them accordingly. As Hepburn says: "He knows how to make us behave—and knows how to get the best out of us because he knows when to talk and when not to talk. In appreciation of his sympathy and understanding one

'gives.'" W. C. Fields is willing to concede that La Cava has the finest comedy mind in pictures, next to his own.

When La Cava had finished *Stage Door* he said: "From now on I am going to direct pictures with only little boys in the cast. At this moment, even the rustle of a skirt sends me into hysterics."

Greg La Cava is gray-haired and soft-spoken. He can be iron-fisted in getting what he wants. It is said that he enjoys more liberty and authority on the set than other high-ranking directors. Yet at the same time he is the epitome of kindness. He demands rigid discipline and obedience—but is not a stern taskmaster. His aim is to make his pictures as near perfect as possible. His *Stage Door* and his last half-dozen pictures have fallen into the million dollar class, yet he never goes overboard on the budget. And he brings them in on schedule.



Every star learns something from Greg La Cava. Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers in *Stage Door* were no exceptions

"I'm Afraid of Marriage"

[Continued from page 55]

lem is, undoubtedly, the most serious problem the Hollywood stars have to face. More especially when the star is a woman. For however right in its personal equation her marriage may be, when she tries to tie her marriage to her career she falls, as it were, between the sickle and the scythe.

So many of the girls have said to me, such girls as Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, Cecilia Parker, Eleanor Powell; "*whom shall I marry?*" They have lamented: "we don't want to marry actors. But we don't get to meet nice, marriageable American men in other walks of life. And when we do they are afraid of us, matrimonially speaking. They don't want to be known as Mister Greta Garbo. They dislike the idea of their wives earning more than they do. So, they just take us out and then step out and marry—The Girl Back Home."

ROSALIND was saying: "It is very difficult in this business, marriage. The risk is more than trebled here in Hollywood. And it's so important to me, so sacred, that I am more than ordinarily scared of it. I can't *imagine* one of those they-met-at-the-Troc-and-fell-in-love-and-off-to-Yuma-that-night marriages. I can't imagine marrying with the mental reservation that if it doesn't work there's always Reno—

"Yes, difficult—for if I should marry a man in the profession it would be a case of our home, a hotel, both of us dashing in and out at odd moments, meeting in the foyer now and again, saying 'nice-to-see-you-dear-how-were-the-rushes?' or something of the unsatisfactory sort.

"If I should marry a man out of the profession he would either ask me to give up my career which I WOULD NOT DO or he would have to take the short end of marriage. There are so many dangers in Hollywood marriages . . . there is the danger of jealousy. And there's plenty to make a man jealous when he's married to a screen actress. For the husband of any screen actress knows that she is playing love scenes, every day, sometimes far into the nights with the most attractive men in the world, presumably, or they wouldn't be here at all. I ask any husband in love with his wife to go into the Silence for five minutes and then tell the world how he would like to spend his days thinking of his wife in the arms of Clark Gable, Charles Boyer, Robert Taylor, whoever...

"We girls on the screen have opportunities for finding out whether these men are attractive to us, or not. For if love is the mutual attraction of chemicals, as defined by Mr. Shaw, and if all that is needed is contact to determine whether the chemicals are combustible or antipathetic, then you cannot play love scenes for weeks without finding out whether your screen lover attracts you or whether you'd rather be peeling onions! And you don't.

"It's rot to pretend that there is never anything emotional between a man and a woman playing together on the screen. Never believe it. For there is, of course. There is, also, the social aspect. As a wife a woman should be fresh and ready to go places with her husband when he comes home from the office, the Tired Business man in need of relaxation. But as a star that same woman would (I do) come home from the studio wanting no relaxa-

[Continued on page 59]

ARE YOU THE TYPE THAT'S

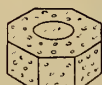
Lucky in love?



DAYE (Day)



NATURAL



RACHEL



TAWNY RACHEL



BRUNETTE



BEIGE



NIHTE (Night)



MID-NIHTE SUN



DARK BRUNETTE



SUNSET

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When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the *only color* that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes... the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

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(41)

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ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS



On Bill Powell's recent London trip he visited Bob Taylor's *A Yank at Oxford* set. In group are Bill, Maureen O'Sullivan, Bob, Griffith Jones, Director Jack Conway

PRODUCTION-PRANK of the month:—Claire Dodd, on the *Romance in the Dark* set at Paramount, removed the canvas bottoms from the folding chairs on the set, substituted "lastex." Bottoms sagged, bottoms bumped.

ONION trouble:—At M-G-M, Fannie Brice peels onions, sings a song at the same time, for *Everybody Sing*. It's a crying song. But Fannie isn't acting. They're real onions she peels, and Fannie's tears are real, not glycerine. Fannie says she wants to sing a song about roses, rather, maybe; ain't it? . . . And at Universal, Nan Grey is breaking all dates during takes of a picnic scene with Donald Woods. Script calls for them to eat hamburger and raw onion. Close-up camera demanded real onions, nothing phony like sliced apple. Nan Grey ate onions, smelled onionish for days. It was during shooting on *The Black Doll*.

NOT only onion trouble, but dog trouble on that same *Black Doll* set at U. Prime prop in the action is a black doll. It was missing the other day. Production was delayed nearly an hour until a "grip" remembered he'd seen "Junior," the pooch you'll see in the film, furiously burying a bone. They exhumed the bone. It wasn't a bone. It was the doll. Now the prop-man provides real bones for "Junior" to bury instead.

LATEST clowning-on-the-set patsy is Jeanette MacDonald. They caught her with this gag: . . . in a scene in M-G-M's *Girl of the Golden West*, Jeanette has to lift a barrel lid, peer at the gold which she's hidden inside. While she was at lunch, Director Bob Leonard did his stuff. After lunch, she went into the scene, lifted the lid. Then the scene went all to hellangone—for floating ludicrously out of the barrel came a toy balloon with a goofy painted face on it. Jeanette screamed, Director Leonard and the

crew howled, and another Hollywood gag went into the records.

M-G-M's pretty busy with set-gagging and kidding. That's why Director Edward L. Marin is going to be surprised when they finish shooting *Everybody Sing* and give him the private preview party they're fixing up. Unknown to Marin, the cast has been shooting a 16 mm. movie camera at the times when Marin, like most directors do, is acting out a scene to show how it should be done. To date, they've got him doing roles of Allan Jones, Lynne Carver, Fannie Brice, Reg Owen, Billie Burke, Reginald Gardiner and Judy Garland. They're sorry Shirley Temple and the Three Marxes aren't in the cast, too.

UNIVERSAL'S *Mountains Are My Kingdom* is giving its cast and crew some new experiences, trick thrills. It plunged them into a miniature gold rush when Noah Beery, Jr., on location in the Sonora '49 country, actually picked up a tiny gold nugget. At once, other actors began digging—Frances Robinson, Fred Kohler, even make-up man Otto Lederer. They found no more gold. That night, Director Wyndham Gittens discovered he'd lost the gold nugget from the watch charm he wore. Imagine Noah Junior's chagrin when he had to return his "find." More chagrin when the company discovered that winter weather produces more violent sunburn at 6,000-foot altitudes than the beach in midsummer. Young Beery, old-timer Kohler were wise, had daubed their faces with anti-sunburn oil. Other cast and crew members suffered painful burns.

SNICKERS from the sets:—balled up in her lines in *Love On a Budget*, Shirley Deane ruins a take by yelling at Russ Gleason: "Hurry up and get breakfast while I shave," instead of vice versa.

"I'm Afraid of Marriage"

[Continued from page 57]

tion quite so much as a hot bath, a massage, lights out at nine o'clock. Now, what kind of a life would that be for any husband? It is," said Roz, "a twister. For it would be like living perpetually on a teeter-totter.

"THE only safe way is for the woman to give up her career—if she can. I can't. I know now, as I did not know a year ago, that it would be impossible for me. Because I have given the best years of my life (all of twenty-odd, oh, Roz!); because I have worked and worked alone for what I've got; because I've fought my own battles and some of them have been pretty grim—and why, now, *should* I be willing to give it all up for life in a vine-covered cottage? It was different for a woman, once upon a time. It isn't Once Upon A Time any more. It is *these* times and very uncertain times they are, too, as you know if you read the newspapers and listen to the radio.

"The only solution for me would be to meet and come to care for some man, modern enough, sufficiently in tune with the times, not to expect, more, not to *want* me to give up my work, relinquish my special and trained abilities—any more than a woman ever expects the same sacrifice from a man.

"Then, too," Rosalind said, "if you have lived alone and liked it (rather) for these twenty-odd years, as I have; if you have done things your own way, liked your own

kind of a life in your own kind of a house on your own kind of a schedule, if any, you feel even more afraid of the risk of double harness. I've developed certain traits, characteristics, phobias, faults, virtues, habits, which are more pronounced in me now than they would have been had I married at eighteen. How do I know that I could fit into another person's life! It is so tragic to be a misfit—above all to be a misfit in marriage, of all failures the most devastating . . .

"IF ANYONE says to me 'go and do so-and-so' I immediately do a slow burn and feel like tearing the paper off the walls. I might marry a man with just a dash of the Simon LeGree and then I might tear the paper off the walls, and then . . . you see?

"I have a pet hate: it's of second-rate things, second-rate thoughts, second-rate people.

"I have a positive complex about being over-dressed. If ever I fell heir to one of those full-length silver fox capes I'd trade it in for a horse. I design most of my own clothes. I like to draw, make sketches . . . and I might, you know, marry a man who would be perfectly reckless with his shaving cream . . .

"My worst fault is procrastination . . . I live for days, weeks, months on the 'manana' theory, then go flying into action and get things done, like a Fury in a

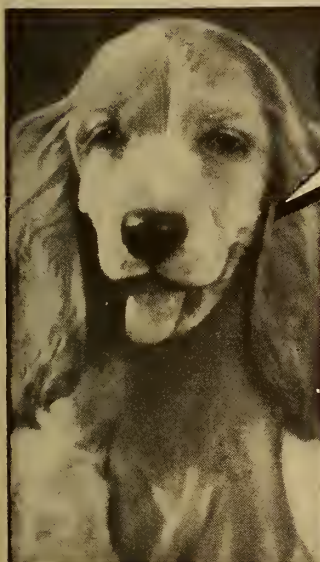
frenzy . . . but then again I might marry a man from the frozen North, a man who had never heard of *manana* and wouldn't care for it when he did hear of it . . .

"I love to drive. I often get up in the middle of the night, get out my car, drive for three, four, five hours. I don't know where I'm going when I start and seldom know where I've been when I get back. I just drive for the sheer love of driving . . . a husband might be forgiven for considering this just a bit peculiar . . .

"My chief value to my work is, I think, my attack. It is my attitude toward what I am doing. I spend my life on the set trying to make the character I am playing honest, trying to make her believable. Whether I succeed or not I leave other people to judge. *Craig's Wife* gave more personal satisfaction than any picture I have ever done. It was a trouper's paradise . . .

"... And I have courage," said Rosalind, "courage for everything except failure, especially failure in marriage and in love. And there I am and there it is and it's all very silly for if, or when I fall in love—again—I shall be a true daughter of Eve and marry the man and all of my theories, complexes, habits will be so much fluff and feathers. It is the only challenge I fear," said Rosalind, "the only one . . . but when the time comes—and the right man—I'll accept it. For if love can conquer death, surely it can conquer fear, too . . ."

WHAT'S BECOME OF THAT NICE MAN?



POOR TUFFIE! YOU MISS JOHN, TOO, DON'T YOU? LISTEN! THERE'S THE PHONE! MAYBE THAT'S JOHN NOW!



NO TUFFIE--JUST THE DENTISTS OFFICE CALLING ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT. SAY! THAT REMINDS ME OF THOSE BAD BREATH ADS! I WONDER...



YES, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



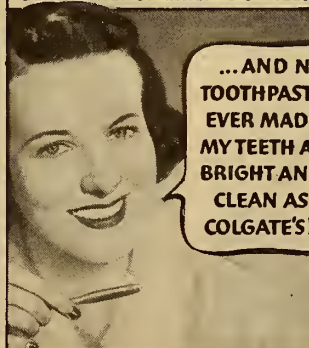
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOW LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED! THERE SHE GOES WITH THAT JOHN MAN AGAIN!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!





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DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!

1		2	3	4	5		6	7	8		9
		10					11				
12	13		14				15			16	
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49			50				51		52		53
		54					55			56	
57						58					

ACROSS

- A star of *Nothing Sacred*
- Feminine lead in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*
- Hitia in *The Hurricane*
- Our Comedies
- Miss Lupino's initials
- Hersholt's birthplace (abbr.)
- Gershwin wrote lyrics for *Damsel in Distress*
- Initials of Miss Inescort
- 12 Across had lead in *Let's Married*
- The girl in *Danger Patrol*
- Technicolor films have it
- What canine actors do to register distress
- Mickey Rooney is one
- A Star Is*
- Modern movie theatres are wired for this
- Actress married to Robert Kent
- James Stewart was born in this state (abbr.)
- Edna Oliver's initials
- Whose wife is Jobyna Ralston?
- They caused much havoc in *The Hurricane*
- Mr. Cheng in *West of Shanghai* (poss.)
- Gaumont-British stars enjoy this beverage
- End
- Star of *First Lady*
- Barbara Vance in *The Awful Truth*
- Ever Since
- Initials of a star of *The Awful Truth*
- Movie enthusiast

- Many Wives
- Beg, Borrow
- Ben Alexander and Kay Linaker play opposite in *The Outer*
- Scotch singing comedienne
- Raymond Quintet
- Bill Boyd's bride

DOWN

- Feminine lead in *Dark Journey*
- Mary Maguire's initials
- Man of Brimstone
- Vincent in *45 Fathers*
- Roger in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*
- Star of *Adventures of Marco Polo*
- Daisy in *True Confession*
- Initials of Jimmy Gleason's son

Last Month's Solution

H	I	L	L	I	A	R	D	W	O	R	E
U	P	E	N	N	O	V	E	R	L		
G	N	W	G	A	Y	E	W	E			
H	I	T	W	E	L	L	S	T	O	P	
N	O	L	E	E	M	O	H				
L	E	I	L	A	X	H	I	L	D	A	
U	C	A	R	R	A	D	I	N	E	N	
B	R	E	N	T	N	S	N	O	R	T	
I	A	D	A	D	S	A	E				
T	I	M	C	L	E	W	S	B	I	G	
S	N	A	I	R	E	S	D	E			
C	A	L	A	N	D	W	A	N	N		
H	U	L	L	E	L	E	A	N	O	R	E

- First name of Mr. Giradot, character actor
- Shimmy dancer who has acted in films
- Gordon in *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* (poss.)
- Film in which Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney had leads
- Breakfast For*
- Dorothy Lamour was born in this state (abbr.)
- First word in title of many Benchley shorts
- Whose husband is Johnny Weissmuller?
- Gene Raymond is one
- Judy in *Some Blondes Are Dangerous*
- Garland worn by natives in Hawaiian scenes
- Familiar term for sound motion pictures
- The Wrong*
- Heroine of *Thin Man* films
- Pete in *Adventurous Blonde*
- First name of noted columnist seen in *Love and Hises*
- She plays opposite Joel McCrea in *Wells Fargo*
- He clowned with Billy House, Mischa Auer and Bert Lahr in recent film
- Comedian with Swedish dialect
- Chaplin's screen headgear
- One of Moore brothers
- Her last name is D'Avril
- Descriptive of Oliver Hardy
- The Wyoming Trail
- Merry Round of 1938
- Ruby's husband

Rubber Legs

[Continued from page 50]

cinema venture. The picture had many added inducements.

"For one thing," Bolger explains, "I had always wanted to do a dance routine with Eleanor Powell. I have been sold on that girl ever since I first saw her dance. When I was in England several years ago I bought an option on a show called *Mr. Cinders*, for the sole reason that I saw in it a chance for a Bolger-Powell routine. Somehow or other the negotiations fell through, and I didn't get the routine.

"But in *Rosalie* I did my first routine with her. And it happened to be the same routine I had planned out back in England. We made modifications, of course. But it was just about the same routine."

BOLGER is a Bostonian, who bounced into the world a few odd thirty years ago. After completing his education he bounced around New England selling vacuum sweepers. His ability as a salesman was somewhat hampered by his angular awkwardness—a characteristic which he has developed to make his personality and dancing unique on the screen.

At one time Ray had dreamed of becoming a bank president. This was when he was trying to make New England housewives vacuum-sweeper-conscious. But he couldn't make his feet behave and so we find him joining a musical comedy repertoire company—which continued to take him into

Maine, Vermont, etc. This theatrical apprenticeship led him into big time vaudeville—and eventually on the New York stage in hit musical shows.

And now his feet are taking him places on the screen. Like Fred Astaire (Ray has more eccentric steps in his routine than Fred) he dances in his sleep—and while dreaming of dancing he climbs out of bed to practice the steps that come to him in the dream world.

After giving us a bit of his background, Ray continued: "*Rosalie* gave me my chance to handle a football and play on a real team. It was a real team, all right. The only trouble was that the first time they gave me the ball, I got buried at the bottom of the pile, Nelson Eddy kicked me in the jaw—and sprained his ankle!

"I don't know how he did it. He tripped or something. It didn't hurt my jaw much. But it left Nelson limping a little. This proves without a doubt that I would have been a success in football."

Much of the success and fun he had in the picture, Bolger attributes to Director W. S. Van Dyke. "We were sitting around on the set one night," Bolger recounted, "and there were still six pages of script and dialogue to shoot. It was six-thirty p. m. Fifteen minutes later it was dark enough to suit Van. We started shooting on those six pages at a quarter to seven—and at seven-thirty, mind you, I was on my way home!

Finished! They tell me it takes ordinarily at least four days to shoot that much script! And he's a million dollars worth of fun to work with, too. You never know when he is going to pull a gag on one of the cast. But he can take it as well as dish it out.

"**V**AN is the only director in Hollywood who makes you show up for work a half hour early. In a Van Dyke picture you get on the set at eight-thirty every morning—but when the end of the week comes, you're the only players in town who get off to see the tennis matches or football games or races—or what have you.

"The first football game I saw in seven years was a present from Van. While I was in New York, playing on the stage, I used to have to dash back to my dressing-room between scenes to listen to touchdowns over the radio."

"At first I got to going to so many parties it made me dizzy," he explained, "and anyway I got tired of sitting in a corner while the talk went on over my tired head.

"But I like this Hollywood. McGuire had a part written for me in *The Girl of the Golden West*, and I'm back to dancing again. It's only temporary, though. Any day, now, they'll have me back acting again as I did in *Rosalie*. Then you'll see a new Ray Bolger!"

He did a brisk dance step. "I'm so happy," he concluded, "I could dance!"

"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
DON'T TRY TO SCARE ME...
WHY, I'M ONLY 22!



THEN...WHAT
A SHOCK!

WELL, NO WONDER YOUR POWDER
"FLAKES"! YOU'VE LET YOUR SKIN
GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-
LOOKING...YOU'VE ACTUALLY GOT
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!



IF YOU'RE SMART,
YOU'LL CHANGE TO
PALMOLIVE SOAP
RIGHT AWAY!



WELL, **PALMOLIVE**
CERTAINLY KEEPS
YOUR COMPLEXION
LOVELY, BUT WHY
IS **PALMOLIVE**
SO DIFFERENT?

BECAUSE **PALMOLIVE** IS MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF
OLIVE AND PALM OILS! THAT'S WHY
IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN.
IT SOFTENS, SMOOTHS, REFINES
SKIN TEXTURE. ITS GENTLE LATHER
CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO!
LEAVES SKIN RADIANTLY
CLEAR!



I'LL GET SOME
PALMOLIVE
RIGHT AWAY!



THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! FROM
NOW ON I'M USING ONLY **PALMOLIVE**,
THE SOAP MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL** TO
KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



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47 Years Use

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how much depends
upon these two words! Yet
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Let millions of tiny, living plants help
keep blood free of skin irritants

Thousands of young people have said good-bye to the curse of youth—a pimply skin. They know what happens between the ages of 13 and 25, the time of life when important glands develop. Your system is upset. Poisons may pollute your blood stream and bubble out on your skin in ugly pimples. Then you need to cleanse and purify your blood.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help remove these impurities the natural way. Millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants will help keep poisons from the blood and help to heal your broken-out skin. Many report amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now. Buy some tomorrow!

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How Disney Does It

[Continued from page 43]

gags for the greater delight of their confreres. The confreres may get inspirations for elaboration of a gag, and pantomime a bit, themselves.

An outsider, stepping unwarily into the middle of a Disney story conference, might fancy himself in a madhouse—seeing grown men making funny faces for the amusement of other grown men, hearing them quacking like infuriated ducks, squealing like frightened mice.

Once the sequences are convincingly visualized, and approved, they estimate how many frames of film will be required for the animation of each situation, and figure the total.

Having these figures now, they call in the music department—before starting the actual drawing. The music department, following the detailed chart of plot action, prepares a musical score, which is recorded for the benefit of the animators. This, to make sure that the animation will be in a definite rhythm, though the audience may be unconscious of the fact.

Next, the special effects department produces, on a sound track, all the sound effects required by the plot. This, also for the greater inspiration of the animators. And last, but not least, voices are rounded up for the dialogue, and the dialogue is recorded.

"We try," says Walt, "not to have too definite mental pictures of expressions on characters until we hear their 'voices.' We try to make the drawings fit the voices, not vice versa. We figure it helps to make the drawings more life-like . . . The animator knows, the exact frame, what the voice is doing. He has a chart that tells him."

With the music, the sound effects and the dialogue recorded, and the three synchronized on one sound track, the actual drawing can get under way. The chief animators draw the main bits of movement. Assistants "fill in" the in-between motions. Each artist has a set of master sketches giving the exact size of each character, the guarantee uniformity in the drawings. As the animators go to work, other artists—in another department—start drawing backgrounds for each scene.

THE genial insanity of a Disney story conference is matched by the mad mimicry that goes on in the animation department. Over each animator's drawing board is a mirror. The mirror explains the "human" expressions of all the Disney cartoon menagerie. The animators screw up their faces, seeking the epitome of expressions they are trying to draw, then put down on paper what they see in the mirrors.

"Sometimes this isn't enough," Walt says. "Sometimes we have to hire professional pantomimists to get up on a platform in front of the animators and register emotions we're trying to draw. We try to get an actor close to our general conception of a character, then study that actor, the better to visualize the character."

The first drawings are made in pencil. They are complete in every detail, but, being in pencil, they can be erased and changed. ("And usually are," Walt adds.) When hard, painstaking work has produced a complete set of pencil sketches on drawing tissue, these are photographed by a "test" camera. The "pencil movie," complete with sound track, is run back and forth in a gadget called a moviola—a two-way movie projector. Disney and his department heads, especially his chief animators, look it over in

critical detail, picking it apart for story weaknesses, technical flaws.

Disney, in person, gives the final okay for a go-ahead on the picture when one is given. By that time, he has seen one complete set of pencil sketches of everything to go in the picture. More often, he has seen two or three complete sets. He estimates that he saw close to two and a half million separate sketches for *Snow White* before it was completed.

ONCE Disney has given the signal for the go-ahead, the sketches go to the inking and coloring departments. In the inking department, sure-fingered girls—all recruited from art schools—transfer the sketches to 12½-by-15-inch celluloid transparencies, by tracing. In the coloring department, more girls—also art school graduates—fill in the drawings with color, following charts at their elbows. The color is applied on the back of the transparencies, not the front—to prevent the camera from picking up the "seams" where two colors join.

The paints are mixed by girl chemists in Disney's own laboratory, which developed, after long experiment, all the various shades used in Disney pictures, all of which are now in color. Then, after scientific drying, the transparencies are photographed by a camera also developed by Disney research engineers. This is the now-famed Multiplane Camera, first used on a Disney short entitled *The Old Mill*, but actually created to photograph *Snow White*. A towering mechanism rising fifteen feet, requiring several men to operate it, the camera photographs a series of transparencies super-imposed over each other at varying levels and gives an illusion of depth to objects seen on the screen. It takes two weeks to film a *Mickey Mouse* or *Silly Symphony*. It took months to photograph *Snow White*.

Lastly, the photographic negative has to go to the Technicolor laboratories for color processing in its transition to photographic positive. And that—very briefly—is how Walt Disney makes a picture, whether it is a short starring Donald Duck or a full-length feature like *Snow White*.

AND that's why we say we're lucky, that people seem to like *Snow White*," Walt Disney told me. "We were at it for three years. It took us a year—and \$75,000—to build the Multiplane Camera alone. That's a long time to work on only one picture—especially, a picture that everybody else said was a gamble, doomed to failure. No one 'would go to see a full-length picture, all drawings.'

"We believed in *Snow White*, ourselves. We wouldn't have started it, and we certainly wouldn't have finished it, if we hadn't believed in it. But we had a million and one problems to meet. For the first time, we had human characters mingling with animals. We had to make the action life-like and true, make the audience unconscious of artists bending over drawing boards, creating those characters. We had to create beauty, and charm, not mere comedy. We had to experiment in how to create moods, how to put them across on celluloid. We had to figure out ways to get this effect and that.

"We had so many things to concentrate on, that's why I say we're lucky that people seem to like what we did. We were so involved with technical problems that we

didn't have the chance to do everything we should have with the story. We feel here that what we have in *Snow White* is a test picture. There were so many things that we didn't incorporate, because we didn't know about them in time. But we know about them now, because of what we learned, making *Snow White*. The occasional 'jitter' in some of the movements, for example. It isn't particularly noticeable. But it will be removed entirely, next time."

NO OTHER artist in history has known such popularity, such spectacular success. Yet the size of his bank account, if revealed, would get as big a laugh as one of his cartoons. It is that ridiculously small. He pays himself the kind of salary that a minor actor on the Hollywood scene would sneeze at, and pours the rest of his financial returns back into the business. Seemingly, the reason why he keeps trying to make better pictures is to have the wherewithal to keep trying to make still better pictures. That, seemingly is what he lives for.

Unquestionably, that is one of the secrets of his success. What are the other secrets of that success? What is it that Walt Disney has, that no one before him had? He would be the last to be able to tell you. He would be the last to be intrigued by the question. He's too busy, planning some new experiment. But, pin him down, and you may learn something about the Disney philosophy of picture-making. He told me, for example:

"We consider the adults, more than the youngsters, making our pictures. We have to. If we appealed only to the youngsters, this business of making cartoons would be easy. But we couldn't afford to spend more

than ten thousand dollars a picture. That would be about the size of our audience. A Punch-and-Judy show will make a youngster laugh. But it won't make an adult laugh—unless there's some understandable, and comic, reason for a character's getting slapped down, and some understandable and comic reaction by the character. There's a lot in an adult that is still a kid, we figure, but there's more that is an adult. And movie audiences, for the most part, are adults.

I'VE read somewhere that when I do a fairy story, I just single out the incidents I happen to remember and go on from there. That is a gross misconception. My staff and I go over a story together. We outline the essential part of the plot; we make notes on the highlights of the story that no one could forget. We leave out non-essentials, try to invent new business that will build deliberately, not haphazardly, to those highlights.

"Take *Pinocchio*, for example." Disney may do this as his next feature-length picture, if the screen rights are straightened away. "Every time he told a lie, his nose grew a little longer. Everybody remembers that from the story. And a movie-maker would make full use of it. But there are other things he would leave out. *Pinocchio* is a long story, as well as an old one. The author, I imagine, never edited his work. He simply wrote and wrote, and included everything that came to mind. The story has a thousand non-essential details. A movie-maker would sort out the things that people remember, and build the picture from those things. Don't forget that we have to build for the people who have never read a

story, as well as those who have. It's got to be an entertaining picture to the people who have never read it, even though it may not be a faithful interpretation. Boy, you can tire them in a hurry if you don't watch out, if you don't keep them interested.

"Kids won't like *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* as adults will. But they may appreciate it as they grow older and see it again. (We hope it will run that long.) They may appreciate the fine music, the musical effects that Stokowski gets.

"No, he won't appear in the picture. Only his shadow will appear—and the shadows of his seventy men. We got a marvelous sound track. It's a thrill to me—I know that. We're all very enthused here about it. So is Stokowski. Five years ago, he expressed a desire to do something like this. He sees great possibilities of music on film. He has a great mind, great imagination, great showmanship.

"The picture will be on the screen only ten minutes. (We hope to have it ready for release in the early Fall.) But if it's successful, we'll do longer things.

"I say 'we' because this isn't a one-man proposition. I couldn't disband this organization, recruit another, and expect to do what we're doing today. This organization is a slow growth, over a period of years. If I had to cut it, I wouldn't know where to start. In so many places, we need several men to do something that one man can't do.

"We're all pulling together, all trying to do a little better than we did last time. It's a funny thing to say, but I'll say it: If we weren't working with this as a living, we'd be doing this as a hobby."

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The Private Life of Burns and Allen

[Continued from page 33]



We asked women everywhere...in homes, in beauty shops, in stores and offices...and they said "Give us a curler that will make large, soft, natural-looking curls." So we designed the HOLLYWOOD GIANT, pictured here in actual size. Curls made on this big cylinder look softer, more natural. They comb without becoming frizzy. And they give the large, full curls so favored in the new hair styles. The HOLLYWOOD GIANT is easy to use...rolls smoothly, dries quickly, withdraws without spoiling curl. They're 2 for 10¢ at dime stores and notion counters.

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But Ronald demanded attention. He showed Gracie a tiny finger, which, it seemed, had been hurt. "Oh, I'm so sorry," Gracie said, kissing it. George had to kiss that finger, too. "I didn't cry!" Ronald declared. "Because you are a big boy," Gracie assured him. "If you come over here, I'll give you some jam." The children had had their breakfast, but jam has drawn youngsters to it since its creation. He stamped around the room, whooping his morning war cries. "Are you an Indian?" Gracie demanded. "I'm the big bad wolf," he answered. "I'm Pop-Eye the Sailor," Gracie, imitating the voice of that redoubtable mariner, repeated, "I'm Pop-Eye the Sailor." Then, hugging him, "Oh, you're so silly!"

George, the *paterfamilias*, enjoyed these interruptions. "When I was a little fellow I sang with three other boys," he continued. "We called ourselves the Pee-Wee Quartette. We sang in theatres on amateur nights, and scrambled for the money they threw at us on the stage. We would search each other, and always found a dime in each other's mouths. My first professional job was a silly sketch in which I was a shoe-shine boy. But after working a week, my employer wouldn't pay me. We used a gun in the act. I made away with it and sold it to a pawnshop for five dollars. I was 11 then." He puffed at his cigar, remembering.

"When I was about 12 I met a lot of dancers. They used to gather at the Park, to exchange steps, haggle over routines. New steps were worth money. I learned from them how to dance and do a skating act. And one day I teamed up with a fellow called Brown, a professional dancer, and went to Albany with him. My whole family was at the station and gave me a rousing send-off. Brown's former partner had done the same act in Albany before we got there, and we had to go right back to New York.

"AT 14," George went on, "I opened a dancing-school for two years where I taught foreigners how to dance. Then I went on the road, with a new name and act every week. I did everything—singing, dancing, talking. I was a big bluffer, and if a manager asked me, 'Can you do this?' I would say 'yes,' no matter what it was. Managers got to know me so well that a few times they wouldn't even let me get off the train. I was doing a singing and dancing act with Billy Lorraine at a theatre in Union Hill, N. J., when I met Gracie. She came back stage with a girl friend of hers, who knew Billy and I were going to split up.

"Gracie had an act that was written especially for her, and we decided to do it together. But it needed some scenery, and I couldn't dig up \$300 to buy it. I had an act of my own. I wrote it, stole it, you know. You take a joke from here, a joke from there, and make up an original act. My act didn't need any scenery, and we had to do it whether we wanted it or not. As 'Burns and Allen' we opened that act at the Hill Street Theatre in Newark, N. J. I didn't drink, but I took along a bottle of gin to bolster up my spirits, because this act was all talk, and my talking experience was limited to telling a joke now and then. I had never talked for 15 minutes straight. We were booked for three days at \$5 per day for both of us. It was a terrible theatre and the manager was a hard-boiled man who didn't seem to like our looks. My

bottle of gin came in handy. I poured him a drink, and he moved us from the worst spot on the bill to the best, which for a talking act is next to the last."

"Did you fall in love with each other at first sight?" we asked.

George: "Gracie was in love with another man, a song-writer."

Gracie: "I was engaged to marry him."

GEORGE: "I thought of myself as a hell of a gay blade. I used to wear those four-button coats, and always had a cigar stuck in my mouth. Gracie was the first really nice girl I had met, and before long I fell desperately in love with her. I knew she was the one girl in my life, and asked her to marry me. But she wouldn't. She still preferred the song-writer. Finally, I gave her an ultimatum. It was either me or him.

"Early one morning following a Christmas party, she phoned me she had broken her engagement and we could get married. Our wedding took place in Cleveland, twelve years ago. We had very little money, and didn't know if the booking-office would accept a new act I had just written. It was quite a gamble. Well, we showed our new act on Monday, and on Tuesday we signed a five-year contract, getting on the Keith circuit at \$350 a week. That was a lot of dough for me. On the fifth year, our salary was to go up to \$750 a week. Our troubles were over."

"When did you get on the air?"

"We made our first radio appearance in England, when we went to Europe on a vacation. But the British seemed to like our American humor and we played all through England. Some of our words don't mean the same thing in England, and we learned to say a 14-stone man instead of a 250-pounder and things like that, but we had no trouble in putting our jokes across. Our radio success came rather suddenly. We were playing at the Palace Theatre in New York when Eddie Cantor invited Gracie to appear on his program for three minutes. She was a hit, even though I do say it myself.

"Then one day a radio executive came backstage at the Palace and asked us if we would go on the Rudy Vallee program. I asked him how much we would get. He said \$750. I was amazed. 'A thousand dollars and not a cent more,' he said. He thought I was arguing! That was tremendous money for one performance. We grabbed that offer right away. The next week we went on the Guy Lombardo program and stayed with him for two years. That's when we started Gracie's mythical missing brother idea. When Guy left the program, we took over the entire show. Now we are the two nuts with the grape-nuts."

THEY started in pictures making shorts. "When we first came to the Coast Fred Allen was supposed to make a short for Warners. But he couldn't make it. One night, at a party, an agent asked us, 'How would you like to make a short tomorrow morning for Warner Bros.?' 'Tomorrow morning! How much money is there in it?' 'Fifteen hundred dollars,' he said. I had never heard of so much money in my life. It was our third year with Keith and we were getting only \$500 a week.

"The next morning we went to the studio,

and the director of our short turned out to be a fellow whom I knew very well from the East Side. I thought I wouldn't believe him. 'Oh, get out!' I said. To prove that he was the director, he ordered the lights turned on and off, and by golly they were! We made the short, but it was very bad. Our fault. All we could do was to tell jokes. But I liked this movie business. I wrote a short and submitted it to Paramount. They offered me \$500. I told them the only way they could buy the script was to buy us, too. They bought us, in spite of our initial failure. We made 14 shorts in two years. But our screen career really began with the first *Big Broadcast*, with Bing Crosby. It was his first picture, too. And here we are."

GRACIE told her story very briefly. "I was born in San Francisco. My father and three sisters were in show business. I danced and sang a French song when I was three. It went like this." She sang the song, which ended with the inevitable "Gay Paree." The telephone rang. It was Mary Livingstone calling. They talked about a party at the Coconut Grove, precisely as two women would talk. "Our closest friends," George explained, "are the Jack Bennys, Eddie Cantors, Al Jolson and George Jessels." Competitors all.

"During the summer vacations from school," Gracie recalled, resuming her story, "I did an act in vaudeville around San Francisco. I also used to sing and dance in church affairs. I went to a convent, and my mother saw to it that I graduated from high-school. I didn't like to study. I wanted to go on the stage. We formed a vaudeville team, known as the Allen Sisters, and went to New York. After a year my sisters went

home to marry. I stayed on in New York. But I didn't know how to get a job, I knew nothing about booking agents, bookings, etc. Nobody called me. I concluded I wasn't wanted in show business and took a secretarial course. I hadn't worked for some time when I met George."

HERE is a truly happy couple. "There is no jealousy between us," George stated. "We rehearse together and work together in the same shows. Gracie has a very fine character. There is nothing theatrical about her. When she is off stage, she is off stage. But I'm just the opposite. I live and breathe my jokes. When I write a joke, I try it on the elevator boy, anybody who would listen."

Gracie: "He is so earnest and serious about his work. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be working. He is a smart business man and he is the one who keeps pounding out those jokes."

George: "The secret of our success is that Gracie does all the work on the screen and radio, and I do all the work off the screen and radio. I never stop thinking about the script. I'm always insulting people when I don't mean it. They say 'hello,' and I don't even look up. I leave home at 10:30 in the morning, and don't get back until three the next morning. We write all the dialogue in our pictures as well as our radio scripts. I have three writers who have been with me five or six years. One of them is my brother Bill. Night after night we sit up in our office at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel, trying to make a silly woman out of Gracie. When we did that first act together for \$5 a day, I was the comedian and Gracie talked straight. But the audience laughed

at the wrong places. I immediately re-wrote the script and made her the goofy partner. It has been so ever since."

Clothes, both admitted, is their pet extravagance. They have huge wardrobes. "I use a bar of soap down to the last bubble," Gracie confessed, "and I hoard my tooth-paste until nothing is left in the tube." Her pet aversion? "I can't stand bad table manners."

George: "And the thing she likes best is meat balls."

Gracie: "I like everything to be served nicely."

George: "I never thought we would get as far as this. And if today I'm a happy man, it's because of Gracie and the two children we've adopted. She is the best wife and the best mother in the world."

One must visit them in their home to see the joy they find in Sandra and Ronald. "Ever since we saw the fun Wally Beery was having with his adopted child," George said, "we wanted to adopt one or two children ourselves."

"Gracie went to the Cradle in Chicago and adopted Sandra when she was five weeks old. Now, a five-week-old baby breathes so lightly you can hardly notice it. They sat up all night, watching her breathe, to make sure she was still living. All of a sudden she sneezed, and they were frightened to death, thinking she had caught a cold. We adopted Ronald at the same place a year later."

Suddenly he remembered something. "Follow me," he said. We followed him to a room upstairs, walking like him on tip-toe. Cautiously, he opened the door. Sandra and Ronald were sleeping peacefully. We'll never forget the expression on his face.

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(From a letter by Mrs. W. T., New York, N. Y.)



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(From a letter by
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CHEESE IT...THE TOPS!



By MRS.
CHRISTINE
FREDERICK

CHEESE MAY BE AN
EXTRA BUT IT STARS IN
EVERY MENU ROLE

Cheese plays many parts. Above, a mouth-watering snack. Below, a cream cheese salad ring filled with fruit. Bottom, a Continental tray after dinner

CHEESE is all things to all menus! This versatile, tasty and nourishing meat-equivalent may play the lead as the main dish of the meal, or it may fill the lesser parts in the home production, as "extras", doing its share as snacks, tidbits, sauces or other accessories in every course.

The low cost of serving cheese as a main dish makes a strong bid for favor with many housewives. Used thus, most frequently perhaps in the form of casserole dishes combined with eggs, sea foods, vegetables and milk, the cheese dish is particularly popular for Lenten meals. Here, for example, are two simple yet delicious ways to offer cheese as a main dish, featuring in one case eggs and in the other canned tuna fish:

CHEESE LUNCHEON SCALLOP

- 6 slices buttered bread, cubed
- ½ pound sharp Cheddar cheese, cut fine
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire or Mushroom Catsup
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1 tablespoon onion juice
- salt, pepper, buttered crumbs.

Use well greased casserole. Arrange bread cubes and cut cheese in casserole in alternate layers. Combine beaten eggs with tomato juice and all seasonings, and blend. Pour over, and sprinkle top with buttered crumbs. Bake about 45 minutes, moderate oven. Serves 4.

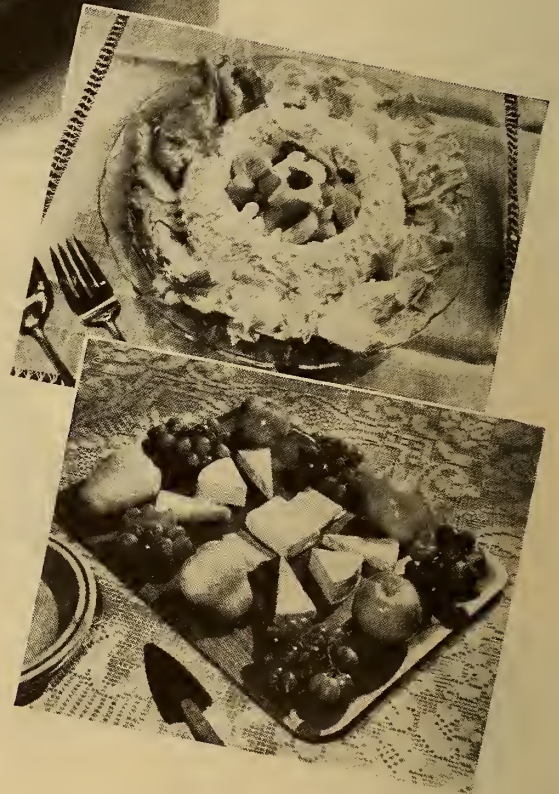
TUNAFISH RABBIT

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- ¾ cup grated American cheese
- 3 cups rich milk
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon made mustard
- 1 cup (½ pound) can tuna fish
- 6 slices hot buttered toast

Use double boiler. Melt butter, add flour, and blend, adding cheese and stirring until cheese is blended. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly until sauce is thick and smooth. Season. Add tunafish drained and broken in large pieces or flakes. Heat thoroughly about 5 minutes. Serve immediately on very hot toast. Serves 6.

(Any other cooked fish may be substituted for tuna, such as haddock, cod, canned salmon, etc.)

ANOTHER favorite method of utilizing cheese is what might be called the "snack"—a light meal, quickly prepared for tasty informal bites like the Sunday night supper or the after school "piece" so loved by children. As one hostess puts it, "my guests always relish most a cheese dish when they come back to my house after a movie." Most often



such snacks are prepared with the aid of crackers, toast, patty shells or hot biscuits, and in general they are highly seasoned. In the old English cook-books, such fancy pungent tidbits are called "savories," and that is a good name for them now, for nothing could be more savory or mouth-watering! Here's a novelty recipe which readers may use as a toothsome appetizer or to accompany a cream soup, or to give tone to a crisp green salad:

HOT CHEESE-IT SNACKS

- 1 package snappy cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- paprika

Mash cheese and cream with butter, beating until light. Add flour, and beat thoroughly. Shape into small balls like large marbles. Arrange on ungreased baking sheet, and dust with paprika. Chill in refrigerator 4 hours. Bake 7-10 minutes, hot oven (450°F). Serve piping hot as appetizers, or with cream soups or green salad. Makes about 24 balls.

Cheese as a sauce is still another method of featuring the nourishment, flavor and texture of cheese at its best. When melted (always over hot water), and combined with milk or tomato juice, and well seasoned, a cheese sauce will make any husband tell his wife, "you've got something there!" Use a cheese sauce on all the bland starchy filler foods such as rice, noodles, macaroni, etc., and also on the white-meated fish, eggs and what have you. Pour a cheese sauce over hard-cooked eggs, set to grill and brown a few minutes in the oven, and you have a dish which a king would relish; or, treat your family, now that asparagus season is almost here, with that perennial favorite, asparagus on toast with cheese sauce, and just watch them eat it!

TO USE cheese as a flavoring or addition to soups or breads is perhaps the least known or used custom among us American cooks. But long years past, the

clever Italian served with his national soup, Minestrone, a small bowl of grated Parmesan cheese, still one of the most flavorful and appetizing. And, likewise, the French home-maker was always aware that a few cubes of cheese added to her daily onion soup gave it a special taste, so special a taste that onion soup with cheese has become internationally famous. Likewise, grated cheese when added to biscuit or bread dough produced a special pleasing flavor.

So let us also sprinkle cheese generously in our other foods, and try our hands at the many delicious novel cheese breads and biscuits so easily prepared. Here is one suggestion for making a tea-ring, something after the manner of the well known Swedish ring, and husbands and boy friends will snap it up and call for more:

CHEESE BISCUIT TEA RING

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup grated sharp American cheese
- Melted butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped roasted peanuts

Sift together dry ingredients and cut in shortening. Add milk to make soft dough. Roll on floured board to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Sprinkle with cheese. Roll up like jelly roll and bring ends together to form ring. Arrange on baking sheet. With sharp scissors slash roll every 2 inches from outside toward center, and slightly turn sections so cut side

is on sheet. Brush with melted butter and sprinkle with nuts. Bake about 25 minutes, moderate oven, until lightly browned. Serve hot. Serves 4-6.

And by the way, before I forget it, don't forget to send for the special set of cheese recipes which include a simply wonderful light-as-air pineapple cheese cake, the last word in deliciousness but which anyone can bake.

ANOTHER cheese wrinkle or method of serving is borrowed from the Continental dinner: that is, frequently use cheese instead of dessert such as pudding or pie. It's a most pleasant change from the usual sweet course, especially in warmer weather. And nothing is more attractive than a special

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**FOOT
PLASTER**

cheese board or platter, set out with an assortment of table cheeses, some soft, some firm, and all of varying flavor and texture. Set out a cheese platter with plenty of butter and crackers and get set to receive your guests' compliments!

But I hear some of my readers saying, "but do tell us *what* cheese to serve on such a platter, or for other uses." Ah, even to list all the cheeses would require a book as big as a dictionary! In Paris there is a famous Cheese Club, and no man is allowed to belong unless he has eaten a little of exactly 300 different cheeses!

However, while we cannot give a complete list of the *names* of the countless cheeses available in market and shop, it may help to distinguish between and know how to use the main *types* of cheese, so here is a word of explanation about each.

Cheese used in cooking falls generally into two different classes:

1. Cheddar type or "American" or "store" cheese in bulk.

2. Pasteurized "American" cheese in packages.

The familiar store cheese which the grocer cuts off in a wedge by the half-pound or other desired quantity from a large "drum" weighing often 20 pounds, is a variation of the original English Cheddar cheese. It varies in texture and color depending on just how it was manufactured or how long it has been aged. It may be light yellow or dark orange, may flake or crumble on handling, and has a characteristic sharp flavor which decreases with age. To many Americans this is the only "pie cheese," since serving a chunk of cheese with pie has long been a native custom.

But though it is good "out of hand," such Cheddar is not so satisfying when cooked. It does not melt easily and the fat separates from the more solid protein causing "strings" to appear in one's favorite Welsh rarebit! Therefore this American Cheddar is always best when it comes hard and when it is grated. It grates better than it slices and in this grated form is ideal for the familiar "sprinkle with grated cheese" called for so frequently in connection with casserole dishes. Again, never cook this cheese, even when grated, at too high a temperature or the fat will separate out, leaving a hard protein crust behind—as so often happens in cheese macaroni! When adding grated cheese to a sauce, first remove the hot sauce from the heat and then merely add the cheese which will soon dissolve. Never, never cook over direct flame!

AND now for the pasteurized and packaged American Cheddar. When cheese is pasteurized the process tends to stabilize both texture and other qualities. Pasteurized is recognized by its rubbery moist texture which will never crumble and which never develops a "rind" under any circumstances. One brand of pasteurized Cheddar is like another as to melting and cooking qualities. It grows soft when allowed to stand at room temperature and has a very low melting point, not much higher than that of butter. Hence it is the best type of cheese to use for making sauces, rarebits and similar recipes calling for melted cheese.

Pasteurized cheese will not grate, but it slices and cubes readily. Therefore, perhaps the important difference to remember between the two main cooking cheeses is: *grate bulk Cheddar, and cube pasteurized or package Cheddar.* Slices of pasteurized cheese melt rapidly on toasted sandwiches, on hot crackers, or when placed on top of casseroles. Yet its fat and protein will not separate due to the thorough mixing and blending undergone during the pasteurization.

For table use, serve what are known as "table cheeses." Some of these may be imported or many of the familiar types like Roquefort, Brie, Swiss, Camembert, Edam, etc., are now made in our own country. Serve only small portions, or sections in silver foil, arranged in an attractive way with assorted crackers and plenty of butter. Let your guests help themselves, and have fruits such as pears, apples, raisins, etc., in a fancy dish on the side. Let cheese star in your home menu movies!

And now the editors are happy to announce the winners of the Mystery Recipe Contest:

1st Prize—\$200—Casserole Cobbler

Miss Joyce Eslinger, R. 1, Box 128, Forest Grove, Oregon.

2nd Prize—\$100

Dorothy M. Mahn, Orleans, Neb.

3rd Prize—Silver Chest

Miss Sherry Kegel, 720 Avenue "P," Brooklyn, N. Y.

4th Prize—\$50

Mrs. Paul McClendon, 504 N. Solano Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.

20 Rewards of \$5 each

Mrs. James Cullen, 342 E. 9th St., Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. George C. Tainsh, 225½ Middle St., Portland, Me.; Mrs. A. H. Smith, 4902 McKinney Ave., Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Alice McAuliffe, 119 N. Belmont Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.; Miss Beatrice Phillips, 227 Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Miss Willis Crawford, 523 Judah St., San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. E. L. Cederth, 1184 Chambers, Galesburgh, Ill.; Mrs. R. J. Gratz, 900 Coast Highway, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Willimae Warrock-White, 1311 S. Delaware, Tulsa, Okla.; Mrs. H. J. Allen, 1120 N. Willow St., North Plagge, Neb.; Kay Schancer, 1730 Montgomery, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Frank Rogers, 1016 Highland View, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Carl Grove, 24 S. State St., Danville, Ill.; Mrs. A. Whipstock, 26725 Vassor, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Chas. Phillips, 21 Jorden St., Santa Cruz, Cal.; Pauline M. Nickerson, 2130 James St., Bellingham, Wash.; Mrs. Joe Melsha, 1213 3rd St., S. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Harriet Crompton, 2809 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Ormsby Scudder, 315 Roosevelt Ave., Northfield, N. J.; Mrs. Beatrice Arden, 4033 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.

20 Rewards of \$2.50 each

Mrs. P. E. Swindle, 1032 Valley St., Carthage, Mo.; Mrs. Beatrice Hall, 832 Belmont Ave., Niles, O.; Doris Alameda, 736 Kawaishao St., Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. A. A. Roth, 70 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass.; Mary A. Connor, Box 304, Armour, S. D.; Mrs. Vesta McLaughlin, Bloomfield, Ind.; Miss Beverly Walter, 10821 S. Maplewood Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Orma L. Leonard, 6820 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Alice Stevenson, 625 Middle Ave., Menlo Park, Cal.; Mrs. Sophie Sierota, 1421 Ash St., Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Jennie Hazelton, Ritchie, Ill.; Mrs. Richard Lee, 1428 Kauluwela Lane, Honolulu, T. H.; Mrs. Miles Stauffer, Sibley, Iowa; Mrs. Iva Jane Ford, 10347 Commerce Ave., Tujunga, Cal.; Mrs. M. Peterson, Box 29, Oconomowoc, Wis.; Mrs. Jean Williams, 367 E. 55 Pl., Chicago, Ill.; Miss Cecil MacMahon, 2420 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. Blanche Norton, Gore Road, RFD 1, Conneaut, Ohio; Mrs. Anna Gilmore, 74 N. Lowell St., Bridgetown, N. J.; Jennie Broudy, 6147 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Be Yourself

[Continued from page 49]

in back so as much neck as possible may be glimpsed. Instead of making her face the oval that was the Greek ideal of beauty, Claudette creates a triangle whose base is the straight line of her famous bangs. In repose, her features take on the characteristics of a lovely Benda mask.

THIS individuality of Colbert's is carried over into her make-up. She wears, for street, only a bit of an ivory powder, a wee bit of rouge—much less than you and I—mascara and a dark rose lipstick. The pallor of her skin accentuates the vividness of her lips, and the beauty of her dark sparkling eyes. Because wispy brows would be lost under those bangs, above those dark brown eyes, she merely pulls out the straggling hairs, and shapes the brows themselves in a natural arch. Those luxurious lashes are just touched with mascara to bring out their lustre, and keep them softly curled. For evening, she carries her make-up to her arms and hands, using a powder lotion to make them even more softly gleaming than they are. They contrast beautifully with a dark evening gown, or the formal black of her escort.

Suntan, Claudette thinks, is not becoming to most brunettes. A browned skin doesn't contrast well with dark hair and eyes. No one is inspired to look twice at a girl who is completely all one tone. A blonde, on the other hand, looks very well with a deep tan,

because her hair and eyes, and the white clothes which she'll of course wear, contrast beautifully with the dark skin. Other girls, and probably a lot of brunettes among them, may bask in the California sun, but Claudette, with her ivory skin, stands out as the one white woman among them.

WHEN you look at the pictures of Claudette, or, for that matter, any other movie star, you can't help noticing her softly gleaming hair. And you know that sheen comes only with clean, healthy hair. Hair, your hair and mine, and Claudette's too, can't shimmer and shine unless it is well taken care of, unless it is washed often with the type of shampoo that is correct for it, and unless it is brushed each night until the scalp tingles. All this goes to make for beauty of the hair itself—beauty of arrangement can come later.

If your hair is normal, or for that matter, if it is dry or oily, you'll find that one of these two shampoos will do right by you. The first shampoo, for normal and oily hair, has been on the market for the last two or three years, and I'll bet my new spring bonnet, flowers and all, that a great many of you have been using it and liking it. We discovered, you and I, that this liquid shampoo really did get the hair clean, with the minimum of effort. We discovered that it would rinse out of the hair completely and quickly. But the best discovery of all was

the shimmering new highlights that we found in our hair. We hadn't believed our hair could gleam so. Now the manufacturer of this miracle (to us) working shampoo comes forward with a second one, designed especially for those of us who have dry hair.

If your hair is the type that flies every which way, and just won't lie down where it's told after you've washed it, then you'll surely want to try the special new shampoo. It will cleanse your hair just as quickly and thoroughly as the first shampoo did, it rinses out just as easily, it leaves the same glinting lights in your hair, and added to that, it will make your unruly hair behave itself, take a wave beautifully, and stay in place without any back talk. The price of 10 cents, 60 cents and one dollar a bottle goes for both types of shampoos. Do write me for the name of this grand aid to hair beauty.

YOU can't wash your hair every day—even though it does collect dust and dirt by the pound. But you can keep your hair clean and shining by brushing it for ten minutes each night. These ten minutes of brushing with a clean brush will remove the dust of the streets from your locks, and they'll also stimulate the scalp and the tiny hair follicles in the scalp, to a more normal production of all the things that hair needs to be healthy. If your hair is very dry, brushing will help increase the production of oil in the tiny glands of the scalp. If your

SKINNY? THOUSANDS GAIN NORMAL CURVES THIS NEW EASY WAY

**Quick Gains of 10 to 25 lbs.
Reported with this New
Ironized Yeast**

THERE'S no longer any excuse for thousands to remain skinny, unattractive and friendless. Because with these new Vitamin B and Iron tablets, known as Ironized Yeast, thousands of the skinniest, most rundown people have gained just the good solid flesh they needed—changed old, unsightly figures to new, naturally alluring curves—often in just a few weeks!

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing elements in these new, pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets. They're made from one of the richest sources of health-building Vitamin B—the special rich yeast used in making English ale. By a new costly process this yeast is highly concentrated and then combined with pasteurized Eng-

lish ale yeast and three kinds of blood-strengthening iron.

It's easy to see, then, why these new Ironized Yeast tablets have already helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed these elements, quickly to gain new normally attractive figures, new health, pep and popularity.

Make money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets today. If with this first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh you need—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 284, Atlanta, Ga.

DO YOU LOOK
AS UNATTRACTIVE
AS THIS IN YOUR
BATHING SUIT?



OR COULD A FEW
POUNDS GIVE YOU
NORMAL, PLEAS-
ING CURVES?

Posed by
professional
models



Maybelline
Solid-form
Mascara in
metal vanity
Maybelline
Cream-form
Mascara in dai-
ty zipper case.
Colors:—Black,
Brown, Blue.

For
Beautiful Eyes
this finer Mascara

Of course you want the *natural* appearance of long, dark, curling lashes—what woman doesn't? Well, there is no longer any possible excuse for blank, unattractive eyes or scraggly lashes when Maybelline Mascara is so reasonably priced. A few simple brush strokes of either the solid or cream-form will give your lashes radiant beauty instantly. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting, and keeps lashes soft and silky. Velvety Black, Midnight Blue, or rich shade of Brown. Vanity size, in beautiful metal case or tube, 75c. Purse sizes at all 10c stores. Beautiful eyes are yours for the asking when you ask for Maybelline Mascara.



hair is oily, on the other hand, that same ten minutes with a brush will help stimulate the oil glands and normalize the oil production.

When selecting a hair brush for this important rite, be sure to get one whose bristles are strong, and firmly imbedded in the brush itself. Get a brush whose chassis is built for wear and tear.

A grand hair brush that fulfills all these requirements is the product of a well-known brush company. The extra stiff black bristles are firmly set in a narrow maple back. They are irregularly trimmed so as to more thoroughly cleanse the scalp, and polish the hair as the brush sweeps through. It massages the scalp, stimulates the circulation, and encourages the healthy growth of the hair at the same time that it removes all foreign particles that may be in the hair or on the scalp. All this efficiency sells for the surprisingly small price of a dollar. I'll be delighted to give you the name.

If your hair is beginning to show an end of the winter droopiness, and you don't see how you can wait till summer to get a new permanent, then don't.

JUST the other day, I saw a demonstration of a brand new permanent waving machine that makes any television control board look cheap by comparison. This machine is run by dials. A twirl of one tunes



Maybelline Eyebrow
Pencil in Black, Blue,
Brown... Maybelline
Eye Shadow, in Blue,
Blue-Gray, Brown
Green, Violet.

match Eyebrow Pencil
and Eye Shadow
for complete harmony

Fashion decrees, and make-up experts agree that you must now harmonize your entire eye make-up. Match your Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow with your Mascara for *naturalness*—this is the newest note in beauty, and in no way can you achieve this better than with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. The exquisitely smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil forms lovely, graceful eyebrows—and a subtle touch of colorful Maybelline Eye Shadow will work wonders for the sparkle in your eyes.

Maybelline

in just the right amount of current for *your* particular hair—be it dry or oily, coarse or fine, thin or gray. Another dial gives you just the right length of heating. Still another regulates the voltage—so that if the current comes into the beauty shop "below par" the voltage adjuster steps it up to normal, and vice versa. The machine makes both spiral and croquignole waves, of course, and if you'd like to try it for your next permanent I'd love to tell you more about it.

Do you have trouble putting on mascara evenly, and getting all those little lashes coated? Then you'll be interested in the mascara I discovered the other day. It comes in a gay red and silver metal tube that looks just like a lipstick—grand to carry in the purse. When you take off the top, you'll find attached to it a tiny cylindrical brush, just the right size and shape to fit between those swooping lashes and your eyelids. The bristles are arranged in spiral fashion, so that when you twirl the mascara coated brush over your lashes, it colors not only the top and bottom, but also the sides of the lashes. The mascara itself is in solid form lining the side walls of the bottom of the tube, and easily coats the moistened brush. It won't smart if you get it in your eyes, and if you feel like a good cry, you can go right ahead without fear of runny mascara or flecks of color appearing on your cheeks. The colors are black, brown, and a grand blue for evening wear. The price of 25 cents is so low I'm sure you'll want to write me for the name.

If you want special help in making the most of your looks, why not send your picture and a description of yourself to Denise Caine? She'll be glad to send you new tricks of hairstyle, or of make-up that will create a new YOU. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed envelope, with 3 cents in U. S. postage, when you write to her in care of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, at 1501 Broadway in New York City.



Maybelline Eye
Cream to ward
off eye wrinkles.

and Smooth Skin
Around the Eyes with
this rich Eye Cream

Crows-feet, circles, and crepey lids detract so much from any woman's appearance. Help keep smooth and soft the tender skin area around the eyes by using this beneficial Special Eye Cream. Apply it faithfully every night for most pleasing results. Liberal introductory sizes at ten cent stores.

LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS IN THE WORLD

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 8]



Among guests at Countess di Frasso's party (she's Hollywood's best party-thrower) were the J. Walter Rubens (Virginia Bruce), Fay Wray, Gary Coopers (Sandra Shaw)

Eloping to Yuma with the gal known as Illeana, Stan made her Mrs. Laurel III at 4:30 a. m. the day after he got his final decree from Mrs. L. II. But the second Mrs. L. didn't take it without a kick. She, too, was present in Yuma and made conversation about the divorce being illegal. Before it was over, she was calling Illeana "that Russian!"—and Illeana was countering by calling her "that woman!"

"I still love Stan and I'm trying to save him from himself!" announced No. II.

"If that woman keeps trying to annoy us, I'll sue her!" replied Shuvalova.

"If she doesn't lemme alone, I'll stop her

alimony!" thundered Laurel . . . Since then, things have been kinda quiet.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Donald Friede and Patricia Ellis
—they're makin' other fellows jellis!

MAYBE Olivia de Havilland can't be bothered with boy friends and lo-hove, what with her career keeping her so busy. But little sister Joan Fontaine isn't so low-temperated. So don't be surprised if she elopes almost any moment with—of ALL people!—Conrad Nagel . . .

UNQUENCHABLE - R U M O R

Dept.:—Tongue waggars are still-and-again swearing that Luise Rainer and Cliff Odets are on the verge of divorce.

INCESSANT-DENIAL Dept.:—Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets are still-and-again denying that there's any coolness between them.

LI'L Davie Niven, that unpredictable heaven's-g-i-f-t-o-lonely-m-o-v-i-e-queens, is certainly stepping 'round. Now that the Oberon is thousands of

[Continued on page 73]



Keep eyes on Cesar Romero and Virginia Field. Some say there might be a weddin'

"SNAP OUT OF IT!"



"SMART GIRL—you know I can't hang on to a grouch when you tempt me with Beeman's. Now there's real flavor—fresh, lusty flavor that wakes up your taste! Smooth on your tongue yet chockful of fresh pep.

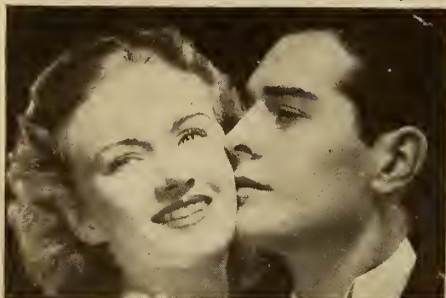
Of course it's this ingenious airtight package that keeps Beeman's so extra fresh and flavorsome. I say—we ought to keep Beeman's on hand *all* the time!"

Beeman's

AIDS DIGESTION...

Skin Reveals Thrilling Beauty

when cleansed
this utterly different way



REMARKABLE, silky-fine oatmeal powder, called **LAVERNA**, cleanses, softens and soothes the skin—all at the same time! Helps remove unsightly blackheads and excess oils. Takes off dirt and make-up completely, leaving the skin gloriously refreshed, smoothing it to velvety softness. Non-alkaline, Lavena does not dry the skin!

Prevent Winter Roughness

Lavena protects skin against dryness, chapping and roughness due to cold winter winds by its neutral cleansing, gentle softening and soothing properties. Use daily and keep skin clean, fresh and smooth all year 'round. No soap or cold cream needed. Delightfully fragrant! Amazingly economical to use!

Sprinkle Lavena in the bath water to help prevent distressing skin irritation known as "winter itch."

Good Housekeeping Approved

Over 4 million packages already sold! Get Lavena from drug, department or 10c stores. Or write Lavena, Dept. 70, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, for liberal trial package, absolutely free. Copyright 1937, by the Lavena Corporation

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Good For Kidney and Bladder Weakness

LOOK AND FEEL YOUNGER



ALL over America men and women who want to cleanse kidneys of waste matter and irritating acids and poisons and lead a longer, healthier, happier life are turning to **GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules**.

So now you know the way to help bring about more healthy kidney activity and stop getting up often at night. Other

symptoms are backache, irritated bladder—difficult or smarting passage—puffiness under eyes—nervousness and shifting pains.

This harmless yet effective medicine brings results—you'll feel better in a few days. So why not get a 35¢ box of **GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules** today—the original and genuine—right from Haarlem in Holland—Don't accept a counterfeit—Ask for and get **GOLD MEDAL**.

The Man Who Doesn't Give a Darn

[Continued from page 48]

given some excellent roles on Broadway. The formula was working.

It kept on working, even when he was fired from a certain show before it ever opened. He told me the first half of that story himself. He is a chap who can enjoy a joke on himself.

"The thing was," he said, "I thought the play was terrible and that I was terrible in it. Throughout the first week of rehearsal I nearly drove my wife crazy haranguing her about whether I should keep on in it or resign, come Saturday night. I was sure it wouldn't run two weeks after it opened. On the other hand I was getting \$750 a week and I kept thinking how nice and handy that money would come in. I really was in an awful dither.

"On Saturday morning, however, I went to rehearsal with my mind made up to resign. I'd tell 'em the play was punk and that I'd have none of it. But during the day that old miser instinct in me got the upper hand and I didn't do it, much to my wife's disgust, incidentally, when I came home and confessed to another change of mind.

"And then bright and early Sunday morning I had a phone call. Apparently the management hadn't liked me any better than I liked the play. 'You're fired,' they told me, or words to that effect. And was my face red."

WALTER said he didn't care, though, and I believe him, especially because of what happened immediately afterward. This part of the story a certain New York producer told me himself.

It seems that this producer heard Walter was no longer in the play he had been rehearsing and needing him for a part in one of his own plays, asked him to drop around. At the appointed hour Walter was there.

"I hear you resigned from Such and Such," the producer told Walter tactfully. Why rub it in that a guy had been fired, he thought. Better to just smooth it over. But Walter would have none of that.

"Cripes, no!" he snapped. "I was fired."

Whereupon the producer laughed and, intrigued by such refreshing candor, gave Walter the part at a better salary than he had planned to offer at first. But probably Walter wouldn't have cared if he hadn't. I think he really is that way...

He is an outspoken individual, as you may have gathered. Offered a fine contract once upon a time, by a well-known Hollywood producer, he called to protest against the first role this contract would call for him to play.

"You don't care for the role?" the producer asked smoothly.

"No, I don't," Walter retorted. "It's lousy."

The other protested. "Why, we think it the best part in the picture!"

"So," Walter came back, "do I. The trouble is, the whole picture's lousy."

"And that frank little comment cost me my contract," he confided. "You see, the producer had written the scenario himself..."

He laughed as he reminisced, as I was certain he also laughed when he lost the contract. He has a way of laughing at most things and you like him for it. You would like Walter Pidgeon for a lot of things, for that matter—one of them being the fact that he is such a "regular guy" as Mickey Rooney, one of his special fans, puts it.

OF COURSE, he is not a typical Hollywood "great lover," despite his six feet, three inches; his slick black hair and Irish blue eyes. He would be the last one to want to pose as such. He is, instead, a friendly, likable chap, "old enough to have some sense," to quote himself, and with "a wife that's swell and a kid that's swell," also to quote himself.

He was born in St. John, New Brunswick, the son of a wholesale mercantile man. He never thought of going on the stage until he was grown and became the great friend of E. E. Clive, the famous actor and producer.

"Although," he admitted to me, "I always had a hankering for the stage, perhaps because when I was a kid I dearly loved to show off. I remember my first 'important appearance' was during my high-school days in a play called *The House Next Door*. It was quite a melodrama and I, in the romantic lead, considered myself a second John Barrymore. I shudder now to think how awful I must have been."

Finishing college, he became a stockbroker, but only for a year or two. By this time his friendship with Clive had materialized and he was getting a taste of the footlights.

"Which I liked," he says. "I told you I always was partial to showing off." And so he became an actor. After his color "fiasco" (his own term) and his trip to Europe, his success in Broadway plays inspired Hollywood again to invite him west. Now he is under contract to M-G-M.

DESPITE his gaily insouciant attitude toward bad luck and bad breaks, he has had his share... Went through the World War, for one thing, seeing plenty of overseas service, and that's not easy for any man. After that his young wife died when their first child was born and that's not easy for any man, either.

Followed nine long years during which the companionship of his little girl, Edna, better known as "Pidge," grew to mean more and more to him and he believed with increasing certainty that he would never marry again. He did, though, six years ago and he and his attractive wife seem to be setting an excellent example of a happy Hollywood marriage.

As for "Pidge"... She attends a girls' school near San Francisco and was due to arrive home for the holidays the day after I talked to Walter. He already had telephoned certain department stores and shops warning them against "a young bandit given to taking undue liberties with her dad's charge account."

"The little nut. She reads in the papers how Clark Gable makes five or six thousand dollars a week and she thinks I am doing it, too," he complained. But when he showed me the list of things he had bought her for Christmas I saw that Clark couldn't have done much better.

"It's fun, shopping for the kid," Walter said. He was smiling as he usually does, but his direct blue eyes had a look in them that made me realize just how lucky young "Pidge" is to have him for a father. Because while he may not "give a darn" about producers and contracts and fame and success, there is one thing Walter Pidgeon gives a great many "darns" about—his little daughter.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 71]



Some say that prize-catch Jon Hall plays the field. Gertrude Niesen says "Untrue"

miles away in London, Davie is passing his personality around freely, recipients ranging from just plain stock-actress Dolores Casey to Top-Star Norma Shearer, not overlooking a few Simone Simon interludes . . . !

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Fiddler Rubinfoff and Dorothy Ates
Are having lots of heavy dates.

HOW to Keep Your Husband:

Keep away from him!—it's Madeleine Carroll's secret. After four years of matrimony, she's still got Hubby Philip Astley, British captain, under full rein and control. The other day, she got back to Hollywood after a four months European idyll with him and explained—"There's lots of truth in that old adage about 'absence makes the heart grow fonder.' Being away from my husband and then going back to him gives a measure of piquant zest to marriage." She means it gives matrimony a kick!

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Andrea Leeds and Ken Murray—
'Way down deep in a cardiac flurry!

SAMMY GOLDWYN'S beautiful-body boy, Jon Hall, is getting himself doubled up with so-o-o-o-o many gals in the Hollywood gossip marts . . . Among his twosome-sidekicks, according to the chatter around town, are Vicki Lester; magazine secretary Edith LaMonte; Sandra Storme; Helen Meinardi; Gertrude Niesen.

DENIAL-of-the-M O N T H: — From Mrs. Buddy Rogers (Mary Pickford to you!), official denial of the rumor that she's going to have a baby.

ALWAYS in the forefront of Holly-

woodsters who not only talk but practice utter modernity have been Miriam Hopkins and Austin Parker, to whom she was once married. Better friends than he and she aren't possible. Never do Hollywood hostesses have to worry about inviting them both to parties. And one of the first to felicitate Miriam when she married Anatole Litvak recently was ex-hubby Austin Parker, who sent posies and best wishes . . . But even that has been surpassed by the latest stunt: Austin has actually moved into the Miriam Hopkins menage while Miriam and Hubby Litvak went East! He's keeping Miriam's little son, Michael, from being lonely until mama rejoins him!

MAYBE you don't remember Mona Darkfeather? She used to be a star in the silent days. And probably the name of Frank Montgomery is all a mystery to you, too. No; he's no relative of Bob's. Frank used to be a bigshot director in the silent days. The other day, they got married. Mona's 54, now; Frank is 57 . . . But what gives Hollywood reason to recall these two, with news of their marriage, is the fact that 'way back in 1912, when she was a Selig star and Frank was directing her, they were married. In 1928, they were divorced . . . But they're just too old-fashioned to stick to this divorce business. They just couldn't take it. So they got married again.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Ronald Reagan and Rosemary Lane
Billing and cooing with might an' main!

HO—HO—HUMmmmmmmmm note:
Glenda Farrell and Drew Ebersson have made up again.

WELL, it was inevitable. No gal can attain movie stardom and keep out of the romance columns, can she? Not even Janie Withers, even though she's only 11—and so your faithful Tattler hastens to report that Janie is being dated by Buddy McAllister, who goes to the same Sunday School with her, and who took her to the Sunday School party the other evening.

A HALF year ago, Dorothy Lamour told your ol' Tattler that some day, she and hubby, Herb Kay, wanted a baby of their own. At that time, Paramount was doing its darndest to play down the fact of

[Continued on page 76]

be sure
of yourself
with a clear SKIN
from WITHIN



A SKIN that glows *naturally* bespeaks radiant health *beneath* . . . it is alive . . . stays fresh! So, be good to your skin from within and it will be good to you.

The reason for this is quite simple . . . skin tissues must have an abundance of red-blood-cells to aid in making the skin glow . . . to bring color to your cheeks . . . to build resistance to germ attacks.

It is so easy for these precious red-blood-cells to lose their vitality. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells. Even a common cold kills them in great numbers.

Science, through S.S.S. Tonic, brings to you the means to regain this blood strength within a short space of time . . . the action of S.S.S. is cumulative and lasting.

Moreover, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to regain and to maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . to strengthen nerves . . . and to give to your skin that natural health glow.

Take the S.S.S. Tonic treatment and shortly you should be delighted with the way you feel . . . and have your friends compliment you on the way you look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health by restoring deficient red-blood-cells and it is time-tried and scientifically proven.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time-tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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THAT FIGHTS GERMS**



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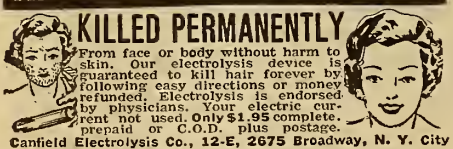


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for a Half Dollar**
**I will pay CASH for
OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS**

POST YOURSELF! It pays!
I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy
of Texas, for one Half Dollar;
J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00
for a single Copper Cent. Mr.
Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for
one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G.F. Adams, Ohio,
received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices
for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME!
1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo)
and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send for
Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may
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B. MAX MEHL, 141 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS
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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, head-aches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Did England Change Bob Taylor?

[Continued from page 23]

little more ruddy-complexioned, perhaps. A little in need of his second shave of the day—as always, late in the afternoon. His clothes certainly weren't Bond Street. They were decidedly Hollywood. No other place on earth could possibly have produced a sport coat with checks that loud and that large. Or slacks that commodious.

His greeting wasn't "Cheerio" or anything else blithely British. It was "Hello—have a seat." Like one of the boys at the club dealing in a new hand. And it was "have a seat," not "hahve a seat." There was no British intonation. And his hand-clasp had no British reticence. It was what is known as a Nebraska bone-cruncher.

Over the first cup of coffee (not tea) and the first cigarette (American), I asked him what he meant by bringing back a British complexion. He grinned. "That isn't complexion," he said. "That's a permanent blush. Boy," he shook his head in mute wonder, "when I think of all the food I ate in England. I defy anybody to live in that climate and *not* stow it away. Not that that was exactly, a hardship—for me."

Bob, as you may have heard, likes to eat. It's a sort of permanent tribute, on his part, to a rural American upbringing.

But he didn't go on from there to describe the habits he indulged, or acquired, living among the Britons. He still is no walking autobiography, no teller of tales about himself. It seems to be physically impossible for him to dramatize himself. It is one of his most likable traits, one of the greatest secrets of his popularity. He isn't theatrical. He is merely living life as he finds it.

You feel comfortable with a person like that. You enjoy being with him. But if you are interviewing him, you have to talk as much as he does—because, when Bob answers a question, he answers it in a sentence, not a paragraph. And England hasn't changed him in that respect. He hasn't gone more reticent. He has merely stayed as reticent as he always has been. He's still willing to talk. But, to get him to say anything, you still have to ask questions.

I WAS with him, for example, for an hour or longer. As old acquaintances, we were completely at ease with each other. Yet every item of information that I obtained, I asked for. Piece by piece, from Bob's answers, I got an impression of what he did abroad, and what England did for him.

The jaunt to England was no location trip for outdoors shots for *A Yank at Oxford*. The entire picture was made there, as an M-G-M good-will gesture.

Bob knew, weeks before he sailed, that he was going. He had plenty of time to prepare for the trip. Too much time to get as much of a bang out of actually sailing as he did out of the first news that he was going. Things like that can happen to you and me, easily enough. Well, they can happen to a Robert Taylor, too.

"Besides," he said, "I had a pretty good idea of what was ahead of me. Twelve or thirteen weeks of hard work, in unfamiliar surroundings. It wasn't going to be any vacation trip, any sight-seeing tour. But don't get me wrong. I wanted to go. I've got a yen for travel that hasn't been anywhere near satisfied yet. Why, this trip to England was only the second time I had been in New York. Only the third time I had been east of Detroit."

He didn't know how much he would see,

but what he did see he wanted to share with someone. It isn't much fun sighting new worlds alone. That was how Don Miloe happened to go along. Don originally came from a small town in Oklahoma; Bob came from a small town in Nebraska. That, and acting ambitions, drew them together; they teamed up as Hollywood roommates, helped each other keep up their chins living on allowances from home, and had ideas about conquering the world, and seeing the world, together.

The breaks came Bob's way more than Don's. For a while, early in Bob's career, Don was his stand-in, as well as inseparable companion. Then, neither of them hopeful about Don's getting anywhere as a stand-in, he went back into Little Theatre work. But when Bob had a chance to do a little of that traveling they had once talked about, Bob didn't forget. He saw to it that they traveled together.

If Bob shows no ill effects of his maltreatment by Manhattan reporters, no sourness on life, part of the credit goes to Don Miloe. Or to Bob's impulse to have a pal with him. Having Don along helped him to toss off the badgering lightly, laugh at it and at himself. It helped him to have the nerve to come back via New York, against the counsel of worried advisers, and face the mayhem music a second time. (Jot this down in your memory book: Bob didn't dodge back into America by a side door. He came in the front door.)

Speaking of Don, Bob said, "But it looks like my last trip with that fellow." There was a note of genuine regret in his voice. "I'm afraid he's going to walk up to an altar any day now," he added, in explanation. "He's got it bad. He may be married already, for all I know."

(Bob didn't go so far as to say that he didn't have any marrying ideas, himself. But he made it sound as if he didn't have any today, at least. He made it sound as if he had some more bachelor trips in mind. Make of that what you will.)

M-G-M had been pounding the publicity drums in England, ballyhooing his coming. Bob had no way of knowing what the reception would be—particularly after New York. But he took his chances. He went off the *Berengaria* by the main gang-plank, not some secret exit. British newspapermen—twenty-five or thirty strong—boarded the boat at Cherbourg, rode across the Channel to Southampton with him.

"I had a lot of fun with those reporters, a lot of laughs . . . Yeah, I guess that goes under the heading of news: Taylor Has Good Time with Reporters . . . They seemed more interested in my public life than my private life. That was a change I thrived on. They wanted to know what I'd been doing lately, in a picture way; the plans for the picture over there; whether or not I was happy to come to England. They seemed more interested in telling me about England, than asking me what I thought about it. That was swell . . ."

The boat docked in late afternoon. There was a big crowd on the pier—"but no trouble." (I. e., no mob mauling.) Bob had his choice of going up to London by car or by boat train. He picked the transportation everybody else took—the boat train. It was the quickest. And it looked like the easiest. The train wouldn't pull into Waterloo Station until after dark. There wouldn't

Did England Change Bob Taylor?

[Continued from page 75]

"Something else I got a kick out of was the little bug of a car I drove back and forth. An M. G. It was so low I could reach out and strike a match on the pavement any time I felt like it. It had no top, and it made a noise like an outboard motor. But how that bug could travel! I scared everybody with the thing, including myself."

Bob likes to travel fast. That was why he saw what he did see of Europe by plane. They told him he could have two weeks while they looked at the rushes and decided whether or not there would be any retakes. He hopped a plane to Paris, for a second visit. Then to Amsterdam, Berlin, Copenhagen, Stockholm.

"I got a perspective on these countries quickly. For instance, in the time I had to spend there, I know I couldn't have got, any other way, a snap idea of Holland that was a pip. Why did I head for the Scandinavian countries? I've always been interested in them. I like their kind of scenery. They're a little off the beaten path, too.

"Paris is a gay town. You can't pass along the street without seeing people laughing, having a good time. Copenhagen is the same way. So is Stockholm—and without night-clubs. One thing I liked about those Northern countries"—he laughed—"they had retiring reporters."

I asked him if the Swedes had heard the advertising legend for *Camille*—"Garbo Loves Robert Taylor." It gave him a laugh. "I hope not," he said.

HE WENT to one theatre while he was abroad. That was in London. After he finished his picture, he saw a few night-clubs—enough to come to the conclusion that "they're the same the world over." He didn't go out with girls. When he wasn't with a party, he was "staggering it with a bunch of fellows, out to see what was going on, and hear some music." Offhand, I'd say he left his heart in Hollywood.

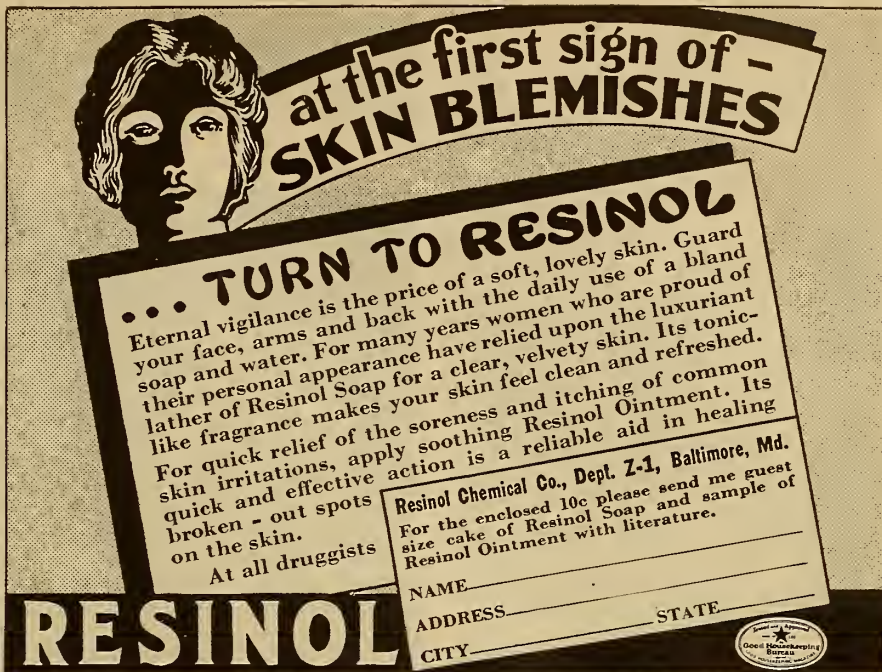
Does Bob, himself, think he has changed in any way, because of England?

"No-o," he said, considering long. "I don't see how I could, in four months. Especially with the kind of life I led over there. It was even quieter than the life I lead here, which God knows isn't riotous, despite its rush.

"I guess maybe I can sit back and be more philosophical about things. Getting away was good for me. It gave me a little perspective. I learned that there are other places on earth besides Hollywood, other lives that are interesting... I have more to talk about, if people are willing to listen—places I've seen, people I've met... Travel gives you a little more confidence in your ability to handle unexpected situations. They're always coming up on a trip, especially abroad. Ordering meals in other languages, talking with all kinds of people, getting places. I feel more alert than when I went away. Travel gives you that definite benefit: it puts you on your toes.

"But do you know the principal effect the trip has had on me? It's made my urge for travel worse. Already, I've got a terrific yen to go back. To the Continent, particularly. I still haven't seen that blue Mediterranean. But I'd like to be able to go and see it without having to work... If that could happen, then maybe there *would* be a big change."

Particularly, if it happened to be a honeymoon trip. But he didn't say that.



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For many years they have used the dependable ALL-VEGETABLE laxative, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) to aid in keeping them fit. So mild, thorough, refreshing and invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells and that tired-out feeling, when caused by or associated with constipation.

Without Risk get a 25c box of NRs from any druggist. Use for one week, then if you are not more than pleased, return the box and we will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Try it—NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright.

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MEN LOVE Peppy GIRLS!



IF you are happy and peppy and full of fun, men will take you places. If you are lively, they will invite you to dances and parties.

BUT, if you are cross and lifeless and always tired out, men won't be interested in you. Men don't like "quiet" girls. Men go to parties to enjoy themselves. They want girls along who are full of pep.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermol. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermol is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Walgreen Drug Stores.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 76]



Among the guests at Hollywood events are Herbert Marshall and best pal, Lee Russell

are really Mr. and Mrs. On the license, it reads "Priscilla J. Shortridge and Harry Ueberoth."

... Claire Trevor and Bentley Ryan ... Carolyn Mason and Lee Dixon ... Allan Fairman and Alice Brady ... Jack Woody and Lenore White ...

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eleanor Powell and Billy Seymour. Are they "that way"? They couldn't be more!

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Cliff Edwards and Patricia Craig Snugglin' closer than Haig-and-Haig!

PERENNIAL DENIAL note:—
Ronnie Colman and Benita Hume once again saying "no" to rumors they're secretly married.

NO EARLY wedding for Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. Say Ida and Louis—"we want to make big names for ourselves first."

TWOSOMES-at-the-niteries:—Patricia Wilder and the Earl of Warwick ... Bill Davey and Pauline Frederick ... Jane Mullen and Art Jarrett ... Virginia Barnato and Jack Dunn ... Virginia Fields and Vic Orsatti, who used to be married to June Lang ... June Lang and A. C. Blumenthal, but Peggy Fears says she has no intention of divorcing A. C. ... Bill Frawley and Nancy Lyons ... Bob Riskin and Julia Bond ... Will Rogers' daughter, Mary, and Carl Laemmle's son, Carl ... it's Busby Berkeley and Eleanor Bailey, now ... RKO's Cynthia Westlake and Director Ed Ludwig ... Louise Brooks and Addison Randall ... Anne Nagel, widow of Ross Alexander, and Anthony Averil ... B. P. Schulberg and Aileen Pringle ... Hedy LaMarr and Reg Gardiner ... Don Barry and Lana Turner ... Rudy Vallee and Dorothy Hutchinson, just in from England ... Bill Faye (he's Alice's brother) and Constance Moore ... Eddie Cantor's daughter, Edna, and songwriter Jimmie McHugh

WILL-or-WON'T-THEY-MARRY Dept.:—Robert Wilcox and Joy Hodges. They're engaged, but she's in NY and he's in Hollywood, and they can't see each other ... Dixie Dunbar and Bob Herndon. They're still like that and how ... Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot. He has just bought a house, and it looks like honeymoon cottage as soon as divorce business is clear ... Gloria Dickson and Perc Westmore. This looks like a sure thing in June ... Lita Grey Chaplin and her manager, Arthur Dey ... Broderick Crawford and Rita Johnson, and you ought to see the diamond ring that says they will! ... Nell Atkinson and Gene Leonard. He's a broker, and she's from a family that runs to standing-inning. Nell is Madeleine Carroll's stand-in and her dad is George Arliss' stand-in ... Songwriter Nacio Herb Brown and Doris Eaton.

Who's Whose in Hollywood

(Continued from page 36)

Suzanne Kilborn. Children: Brooks and Cynthia.

MORRIS, WAYNE—Played the field until the press-agents rumored a romance with Priscilla Lane, just for fun and publicity. But Wayne seems to be taking them seriously.

MOWBRAY, ALAN—Merrily married to Lorraine Carpenter, former Chicago Junior League. Their children—Patricia and Alan, Jr.—nicknamed "P. M." and "A. M."

MUIR, JEAN—Rumored to be keeping Richard Watts, Jr., New York critic, waiting at the altar.

MUNI, PAUL—His favorite critic is a woman—Bella Finkel, long Mrs. Muni. Now honeymooning again, abroad.

MURPHY, GEORGE—On December 28, 1926, in the Little Church Around the Corner, married Juliette Johnson, his dancing partner.

MURRAY, KEN—Divorced from Charlotte Doncourt in 1934. Recently engaged to singer Florence Heller.

NAGEL, CONRAD—Formerly married to Ruth Helms. Divorced in 1934. Has a young daughter in her teens from this union. Rumored to be keenly interested in Joan Fontaine, sister of Olivia de Havilland.

NIVEN, DAVID—Has said: "Before I do any settling down, I've got to be sure that I've sown every wild oat that might possibly interest me." Seriously enjoys company of Simone Simon. Ditto Norma Shearer.

NOLAN, LLOYD—In three weeks won actress Mel Iford, who hated him at first sight. That was in 1932. Inseparable today.

NORRIS, EDWARD—Married to Ann Sheridan since August, 1936.

NOVARO, RAMON—Phenomenally single.

OAKIE, JACK—"The Playboy of the Western World" settled down when he married Venita Yarden, Follies beauty, on a train platform at Yuma, Summer 1936.

OBERTON, MERLE—All romance rumors to date have been—just rumors. Even the David Niven ones, which have them "testing love by separation."

O'BRIEN, GEORGE—See Marguerite Churchill.

O'BRIEN, PAT—Completely sold on married life with Eloise Taylor. Raves for hours on end about two adopted children: Mavournen and Patrick.

O'KEEFE, DENNIS—As Pat Flanagan, married. As Dennis O'Keefe, rumored about to be unmarried.

OLAND, WARNER—Charlie Chan recently in courtroom to hear long-time wife, socialite-painter Edith Shearn, ask for legal separation.

OLIVER, EDNA MAY—Tried marriage once, briefly, early in life—with one D. W. Pratt—and it didn't "take."

OLIVER, GORDON—Torn between Anne Nagel, widow of Ross Alexander, and tennis champ Kay Stammers.

O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN—Long engaged to writer-director John Farrow, until Papal dispensation to marry him Aug. 1936. He was previously divorced.

OWEN, REGINALD—In private life the absent-minded husband of Billy Ediss.

PARKER, CECILIA—Re-enacting *Ah, Wilderness* with Eric Linden—off-screen.

PARKER, JEAN—Married at 20, Spring 1936, to newspaperman George MacDonald.

PARKYAKARKUS—Thelma Leeds became Mrs. Harry Einstein February 7, 1937.

PATERSON, PAT—See Charles Boyer.

PATRICK, GAIL—Eloped to Tijuana, Mexico, December, 1936, with Robert Cobb, who operates the Brown Derby. Hadn't seriously considered marriage until day she eloped.

PAYNE, JOHN—When Owen Davis, Jr., stepped out of Anne Shirley's life (allegedly on request), John stepped in. They were married August 22, 1937.

PENNER, JOE—The same girl who shared his struggles now shares his success—Eleanor May Vokes.

PICKFORD, MARY—No. 1: Owen Moore (divorced 1920). No. 2: Douglas Fairbanks, with whom she founded Pickfair. (Married 1920, divorced 1935). No. 3: Buddy Rogers, married June 26, 1937. It's "Goodbye Pickfair" now.

PIDGEON, WALTER—Married to Ruth Walker.

PITTS, ZASU—Divorced promoter Tom Gallery January, 1932, after long marriage. Had child, Ann, born in 1922, and adopted son of late

Barbara La Marr. Married to Edward Woodall, tennis expert, since 1933.

PONS, LILY—Retired from Paris acting career when she married August Mesritz, wealthy Dutch widower. He urged her to cultivate singing voice and lost her—to opera. Now suspected of being married to, or about to marry, orchestra conductor Andre Kostelanetz.

POWELL, DICK—His first wife, Mildred Maund, wanted him to give up the theatre. Instead, he gave up Mildred—in 1933. In September, 1936 he married his frequent co-star, Joan Blondell.

POWELL, ELEANOR—To date, too busy to "date."

POWELL, WILLIAM—On April 15, 1915 married Eileen Wilson, who gave him a son, William D., and, still later, gave him a divorce. In 1931 married his leading lady, Carole Lombard; divorced two years later. He and Jean Harlow were in love, talking marriage, when she died June 7, 1937. Powell broken-hearted since.

POWER, TYRONE—"Romances" with Sonja Henie, Loretta Young, just publicity. Janet Gaynor "romance" looks more serious.

PROUTY, JED—The harried head of the Jones Family is childless in real life, but married—to Marian Murray, star of old Essanay Company.

PURCELL, DICK—Once engaged to June Travis. A man-about-town since.

QUINN, ANTHONY—Nicknamed Anthony de Quinn since wedding Katherine De Mille.

RAFT, GEORGE—Long thought a bachelor. Then admitted separation from one Grace Mulrooney. When and if free will marry actress Virginia Peine, ex-wife of millionaire Edward Lehmann, Jr. Old story of Raft "son" a canard. Boy is son of George's dead sister, Katherine.

RAINER, L'UISE—There is a legend of early fiance dying in air crash abroad. Married playwright Clifford Odets January 8, 1937.

RAINS, CLAUDE—No. 1: Isabel Jeans (div.). No. 2: Marie Hemingway (div.). No. 3: Beatrix Thompson (div.). No. 4—present wife: Frances Propper.

RATHBONE, BASIL—By brief, unhappy first marriage (to Ethel Forman) had son, Rodion, now grown. Happily married a number of years to scenarist Ouida Bergere.

RATOFF, GREGORY—Long-distance husband of stage-actress Eugenie Leontovich, married in 1922. Each thinks other greatest thespian in world. He says: "As long as we keep fooling each other, we'll have no problems."

RAY, LEAH—Her big romance is scenarist Jerry Wald.

RAYE, MARTHA—Eloped to Las Vegas May 30, 1937, with Hamilton (Buddy) Westmore. Divorced him just 121 days later.

RAYMOND, GENE—See Jeanette MacDonald.

READ, BARBARA—Married artist William Paul III, September, 1936. Separated two months later. About to sue for divorce.

REAGAN, RONALD—One of the eligibles.

REGAN, PHIL—Hollywood didn't know until December 22, 1936, that he had been married nearly 13 years to Josephine Dwyer and had four children: Joseph, Phil, Jr., Joan Anne and Marilyn.

REYNOLDS, CRAIG—At 18 married high-school sweetheart and had daughter, Andrie, now 10. Divorced several years. Now courting Gertrude Niesen.

RHODES, ERIC—Happily unmarried.

RICE, FLORENCE—Many romance rumors; no marriages.

RITZ BROTHERS—Harry: married to Charlotte Greenfield. Al: married to Annette Nelson, once his dancing partner. Jimmy: as this is written, about to marry starlet Ruth Hilliard.

ROBERTI, LYDA—In private life, Mrs. Hugh (Bud) Ernst.

ROBERTS, BEVERLY—Engaged to director William Keighley.

ROBINSON, EDWARD G.—Little Caesar's wife and mother of Little Caesar II (Edward Jr.) is actress Gladys Lloyd.

ROBSON, MAY—Twice a widow, several times a grandmother.

ROGERS, CHARLES (BUDDY)—Single till he married Mary Pickford.

ROGERS, GINGER—Married briefly in her teens to one Jack Culppepper, vaudevillian. Married Lew Ayres November 14, 1934. Separated past two years. Barks new marriage rumors by postponing divorce.

ROMERO, CESAR—Plays night-club Romeo to succession of Juliets.

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS



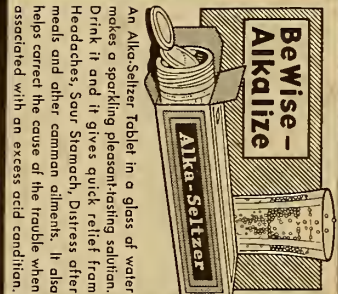
WHEN COLDS OR HEADACHES GET MY MAN SAY: HE'S NO "ANGEL CHILD." I GIVE HIM ALKA-SELTZER BEFORE HE DRIVES ME WILD

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REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU

Could she always believe in his sweet words? Was it all nonsense, the talk that one woman could never hold him? See the April

Romantic
MAGAZINE

ROSS, LANNY—In 1935 married divorcee Olive White, his manager. Lost baby June, 1937.

ROSS, SHIRLEY—Scheduled to marry assistant director Eddie Anderson when his divorce became final November, 1937, but wedding postponed.

RUGGLES, CHARLIE—Divorced from Adele Rowland. Now married only on screen.

RUSSELL, ROSALIND—Confirmed bachelor girl who has recently shown signs of becoming less confirmed—with James Stewart a-calling.

SANDERS, GEORGE—Says: "Hollywood is so full of beautiful girls, it is difficult to remain a bachelor." Still nobly trying.

SCHILDKRAUT, JOSEPH—Divorced from actress Elise Bartlett, married to actress Mary McKay.

SCOTT, RANDOLPH—Long-distance husband of Virginia socialite, former Mrs. Marion DuPont Somerville, whom he married March 23, 1936. He commutes East between pictures to see her.

SHEARER, NORMA—Widow of producer Irving Thalberg, who died September 14, 1936. Married September 29, 1928. Has two children: Irving, Jr., and Elizabeth.

SHELTON, MARLA—First husband: Richard Polimor, theatre executive. Second: Jack Dawn, make-up expert, whom she married May 28, 1937, afterward honeymooning in trailer.

SHERIDAN, ANN—See Edward Norris.

SHIRLEY, ANNE—See John Payne.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA—Long expected to marry producer B. P. Schulberg, she married publisher Bennett Cerf, instead, in 1935. Divorced a few months later. No serious romance rumors since.

SIMON, SIMONE—Marriage abroad rumored, but not proved. Mysterious about her heart interests. Romance rumors have linked her with French director Marc Allegret, Paris publisher Francois Louis-Dreyfuss, producer Gene Markey, actor David Niven, among others.

SINGLETON, PENNY—The former Dorothy McNulty changed even her screen name when she married Lawrence S. Singleton, October 15, 1937.

SONDERGAARD, GALE—One reason why she takes direction so cleverly: she's married to director Herbert Biberman.

SOTHERN, ANN—Her first marriage, little known about, was an adolescent mistake, quickly cancelled. Married Roger Pryor, orchestra leader, September 27, 1936, climaxing four-year romance. Travels thousands of miles between pictures to be with him. When working, a bachelor bride.

STANDER, LIONEL—Won default divorce from one Lucy Stander, September 22, 1936. Has 3-year-old daughter in East with ex-wife. Rumored secretly married to secretary and constant companion, Alice Twitchell.

STANWYCK, BARBARA—Divorced from Frank Fay, December, 1935, after eight years of marriage. Has 5-year-old adopted son, Dion. That Robert Taylor romance isn't publicity.

STARRETT, CHARLES—Married since Senior year at Dartmouth to Mary McKinnon, Junior Leaguer. Has 8-year-old twin boys, Charles and David.

STEN, ANNA—Married, since before Hollywood, to Dr. Eugene Frenke, famed European doctor.

STEPHENS, HARVEY—Has a long-term marriage contract with Beatrice Nichols.

STEWART, JAMES—One of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. Lately attentive to Rosalind Russell.

STONE, FRED—Married practically half his life to his onetime leading lady, Aileen Crater. Has three actress-daughters: Dorothy, Paula and Carol.

STONE, LEWIS—First married to Margaret Langham, who died. Then long married to actress Florence Oakley; divorced in 1929. Now married to Hazel Woolf.

STRADNER, ROSE—Denies any marriages abroad, but confesses heart interest there. Hollywood suitors undiscouraged, however.

STUART, GLORIA—Soon after college married sculptor Blair Newell. Their marriage a famous experiment of separate abodes—which didn't work. Divorced July 2, 1934. On July 26, 1934, married scenarist Arthur Sheekman. Daughter Sylvia born 1935.

SULLAVAN, MARGARET—First married to Henry Fonda—when both were unknown; divorced, 1933. Married Director William Wyler, November, 1934; divorced, March, 1936. Now married to Leland Hayward, actors' agent, who was once rumored secretly married to Katharine Hepburn. Daughter born July 5, 1937.

SWANSON, GLORIA—No. 1: Wallace Beery (1916-17). No. 2: The late Herbert K. Sornborn, founder of Brown Derby, whom she divorced in 1923, and by whom she had a daughter, Gloria. No. 3: Marquis Henri de la Falaise (1925-31). No. 4: Michael Farmer (1931-34), by whom she had daughter, Michele Bridget. Miss Swanson also has an adopted boy, Joseph, a year younger than little Gloria.

SWARTHOUD, GLADYS—First married (1925) to Harry Richmond Kern, who died Oct. 20, 1931. Married concert singer Frank Chapman, Jr., in 1932.

TALBOT, LYLE—Abandoned bachelorhood for Marjorie Cramer, New York socialite, March 28, 1937.

TALLEY, MARION—Married Michael Rauchen, German pianist, June, 1932. Divorced seven months later. Married Adolphe Eckstrom March 23, 1935.

TALLCHIEF, MARGARET—A candidate for romance rumors.

TAMIROFF, AKIM—Married pre-Hollywood to Tamara Shayne.

TAYLOR, KENT—Once married (to Augusta Kulek), twice a father.

TAYLOR, ROBERT—In his Pomona College days loved and lost a Scripps College girl. For past year and a half has concentrated attentions upon Barbara Stanwyck. Marriage looks imminent.

TEASDALE, VERREE—Adolphe Menjou is her second husband. William O'Neal was her first.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE—Married long to Grace Smith, school-teacher, by whom he had twin sons, now 20. Divorced in 1931. Married since 1932 to socialite divorcee Jennie Marston Adams Burgard. Son born August, 1933.

TONE, FRANCHOT—Joan Crawford is the first Mrs. Tone.

TRACY, LEE—It looked once as if he might marry Isabel Jewell. No marriage rumors since.

TRACY, SPENCER—Long married to actress Louise Treadwell. Has two children, a girl and a boy (tragically deaf since illness as baby).

TRAVIS, JUNE—Holding hands recently with Ronald Reagan.

TREACHER, ARTHUR—Rumored once briefly and unhappily married, in England. Won't confirm rumors—or deny them.

TRENT, JOHN—Married since early flying days in 1930. Has one child.

TREVOR, CLAIRE—An exponent of the quiet single life. Says she had her heart broken early and hasn't thought of marriage since. Oh yeah?

TUCKER, SOPHIE—At 16, married one Louis Tuck, who later died. At 17, to support baby, added "er" to name and went on stage. Later married and divorced (1) Frank Westphal (2) Albert Lackerman.

TURNER, LANA—All the boys like Lana. She prefers Tim Holt. Or Don Barry.

TWELVETREES, HELEN—Her name is a holdover from first marriage—to actor Clark Twelvrees. Since married to, and divorced from, realtor Frank Woody, by whom she had son in 1932.

VALLEE, RUDY—Briefly and unhappily married before fame as Vagabond Lover. Secretly married actress Fay Webb, July, 1931; separated year later; divorced May, 1936. She died Nov., 1936. New interest: Gloria Youngblood, among others.

VELEZ, LUPE—Tarzan's mate since Oct. 8, 1933. Marriage to Johnny Weissmuller has been stormy, but still is in force. Recent reports of their celebrating fifth anniversary were premature. Note marriage date.

VENABLE, EVELYN—Called "Unkissed Actress" until surprise marriage to cameraman Hal Mohr, December, 1934. Has two children.

VINSON, HELEN—Divorced from Harry Vickerman, store executive, February, 1934. Married to tennis champion Fred Perry since December, 1935.

WAYNE, JOHN—Married Josephine Saenz, Venezuelan beauty, since 1933.

WEAVER, MARJORIE—Rumored as a secret bride of naval ensign, a graduate of Annapolis, whom she married last October. His name is Schacht.

WEISSMULLER, JOHNNY—After two-week courtship married dancer Bobbe Arnst, 1931; divorced, 1932. (Said Bobbe: "His body has gone to his head.") Elope with Lupe Velez, October 8, 1933.

WEST, MAE—Long denied, but recently admitted, marrying vaudevillian Frank Wallace in Milwaukee, April 11, 1911. Legal steps to dissolve marriage in offing.

WHALEN, MICHAEL—Apparently believes in "safety in numbers." Scatters his dates among several girls.

WHEELER, BERT—Twice divorced when he married Sally Haines, February 26, 1937.

WHITNEY, ELEANORE—Flirting with Johnny Downs, among others.

WILCOX, ROBERT—Engaged to Joy Hodges.

WILCOXON, HENRY—Married Sheila Browning, June, 1936. Divorced July, 1937.

WILLIAM, WARREN—When he went away to War, Helen Nelson promised to wait for him, and did—until 1923. They've been married ever since.

WILSON, MARIE—Engaged to director Nick Grinde.

WINCHELL, WALTER—Married June Magee, August, 1919. Has two children. Lost a third, tragically, on Christmas Eve a few years ago.

WING, TOBY—Unattached since breaking engagement to Pinky Tomlin last Spring.

WINNINGER, CHARLES—Separated from actress Blanche Ring.

WONG, ANNA MAY—Unmarried. Recently rumored engaged to Chinese actor Philip Ahn.

WOODS, DONALD—Married and has two children: Conrad (nicknamed "Splinters") and Linda.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT—Married to Mignon Reed.

WRAY, FAY—Mrs. John Monk Saunders since April 15, 1929. Has one child.

WYATT, JANE—Mrs. Edgar B. Ward since November, 1935. Temporarily retired to become mother Summer, 1937.

WYMAN, JANE—Myron Fitterman, millionaire dress manufacturer, is the lucky man. Married Summer, 1937.

YOUNG, LORETTA—Brief marriage in teens to Grant Withers annulled. No marriages since, but there are always romance rumors about Loretta. Latest have her about to marry producer Joseph Mankiewicz. Adopted two little girls, Jane and Judy, June, 1937.

YOUNG, ROBERT—Married his boyhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Henderson. Children: Carol Ann (born 1932) and Barbara Queen (born 1937).

YOUNG, ROLAND—Playwright Claire Kummer is his mother-in-law and close friend. He

fell in love with her daughter, Marjorie, when she was a little girl and remained a bachelor until she grew up, a few years ago.

ZORINA, VERA—Free, white and 21. And—intent on her career.

* * * *

THERE are four hundred top Hollywood names in this list. But the compilation, for the record, totals 405—since three individuals are included in each of two names, Marx Brothers and Ritz Brothers. These are the statistics:

Of the total of 405, 91 have never been married. That leaves 313 who have been married. Of that number, 221—or 71%—have been married only once. Of the 313 who have been married, 176—or 56%—still have their first mates. Ninety-two of the 313—or 29%—have been married more than once. Twenty-four—or 8%—have been married more than twice. Only five—or 1.5%—have been married four times or more.

According to recent statistics, one out of every six marriages throughout the United States ends in divorce. Of the 313 top players in Hollywood who have married, two out of five have experienced divorce. But in many instances where divorces have occurred, the divorces preceded the players' arrival in Hollywood. Hollywood had nothing to do with the failure of those marriages. They would have failed anywhere.

In short, Hollywood has been slightly maligned. Despite the unusual working conditions, the constant intermingling of attractive men and women, the constant make-believe emotionalizing, seven out of ten of the people who matter have been married only once. Six out of ten still are married to their first choices.

Vocal Boy Makes Good

[Continued from page 32]

his movie earnings now, to buy that farm. That's why he gives himself just \$50 a month for spending money. And that's why he and his wife and his young child live on a maximum allowance of \$500 a month for EVERYTHING—and that "everything" even includes Kenny's working clothes. And when you figure that a movie actor's wardrobe—say 'Dolphe Menjou's for example—costs usually a few thousand a year, you can realize that Kenny and the Missus and the young Baker have set themselves no mean task, as Hollywood goes.

Incidentally, this Menjou chap is one of Kenny Baker's professional idols.

"Menjou," Kenny tells you, if you care, "knows more about the tricks that constitute screen technique than any half-dozen other movie actors put together and added up."

And so Kenny, being an ambitious lad, spends his hours off doing what busmen are supposed to do on their holidays. That is, Kenny instead of staying home, comes to the studio anyway and sits on the sidelines and watches Menjou do his eyebrow-lifting, shoulder-shrugging, lip-twisting and so on. Then (although Kenny doesn't admit this) I suspect this Baker lad goes home to his dressing-stand mirror and practices with his own eyebrows, shoulders and lips. He hopes he'll be an actor, some day . . .

YOU see, he knows he isn't an actor now. Anyway, he insists he isn't. And that's one factor wherein Baker differs radically from most other Hollywood movie men. I know a lot of them who insist they ARE actors, despite the private opinion of their friends, co-workers, and others. But let's skip that—this is a Kenny Baker story, isn't it? . . . So back to Kenny and his evaluation of himself:

"I've got nothing at all to give to the screen," he confesses, "except my singing voice, and that's just luck. I'm still and always amazed at being 'in the money' before the camera, because as an actor, I'm a darned good farmer!"

However, he has ambitions, as I've pointed out in that spare-time-studying-Menjou business. Kenny goes even further. He hasn't many evenings off, what with radio rehearsals and studying his movie and radio scripts. However, Kenny does take those evenings off at his neighborhood movie theatres. He doesn't go because he's just nuts about movies. He goes because it's "school" to him; he goes and watches and studies the acting of other male stars. He takes them apart, observes their mannerisms, their tricks, their what-you-might-call professional trade-marks. After he's analyzed them, he discards those that won't match up with his own individual personality, and then tries to adapt what's left to his own work.

I don't mean that he deliberately steals the stuff of recognized screen stars—but he does acquire, from studying that "stuff," something more for his own work. When Kenny Baker—IF ever—reaches that spot of achievement in which he's satisfied with himself, he'll be a sort of human compound of barrymore, crosby, powell, menjou, cooper, gable, tibbett *et al*, and yet not any one of these ingredients more than another. Above all, he'll still be Kenny Baker. It's like good cooking—you season the dish with a lot of spices and tastes, but fundamentally, it's still what it started out to be.

About Kenny, there's no Hollywoodishness, as yet. I don't know whether he ever will "go Hollywood." Offhand, I'd say he won't. So about Kenny Baker, I'll say only this—he hasn't gone Hollywood yet; he doesn't even show any signs of going Hollywood—and above all, he's had such a tough drag on his way to the eminence he's now reached that it'll take a lot to knock him into that degree of haywireness known as "gone Hollywood."

And for the same reason, it really isn't any job at all for him and Mrs. Baker to keep well within the narrow budget limits they've set themselves. You see, not very long ago, they had only about \$75 a month to live on—instead of the \$550 total they're

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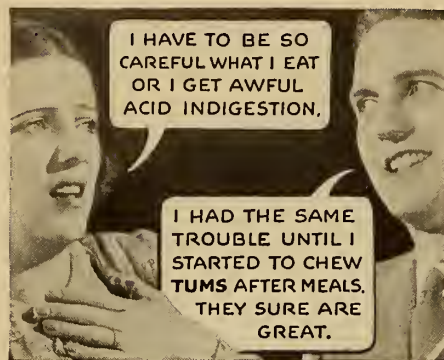
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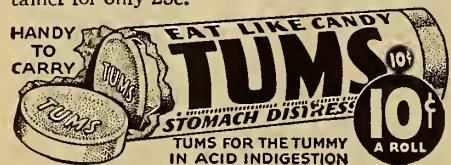
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allowing themselves now . . . ! And that brings us to the story of Ken's life. It's already been dubbed, punnishly, "Vocal Boy Makes Good." That's as good a key-line as any.

KENNY is essentially a small-town boy. He first squalled defiance at the world, in an already-effective tenor voice, in a town called Monrovia, some twenty miles from Hollywood in the California foothills. It's surrounded by orange groves, strawberry-stands, hot-dog emporiums and assorted ranches. In his school days, the family moved to Long Beach, twenty miles south of Hollywood, whereas Monrovia is east. But still twenty miles, geographically—and thousands of miles, as far as Kenny's interests were concerned.

The Baker lad was no youthful extrovert. He did NOT have the apparent makings of a show-actor. He was quiet, studious, industrious and shy. If he hadn't been so shy, he might have noticed a gal who was being quite earnestly noticed, even then, by the young boys of the Long Beach schools. Her name is Andrea Leeds, and even today, she's still being noticed—and how! But even though Andrea shared the same classrooms with Kenny Baker, she came as a complete surprise in his young life when Sam Goldwyn hired him, recently, to make love to her in *The Goldwyn Follies*. Kenny didn't even remember her as the gal with whom he'd gone to school!

However, don't let this Leeds-ignorance of his mislead you—or should I have said Miss-Leed you? Skip it, please. What I'm driving at is that Kenny was no gal-hater. He WAS shy, but not so shy that he didn't pursue an extra-curricular course of study into what made Miss Geraldine Churchill so darned alluring to him. He studied this matter so assiduously that shortly after he quit school, he married Geraldine. He's still married to her, and he's quite certain that even though it isn't considered the best form in Hollywood, he's going to stay married to her. In fact, odd as it may seem, he loves her. She knows it, and that's why she doesn't mind his making love to Andrea Leeds—because after all, Goldwyn is paying him plenty for it, isn't he?

WHEN he married Geraldine, Kenny was cleaning up the magnificent sum of \$19 a week! With that simple statement, it becomes unnecessary to mention further that Kenny, although he's a tenor, nevertheless has guts. It takes precisely that—and spelled in four letters, instead of dolled up to read "intestinal fortitude!"—to get married on nineteen bucks a week. The nineteen-per was Kenny's emolument for rounding out a radio quartette.

You see, by now Kenny had learned that his voice was good. But even so, he'd probably never have made a living with it, if it hadn't been for two things—his mother and an earthquake . . . !

His mother's part came in 1930, when she argued him into entering the national At-water-Kent radio audition. Kenny thought he wasn't good enough. Mother, as mothers always do, thought differently. Rather than argue any more with her, Kenny entered.

"Imagine his surprise when he won the contest!" should be the proper pay-off to this anecdote. But it isn't. Because Kenny couldn't do any better than finish as an "also-ran" in the Long Beach locals of the national contest. He never even got out of his home town, that time. But somehow, the competition had fired his spirit. And for that, his mother must always be thanked. Nevertheless, it DID take an earthquake really to start Kenny going places.

The earthquake came in 1933. You re-

member it. Among other things that rocked were several buildings of Kenny's junior college. As a result, the college courses became a bit confused—crowded classrooms, curtailed courses, and that sort of thing. Kenny figured he could do better by singing. So he quit college and started singing in earnest. He got to calling himself "the service-club tenor," because every time the Rotary or the Kiwanis or the Lions or any of those outfits wanted a singer, they hollered for Kenny. He ate so much roast lamb and green peas that he forgot there was any other kind of meat, and vegetable. But all this volunteer singing got him pretty well known as a tenor, and eventually radio jobs began to be offered. Kenny took 'em all, and when he finally landed the \$19-a-week one, he got married, too. Then he really HAD to sing.

FROM then on, the story's one of steady fladder-climbing. He sang at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles, where he met many a movie star face to face. Or tonsil-to-tonsil, if you insist. It was there that Mervyn Leroy first saw him, heard him and signed him. Today, Kenny is one of Mervyn's contractees. It was around here that he tried another radio audition contest—this time, Eddie Duchin's Texaco contest. This time, Kenny made good—and when he won the finals, he got his first national radio job, on the Texaco hour. From then on, he went places, and the \$19-a-week swelled to a hundred-a-week and finally into the four-digit class. Vocal boy had made good.

But success hasn't changed him. He's still the small-town boy, and not at all big-headed or too self-assertive. He won't even argue about whether Monrovia or Long Beach have the right to claim him as their own home town lad who made good. Both do. Every time either of them holds a community shindig, Kenny has to sing for them. He sings as lustily for Monrovia as he does for Long Beach; he gives his all for Long Beach as willingly as for Monrovia.

On the set, between takes, you'd mistake him for a bashful visitor from Iowa, maybe. I particularly remember the first time I saw him. It was on the big stage at Sam Goldwyn's, where they were shooting a sequence in *The Goldwyn Follies*. Kenny was sitting at a big grand piano, and surrounded by everybody else in the cast—including, take note, hordes of bee-ooo-teece-fullll damsels. Now any ordinarily-Hollywood young man, in a spot like that, would be found between takes either surrounded by the gals or surrounding one of them with his own personality. But Kenny?—no sir. Between takes, Kenny retired like a bashful boy at a party into a dark corner of the set. He just sat there, if not actually, then figuratively, twiddling his thumbs. He never spoke unless spoken to. And not until the electricians hit the lights and the set blazed into life did Kenny do the same. Then he came out, did his stuff, smiled and played and sang—and when the take was over, he scuttled back into his corner.

He doesn't even "dress Hollywood." To look at him you'd take him for a Fuller brush man instead of an up-and-coming screen heart appealist. He doesn't force himself on you. In fact, you have to drag him out of his shell to make him talk. He'd rather talk about football or the prize fights or poker than about himself. Or farming.

That's why, instead of taking a Beverly Hills mansion, he and the missus have rented a little farm over in San Fernando valley. Not one of these make-believe ranches like so many of the movie stars have, but a practical farm, on which he already raises vegetables, fruit and chickens.

"I'd Rather Be First"—Sonja Henie

(Continued from page 27)

But not by throwing her skates over the windmill. She knows that.

Waking up in the morning, Sonja opens her eyes and immediately sits up in bed. Outside it is still dark and most girls of her social standing will take another four hours over their beauty sleep. But being a film star consists of more than relaxing by the side of a marble and lapis lazuli swimming-pool on the pages of the best magazines. It means getting up at five in the morning, having your hair washed and your face made up, being on the set at 7:30 for eight or nine hours of strenuous work—and interviews and fittings and still pictures and social engagements tucked into the odd minutes.

For most new-born stars that's quite a program. Even the hardened campaigners take time out at the desert every so often to keep up their strength. Newcomers to the screen find the readjustment difficult, the physical and mental effort a strain. Not Sonja. Trained so that the smallest, most elusive muscle responds instantly to the most unimportant little brain cell, she takes it all in her stride—and you all know what a seven-league stride that can be when she gets her skates on.

NOT long ago she had a tumble on the ice which would have had a girl of lesser stamina laid up for three or four weeks. Skimming across the ice, one skate caught in some "snow." The snow was made of cotton, and cotton to a skate is as a stone wall to an automobile. Travelling at about thirty miles an hour a brake was put on to one skate, the other went sailing straight ahead. The crack with which Sonja's head hit the ice could be heard in Mr. Zanuck's office.

Sonja was out for the count. They carried her to the sidelines. They sent for an ambulance. She opened her eyes, picked herself up.

"I will go on working," she declared. "I am not hurt. Just a little dizzy, that's all. It will pass."

And she worked all that afternoon—and went home at night to be told that she had concussion, possibly a cracked skull. Fortunately, the skull was not cracked, and Sonja was back at work two days later. She's not a trained athlete for nothing.

So, at five in the morning there are no groans and moans for just-a-few-more-minutes-please at the Henie apartment. Sonja is right on the job; efficient, bright-eyed, practical. Methodically she plans her day as she has long since planned her life. In the same calm tones with which she once, as a little girl, informed her mother that "first I will win ten championships. Then I will become a movie star," she plans that at nine o'clock she will do this; at eleven, that. That she will lunch with so-and-so and that at three she will practice skating for one hour (no more, no less). At five the milliner should be told to call and at six an interview could be fitted in—and so on up to nine o'clock bedtime—unless a party has been arranged in her honor which she must attend.

That is her plan for the day and that plan she will stick to. Additions may be made, but there will be no subtractions. That, at five in the morning is what she intends to do. That, by nine at night, is exactly what she has done.

Her plan of living has been as conscientiously followed. First she won ten championships. Then she became a film

star. Her childish addition to that plan of living was:

"I will not marry until I am thirty."

Maybe that's the answer to all that has been written about Sonja and Tyrone Power. It is true that their romance started in the publicity department of the studio—and ended there. But in the interim they became very fond of each other, very close friends. Tyrone asked her to marry him and Sonja considered very carefully. But she had planned her life. She would marry at thirty. Perhaps if there had been a real, deep love between them she might just once in her life have altered her direction. But instinctively she knew that, romantic as this friendship might be, it was not the love of a lifetime. And when, a few months later he fell in love with someone else nothing was hurt except her pride—and that, not because he loved another girl but because he was scared to tell her so.

"We were such friends," she said. "Why did he not tell me all of this? Why did he let me hear it from other people, read about in the newspapers? If only, as you say in America, he had just put all his cards on the table, he would have found me so sympathetic."

Sonja, then, knows where she is going, knows her ability to get there, but there is no conceit in her. Conceit is a sign of weakness. Sonja's five foot nothing is a tower of strength. Similarly if there is no conceit in her, by the same token there is neither any mock modesty. She will inform you when she is good in the same analytical tones in which she will tell you she's bad—and with equal truth.

WATCH her do a trick on the ice, something new which makes even her mother gasp.

"That was good," says her teacher, Harry Losee. He is a teacher of ballet, not of skating, he had never seen a skate before he saw Sonja and he expects—and gets—miracles from her.

"I know," says Sonja calmly. "Never in my life have I skated so well as now," she adds. "It is all the practice. I know many new figures that I never dreamt of before." And she smiles at Losee who has no idea of the practical difficulties of a pair of skates, who accepts no compromise.

"I tell you, such a thing can not be done on skates," Sonja berates him.

"Go out there and do it," he orders. Sonja shrugs her shoulders, goes out there—and does it.

One evening she was giving an exhibition. Everything went wrong. The music was off beat, the *corps de ballet* missed cues, Sonja was upset.

"You were all bad," she scolded them afterwards. "And I—I was the worst," she added in her staccato English.

She has no conceit about her achievements. Nor is she any prima donna. She demands no concessions, no special tokens of favor from anyone. Nor gives them. This man may have been born a king, that man a carpenter. A is President of a Picture Corporation, B is his lowest salaried publicity man. She respects each one of them who does his job well.

"I would no more think of telling you how to run your job even when it concerns me," she seriously explained to a very minor executive at her studio, "than I would expect you to tell me how to skate."

Ask her this: "How did you feel when

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you have had to give command performances before kings and dictators?"

"Whoever is in the audience it is all the same to me; when I begin to skate I think of nobody," she answers.

"And when you meet them, the great ones? When you are taken to their box afterwards?"

"They are just people. They do their job," she says quietly.

THERE have been things that might have turned a lesser head. For instance the opinion of her fellow-countrymen. Down to the harbor to greet her poured 75,000 citizens of her home town when she visited Norway last summer. 75,000—out of a total population of 100,000.

Then a pool was taken by the leading newspaper of Norway to choose the greatest representatives of Norway, past and present, for the Hall of Fame, Scandinavian Exposition, New York City. Sonja was chosen as the greatest living citizen—with only five great men of the past: explorers, Nansen and Amundsen, novelist Bjornson, composer Greig, and playwright Ibsen, ahead of her.

Finally the greatest achievement of all. One day on the set she received a cablegram. Opening it she found that the King of Norway had conveyed on her the highest honor possible for her to receive from him. She was a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf—first class. The youngest living person by perhaps more than thirty years ever to receive this honor; the fifth woman in all history to get the tribute, usually only conferred on those who have brought fame to Norway long after they were too old to appreciate it.

Perhaps for the first time in her life Sonja was speechless. Her feelings were too deep

for comment. She was so proud and so happy that she did not say one word. Only her glowing face as she opened the thousands of telegrams of congratulation indicated her joy—her pride—but not, even then, her conceit.

"Every summer I will go back to Norway. I will spend my time up in the mountains, fishing and hunting; I will let my hair go any way it pleases and I won't use any make-up at all. I will be a Norwegian girl again, eat Norwegian food, speak Norwegian. But in the winter I will be an American. Someday soon I am going to build a home here in California.

And it will be a home, not just a house. The Henies are home-loving people and though Sonja has two countries, two languages, two lives, she lives both of them thoroughly. When she is in America she does as the Americans do, wears American clothes, talks American, eats American. Only with her mother she speaks Norwegian. Only at home she sometimes asks for Norwegian food. Especially goat's cheese. Sonja loves the sticky, sweet, beeswax goat's cheese which comes across the Atlantic especially for the Henie household.

As for the Norwegian colony in Hollywood, its restaurant, its church—Sonja would visit them if she had time. But she simply does not have time in Hollywood for anything but work—not even nowadays for romance.

WHAT thoughts pass through that busy, active brain all the time? What is she thinking? Let her answer that herself.

"What am I thinking about most of the time? Skating." And though her smile is enigmatic that is at least half the truth. Skating is and always has been her career. And her career is very, very important.

Alice Faye's Marriage Code

[Continued from page 29]

wouldn't have had time for a regular wedding if they had waited.

"I've always wanted one, though. I used to dream of it—of having a veil six yards long and bridesmaids in lovely, frilly gowns and a thousand pink roses for decorations!" said Alice. She was at a party being given in her honor and she was unaware that Darryl Zanuck, her Boss, was listening. Back at the studio he called in two scenario writers...

AND so Alice had her wedding after all (Scene 356B)—"with a veil six yards long" and everything, even to the thousand pink roses!

"It's wonderful having Tony with me in this picture," she told me as we sat in her dressing-room. We'd just had lunch there. A grand lunch of fried chicken and souffle that melted in your mouth. The bridal costume was carefully hung upon a hanger and Alice had donned a gingham apron—even as you and I—to warm over the food that had been sent from a nearby restaurant. How she managed I don't quite know, with Tony hovering in the background, systematically twisting each curl.

"This is the first chance I've had to really see my wife since we've been married," he essayed. "And it's been nearly six-and-a-half months! Shake, Mrs. Martin!"

"Shake, Mr. Martin! And if you don't eat your chicken it's going to get cold."

As cute as a bug's ear, those two. "You first met right at the studio, didn't you?" I ventured.

"Yep," said Tony. "On the set of *Sing, Baby, Sing*. And it was all over with me right then and there. But I thought I'd never get her to say 'Yes!'"

Alice wrinkled her nose at him. "This is the first time, though, that we've ever played opposite each other."

"What a break for me!" murmured Tony. And for a moment their eyes met and I wondered if I really ought to be near those electric currents at my age!

Then the assistant director called Tony, and Alice settled back quietly to talk. It occurred to me that she had changed a good deal during this half year of marriage. She's more beautiful for one thing. Maybe you've noticed. And the Play Girl who tapped the night spots of Hollywood has somehow disappeared. In her place is a very poised, very charming young woman. Confident, sure of herself.

"Tony has made me confident. I never was, you know. I used to think, 'Alice, you're on a see-saw—you never know which end is going down!' But in some way he's straightened everything out. He believes so in me that it makes things easy. For instance, when we go over our songs together at night—he's trained in music and I haven't taken a single lesson really. But he thinks I'm good and somehow that makes a girl do better than her best!"

SHE has her own marriage code. She summed it up hesitantly, feeling for words because it's so close to her heart.

"Marriage," said Alice Faye, "is like a stock company. It depends on the actors knowing their parts—and on their *working together!* You give the best you have to a part. You study it and if it calls for dancing you practice your step—and watch it! It's the same in marriage. If you've given it everything you have and it still fails—well, you can 'sign off' without regrets.

"We have our own 'success rules.' Five of them. We drew them up the day before we were married and so far we've stuck to them!

"No. 1: is—each of us is free to follow our own pursuits. Tony, for instance, loves golf and I don't. So each Sunday morning he plays eighteen holes while I do something else. I think this business of being so possessive of one another puts an awful period to romance!

"No. 2: is absolute honesty. You can't find happiness without it—either singly or in pairs!

"And then we have agreed *not to read any motion picture columns.* You see, so many Hollywood couples have been made miserable by gossip. They pick up a paper and there it is. The husband was 'seen lunching with Somebody Else.' The wife 'danced twice with Another Man—looks like curtains for so-and-so's marriage!' . . . Everything you do is so reshaped and enlarged upon that it's better to ignore the gossip chatter altogether. That's No. 3.

"Rule No. 4: is to try to get the other fellow's point of view before we start to criticize. For example, I try to put myself in Tony's place to get his angle when things seem to be going awry. And it works! That's one of the finest points about being married, it teaches you to think of someone else . . .

"No. 5: is to keep our sense of humor on tap. Laughter is a pretty handy thing to have around the house!"

And they make good use of it, those two. They have so much fun together. Out of little things. Tiny things.

EVEN when she was so poor that a dollar looked like a fortune, Alice used to plan on the luxurious apartment she'd have when she married. She likes hotel life, the excitement and bustle—and having a beautiful suite of her own . . . She has it now, in fashionable Sunset Towers which sits high above the city. At night when they go home, there is Tony's unctuous little Filipino to greet them, and a dinner waiting to be served in front of an enormous bay-window with the whole of Hollywood lying literally at their feet.

"You see that circle of stars out there? That's a crown for your hair!" Tony will say.

"It isn't either," Alice grimaces at him. "Those are the beacon lights on the oil

wells!" And suddenly they're laughing across the table, forgetting how tired they are after nine hours under blazing lights, worshipping . . .

There is always music. It's the thing that drew them together in the first place. A slim, dark-haired boy from San Francisco who first made a name for himself on the radio. And a slim, blonde girl from New York who emblazoned her own name in radio history.

Rudy Vallee was her sponsor, you remember. Incidentally, an ugly rumor got around a short while ago when Rudy was playing at the Coconut Grove. The Whispering Herd had it that he slighted Tony and Alice entirely. Alice—who was once said to be engaged to him. The truth is that Rudy sent a huge bouquet of flowers to their table and played two special numbers in their honor. So much for Old Lady Gossip!

"THERE'S one belief Tony and I have broken," mused Alice. "We're both bridge fiends, you know. What's more, we play partners and we have yet to trump each other's ace! It's all nonsense that husbands and wives shouldn't play the game together! Our foursome is usually made up of Betty King, who has been my chum since the days we danced in the Chester Hale unit side by side, and her husband Walter Scharf of the studio's musical department.

"The four of us go out a lot together, too . . . to the Trocadero, to Venice where we practically ride the slides off the roller-coasters! To Palm Springs for the weekend—and a sunburn! Only Tony won't let me burn very much at a time for fear I'll get that sunburn poisoning. He's considerate in so many little ways.

"For example, when I went to New York for the opening of *In Old Chicago* he couldn't go along because of his radio work. But he went as far as San Bernardino with me and when he left the train he handed me a big envelope. Inside was a special message for every day I was to be gone!"

But Alice does her own share of being considerate. There was the matter of Tony's birthday . . . He was born on Christmas and all his life he's bemoaned the fact. "Seems as if I got cheated out of an extra day!" he used to tell the family. So—Last Christmas Eve a telegram arrived on the set for Tony Martin. "You are hereby notified," it read, "that your birthday henceforth will be observed each December twenty-ninth instead of on Christmas Day as heretofore." Signed, Alice Faye, Special Arranger!

And so on the 29th Tony awoke to find his room filled with presents . . .

"He really is wonderful," said Alice.

A dark head appeared at the door at that moment. "You keep right on thinking that way, Mrs. Martin!" grinned Tony. "By the way, they're going to shoot that wedding sequence again this afternoon."

"Oh grand!" said his wife. And they looked at each other.



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Superlatives of 1937-1938

[Continued from page 31]

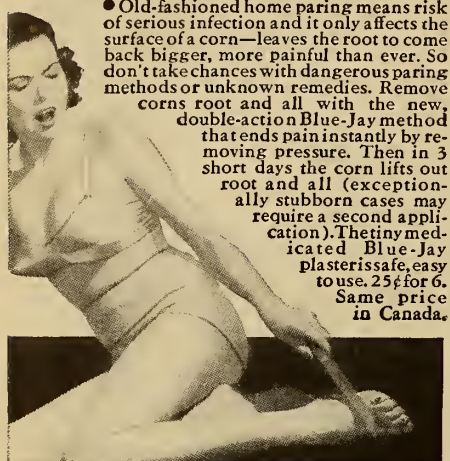
waist, 22 inches, a half inch less than Betty Grable's and Lana Turner's.

Robert Taylor receives the *most mash notes*, and the post-office delivers his mail in trucks, by the pound. Joan Barrymore, recently the recipient of the *most ridiculous publicity*, comes through this year with more

sterling honors with the *best come-back*, in *True Confession*. And Marlene Dietrich, not to be left out, is given credit for owning the *largest collection of artificial eyelashes*.

Frances Farmer cares *least about clothes*, and when you learn that she goes about in a pair of her six-foot husband's old tweed

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pants, and ask, "How do they fit?" the answer is, "They don't!" Kay Francis rebels in print against her title of *best dressed*, but it's valuable at the box-office just the same. And Adolphe Menjou continues to wear his crown as the best-dressed male. In fact he is rated among the ten best-dressed men in the world.

Ann Sothern, just to be different, is Hollywood's *most traveled bride*, having journeyed some 40,000 miles to spend a total of 16 weeks with husband Roger Pryor, to whom she's been married for 14 months at this writing. Katie Hepburn is the *best girl golfer*, and while this title for men is too keenly contested to be decided idly, Bing Crosby is in there trying! The same for Dick Arlen!! Crosby, incidentally, is the star with the *most outside interests*, owning 24 race horses, part of a race-track, a music corporation, a book-publishing concern, an agency, and keeping busy, between times, dabbling in real estate, making records, and starring on the radio.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, charmingly enough, wears the *most individual hair-style*. Others may change with every picture, but Claudette sticks to her bangs. She is also, producers will tell you ruefully, the *best business-woman* so far as signing contracts—and knowing what's in 'em!

Freddie Bartholomew had the year's *worst legal difficulties*, with a large portion of his earnings going to pay lawyers' fees, and a check-up of newspaper headlines reveals George Brent and Constance Worth received *most publicity for a marital smash-up*.

When W. S. Van Dyke predicted, "Within two years Ilona Massey will be one of Hollywood's ten top stars!" he handed her the title of *most predicted for*, although Andrea Leeds has a strong position as a runner-up for the title.

And Wayne Morris, Sonja Henie, Alan Curtis, Tommy Kelly, and Deanna Durbin are all shouldering Jon Hall for his title of *quickest rise to fame*. (Jon accomplished full stardom in his first picture, *Hurricane*). Meanwhile, keep your eyes on Marjorie Weaver.

Warren William's proud boast of being our *best amateur inventor* rests with his latest gadget—a movable buffet (on a Ford chassis) for serving lunch to folks in the swimming-pool. Believe it or not, the affair is equipped with an electric rod that kills flies! Warren has also thought up a draftless dog kennel, and a special plow attachment that removes stones from his farm lands. And while we're being rural, Myrna Loy owns the *largest lime orchard*, 4 acres, and she'll tell you proudly, "It's out of the freezing zone!"

Paul Muni, rated by Hollywood, itself, as our *best actor*, is also considered the *least affected* by fame. He gave up a fortune in contracts to make a world trip, and right at the moment when he might have cashed in on the success of *Zola*. Spencer Tracy, deservedly, comes *second for the acting honors*, and among the girls, Garbo is championed locally as deserving an Academy award for *Camille and Conquest*. She's never received this coveted honor!

MOST outspoken star of the year is little Luise Rainer, who called Hollywood "a prison," and announced her intention of living in a hotel suite until her contract terminates—because it will make her less permanently a part of the movie colony! Grace Moore is still considered the *most temperamental star* by many.

Greatest tragedy was the death of lovely Jean Harlow at the height of her beauty and talent. Jean, incidentally,

was one of Hollywood's *best beloved stars*. Fred MacMurray holds the *most publicity shy* title for men, due to his habit of chewing on a pipe and blushing when interviewed, and Frances Dee, who wishes she could go unrecognized between pictures, is the *most publicity shy actress*.

Among the collectors, Eddie Horton stands out with his *biggest house-full of antiques*, Robert Montgomery for his *best collection of first editions* and Helen Broderick, surprisingly enough, for the *largest garden* of Shasta daisies. Bill Powell is pretty proud of his *biggest collection of DULL books*, having announced once, as a gag, that he was gathering them. So, ever since, fans have been mailing volumes of the most fascinating statistics on women's clubs, and now he has a roomful. Gladys George owns the *most perfumes*—over three-fourths of all the scents in the world!

Clara Bow returns to the spotlight as the *best business woman* with business booming at the "It" cafe. Usually stars fail when they go into outside ventures. Betty Furness wears the *screwiest hats*, topping even her own record by falling in love with a "vegetable plate" affair someone sent her from New York as a joke.

Sophie Tucker, generously enough, makes *most appearances for charity*, while another old stage favorite, Victor Moore, stands out as our *best fisherman*. And Fred Stone is the *best huntsman*, bringing in his quota of ducks, quail, or whatever is in season.

Most exciting romance of the year is between Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor; and Wayne Morris, until his engagement to Priscilla Lane, stood foremost as the girls' *most popular escort*. *Fewest servants* are employed by Clark Gable, for men, and Greta Garbo, for the girls. Greta even dispenses with the services of a maid when she's between pictures. George Raft is considered by studio employees as the *most democratic*, while Bette Davis wins this desirable title for feminine stars. It's odd that neither of these popular people get along so well with the studio bosses!

ROSALIND RUSSELL wears the *most individual clothes*—she designs 'em all herself. And on the subject of style and beauty, Chili Bouchier, new importation from England, has the *most beautiful hands*, Carole Lombard the *greatest flair for exotic gowns*, and Norma Shearer the *best-groomed hair*—a title she's held before.

Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss, approaching their fortieth wedding anniversary, hold the record for the *longest happy marriage*, which tops the Jimmy Gleasons by many years, while Eddie Cantor, with his five daughters, has the *most children* of any top star. Joe E. Brown, with two boys and two girls, comes second in the proud father category.

Kay Francis, who knits like mad on the set, is regarded as our *best knitter*; Edward G. Robinson has the *best collection of valuable paintings*; and Fernand Gravet, like it or not, has the *largest collection of tin soldiers* owned by any private individual in the world.

Fay Wray is the *best candid camera shot* of the stars, giving exhibitions of her personally-snapped shots, and Una Merkel has played the *most featured parts* in important pictures, having averaged one a month for almost three years. Shirley Temple is the *most decorated star*, with seldom a week passing by without a new medal or scroll of honor arriving at the Temple mansion.

Before we run out of space, here are a few more superlatives in short order: Bob Benchley—*latest stayer-upper*; Judy Garland—*youngest blues singer*; Oscar Homolka—*best oarsman*.

How To Win Beaux and Influence Relatives

(Continued from page 25)

just what I was going to say. So I didn't. I kept still and let Loretta talk.

"It seems to me that if I did meet a man that I liked very much and he was not at all interested in me, I would never let him know how I felt, but I would try to be as attractive in dress and manner and conversation as I knew how to be without acting like an utter idiot. If I found, after a little time, that I wasn't making any headway with him, I would never pursue him or telephone him or invite him to 'cozy little parties.' I'd simply try and forget him, working on the theory that if he didn't like me, someone who did like me and whom I liked would come along soon enough."

"That's a wonderful idea, Loretta," I said, admiringly. "But did you ever try applying it to yourself?"

LORETTA gave me a straight, long-lashed look. Maybe you've noticed her lashes, Mr. Carnegie. Most men do.

"But about this book . . . I haven't read it yet. What does it say?" she said, swiftly changing the subject. Well, I guess here is where I apologize for us, Mr. Carnegie. I didn't get around to reading your chronic best-seller until last week, but us Hollywoodians are notoriously insular. All we read is Winchell. You have noticed how long it took Mr. De Mille to discover The Bible, if you don't count *The Ten Commandments*. Ten years ago he made *King of Kings*, and it had been topping all book sales for decades before that.

"Mr. Carnegie has some swell ideas," I said, reaching for your book and another muffin. "The only way to get the best of an argument is to avoid it," he says in the chapter '12 Ways of Winning People to Your Way of Thinking.'"

"You can't bend people to your will or way of thinking," said La Young, almost to herself, then she looked at me: "Arguments? I don't like arguments, but I do like discussions. It wouldn't be much fun avoiding a discussion, would it?"

It seems, Mr. Carnegie, that Loretta is one of these forthright young moderns who enjoys swapping ideas. She is independent-minded and likes frankness, as long as it is kept within bounds. On the other hand, she does not like frankness that is rude. She proved that when she ruffled her feathers (just a figure of speech, professor) at a young producer who addressed her thusly at a cocktail party: "You're coming with us for dinner tonight, aren't you, Loretta?" Miss Young, wearing an alarmingly modern hat that had brought gasps of admiration from the other guests, smiled in assent. "Fine, but don't wear that hat. It looks dreadful," he answered. That kind of frankness Loretta abominates.

SHE agrees with you, Mr. Carnegie, when you say "show respect for the other man's opinions," and "if you are wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically." There is a now-famous story about Loretta's early film days. Flouncing home from a featured part at the studio, she commenced ordering her mother and sisters about the house. They sweetly complied with her requests, but when she returned home later, after dining out, she found a large star cut out of a newspaper pinned to her bedroom door. Loretta understood. She was in the wrong. And she was the first to admit it.

"Let the other man do a great deal of talking," you say. That is the principle

used by every popular girl, Loretta included. Anyway, she likes to listen—if the talk is stimulating. If the conversation lags (this is on the social side of the treatise, professor) talk brightly about hobbies. Don't talk finances to a broker. He's probably bored to death with them, she says. Don't talk political science to an expert unless you know your way about the subject.

"I never get beyond my mental depth," Loretta says, sipping her coffee. She had on a darling quilted house-gown, professor. Gaily-colored bouquets spilled all over the white silk background. "When the German tenor, Richard Tauber, was in Hollywood I was seated next to him at a dinner. 'What on earth shall I talk about next?' I asked myself. In a moment I found myself telling him, truthfully, that his wife looked lovely, and from that moment we talked volubly all evening. Obviously, his wife was his hobby and I had struck the right note in my conversation. It led easily to other subjects."

"How about Mr. Carnegie's seventh rule: 'Let the other man feel that the idea is his'?" I said, reading from your book, professor.

"And be a little Miss Milque-Toast?" she parried. "No, that's too negative. Don't be aggressive, but don't be mouselike."

"Try honestly to see things from the other person's point of view" is another one of his rules," I said.

"Of course. That's a Natural Law," Loretta replied. She agreed, too, about being "sympathetic with the other person's ideas and desires," the "appeal to nobler motives," et cetera. "Half the time it is the girl's fault when a man insults her. I am able to say to a man when he brings me home after an evening of dancing 'Won't you come in and have a small brandy,' and when he has had it, with all good humor say it is time for me to get some sleep, that I've had a lovely time, thank him and shake his hand. It's my fault if I let the conversation slide over into the intimate, hold his hand a fraction longer than is necessary. I have only myself to blame if he becomes difficult. So far I have never had any difficulty."

WHEN it comes to "influencing relatives," a little item which is pretty important to us Girls, Loretta's technique is superb. She just doesn't try to "influence" them. "You can't bend people to your will, et cetera" holds good here, too. Every time she has ever tried to bend her family's will to parallel hers, she has found herself amiably thinking their way. The last time it was with Georgianna. "She has everything," boasts Loretta proudly. "Straight, lovely body, long legs, beautifully chiseled features, finely sculptured nose with wide, aristocratic nostrils like Hepburn's." Georgie wants to be an actress. Loretta has long known it, but she has always talked against a career for one so young.

Georgie's answer has usually been: "Well, you started in pictures when you were thirteen, didn't you?" And that has been the end of it. Loretta's wishes have been respected. That is, until she went to New York late in 1937. The day she got home, Georgie, dressed in her best suit, with her extra special gloves, bag, hat, came dashing in from the street. "Oh, Georgie!" greeted Loretta. "Where have you been?" "I've been out," answered Georgianna, rushing for the stairs.

At dinner at Polly Ann's that night, Loretta asked what Georgie was up to. With

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the burst of sisterly confidence that is the nicest part of this family, Polly confessed that her youngest sister had been interviewed by a talent manager that day. "You might just as well let her have her try at acting," Polly said. "We all had ours, and we've not suffered from it." Loretta agreed. So, Mr. Carnegie, you can watch for Georgianna Young's screen debut any day now.

WHEN it comes to beaux, desirable and otherwise, Loretta's mother has the unbeatable habit of inviting them in for dinner with the family. If they are base creatures who lurk in custom-made garments, they soon recognize the wholesomeness of the young entourage and give up trying to snare the delectable girls. The girls, themselves, see them against the substantial background of home and the undesirable usually lose their mystical spell. Thus a big problem in a mother's life is solved; although, professor, it is hard to see who is doing the "influencing." It looks like it is Loretta's mama's trick.

Every once in a while Loretta decides to be a "good influence" and she delivers sermons to tall Georgianna about not dropping her shoulders to diminish her graceful height. "Every important woman in history has been tall," she tells the child, earnestly. "But Sonja Henie isn't," answers Georgianna, just as earnestly. Perhaps we are getting a little away from the subject, professor.

There is no doubt but what you will be interested in Loretta's reaction to your line (page 132) "Always make the other person feel important." Uh, uh," says Loretta, "make him feel comfortable." Which is pretty good psychology, don't you think, Mr. Carnegie? Loretta has a lot more to say, and talks well, so perhaps if you want to re-edit your book you might get in touch with her at 20th Century-Fox where she is hard at work filming *Accent On Love*. And just one more thing. Can you tell me what the B. C. S., means after your name? I figured out the B. Pd. (Bachelor of Pedagogy), F. R. G. S. (Fellow Royal Geographic Society), Litt. D. (Doctor of Letters) but the B. C. S. has me down. It couldn't be Bachelor of Cultivated Speech, could it?

Hold That Train!

[Continued from page 10]

is the same for the three Tours. Leaving Chicago you travel through the famed 10,000 Lakes Country of Minnesota, speed through the grand panoramas of the great Northwest, take time out to visit Rainier National Park, cross the Rockies into Seattle where you detrain and board a boat for a Puget Sound cruise—and then San Francisco where you are given an opportunity to view the Golden Gate, the world-famous bridges, shop in Chinatown, and inspect the Presidio. Leaving San Francisco you head for the glamorous City of the Cinema where you will be greeted by representatives of MOTION PICTURE Magazine who already have scheduled one of the greatest and most pleasurable entertainment celebrations ever accorded anyone.

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But that isn't all, by any means! There's a long trip in store for you through the Bel Air, Brentwood, Beverly Hills, and Palisade Districts where the stars live—and then, to cap the climax of Hollywood fun you are to be MOTION PICTURE Magazine's guests at a supper dance at the Wilshire Bowl, long the favorite night-club of Hollywood's cinema great. Here on the last night of your Hollywood stay you will have the thrill of talking and dancing with your favorite actors and actresses. Last year at the Bowl such famous stars as Robert Taylor, Wayne Morris, Hugh Herbert, Nan Grey, Judy Garland, Gertrude Niesen, Anne Shirley, James Stewart, Mischa Auer, Jimmy Fidler, (Hollywood's famous commentator) were there with a score of others to help make this social event a never-to-be-forgotten affair. And again for 1938, top-ranking stars have agreed to be there to help YOU have the time of your life. And make no mistake—YOU WILL!

A special feature added for the enjoyment of Movieland Tourists this year is the acquisition of George McCall, brilliant radio columnist, as Master of Ceremonies for the three tours. Mr. McCall, who is heard from coast-to-coast on the Old Gold program, is thoroughly acquainted with Hollywood and is on intimate terms with its most glittering personalities. Hollywood and its people are his specialty, and he will increase your enjoyment of the glamorous movie capital with his comments and observations about the stars.

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With all these events scheduled for your entertainment, time enough has been found to squeeze in trips to Lake Arrowhead, San Diego, the orange and lemon groves, Catalina Island and an ocean-edge ride up or down the Pacific coast. These side-trips, optional with you, are thoroughly worthwhile from a sightseeing standpoint and should be taken if possible.

When you say goodbye to Hollywood—reluctantly, we feel sure—you will be given sightseeing trips during your return to Chicago. For instance, you will stop in Salt Lake City long enough to tour the city and see the highlights, including the Mormon Tabernacle. Stops also have been arranged at Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, and many other points of interest. All this is packed into your two weeks' Movieland Tour—to give you a vacation you'll never forget.

But take our advice—and take time by the forelock. Send for the booklet TODAY and make plans to spend the happiest vacation of your life. Many of you missed out in 1936, and 1937. We repeat—complete data of the Tours can be obtained by writing to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for a free, illustrated booklet that will give you the specific itinerary, scenic views of the country through which you will travel, and lastly, the exact amount of money it will take to make the trip. Use the coupon on page 10 and act promptly. Remember, summer is just around the corner.

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

O, Hollywood, My Hollywood

■ They thought the original title would peeve censors, so Republic changed *The Lady Misbehaves* to *Lady Behave!*—Freddie Bartholomew got an application from a woman who says she's a voice chiropractor and wants to help him control his quaverings over the change-of-voice period—gagster, amused at M-G-M's vast importations of foreign players, hung a sign on the studio gate: ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE—Henry Hull's party trick is to smoke a cigar, pipe and cigarette simultaneously—theatre manager on Vine street, a half hour after the final show of the night has started, still urging patrons in with: "Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are inside seeing the show; you can still get in and see THEM!"—Roland Young now has more than 800 miniature penguins in his collection—Bette Davis got so tired of having people swipe her own cigarette holders that she now brings a set of cheap ones to the set with her in a box labelled PLEASE TAKE ONE—Sam Goldwyn issued strict orders to *Hurricane* star Jon Hall NOT to take off his shirt for photographers on his personal appearance tour, because he must not come to be known as the "Body-Beautiful Man!"—George Raft's shoes cost \$45 a pair—from a fan, Jean Hersholt got a request for the wig and beard he wore in *Heidi*, so the fan can wear them and play Santa Claus next Christmas—W. C. Fields and John Barrymore, next-door neighbors, aren't speaking, on account of W. C. is tired

of John's police dog chasing the Fields pet geese—wise-cracked Freddie Bartholomew as his Aunt Cissie got him ready to go to court the other day: "Oh, dear; I wish I could remember which suit this is!"

Yoo Hoo!

■ Wasn't it Lieutenant Hobson who was mobbed after his Spanish War exploit, by hundreds of enthusiastic gals who wanted to kiss him? Well, anyway—there are four lads in Hollywood who know what Hobson felt like. They're Skeets Gallagher, Dick Purcell, Pat Knowles and Henry Wilcoxon.

Seems that the quartette are pals of orchestra leader Lee Bennett, and the other night, when Lee opened a big engagement at San Diego in a ballroom patronized almost entirely by gobs from Uncle Sam's warships, and their gals, Skeets and Dick and Henry and Pat went down to give him a good sendoff.

Imagine their amazement when Lee from the rostrum suddenly pointed them out, and announced: "Girls—you've all seen movie stars, on the screen and probably in person. BUT—I bet this is the first chance you've ever had to kiss FOUR of them!"

After the ensuing riot, it took Pat and Dick and Henry and Skeets fully a half-hour to get the lipstick off their pans...! And they're still trying to figure out how to get even with Bennett.



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Jackie Cooper knows his cues as you'll find out when you see *Boy of the Streets*

Hollywood Hotel—AAA½—Swell music, an excellent cast, amusing dialogue and an interesting story makes *Hollywood Hotel* one of the better musicals of the season. Built around the radio show of the same name it brings you many of the characters connected with the program and more. It's packed with names—just to mention a few—Dick Powell, Rosemary Lane, Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Lola Lane, Alan Mowbray, Johnnie Davis, Louella Parsons, Frances Langford, Jerry Cooper, Ken Niles, Raymond Paige and his orchestra and Benny Goodman and his. It has swing!—*Warner Bros.*

Everybody Sing—AAA½—A gay, sparkling film musical with an excellent cast consisting of Allan Jones, Fanny Brice, Judy Garland, Reginald Owen, Billie Burke and Lynne Carver, among others. Do you remember the *Royal Family*, that mad household? Well, *Everybody Sing* has a family, too, and just as crazy if not more so. Theatrical, too. There's plenty of laughs and plenty of lilting music. It's full of zest!—*M-G-M.*

I Met My Love Again—AAA—Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda, Dame May Whitty, Alan Marshall, Louise Platt, Alan Baxter, Dorothy Stickney and Tim Holt in a charming romance. If you like character studies you will be fascinated by this interesting study of young people in love. You actually feel the tension and restraint of their passions. And the beauty of New England is accurately caught by the camera. It has a strange fascination.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

Man-Proof—AAA—A smart, sophisticated comedy with a four star cast—Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone, Rosalind Russell and Walter Pidgeon. Don't miss *Man-Proof* if you like to listen to bright chatter. The stars commit themselves in excellent style.—*M-G-M.*

Wise Girl—AAA—If you're a wise girl, or boy, go to see *Wise Girl*. It's fresh, sparkling and entertaining with Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland adding their personal charms to this hoy meets girl, boy hates girl, boy loves girl yarn. The locale is Greenwich Village—the village of fiction, not as we New Yorkers know it.—*RKO.*

Love On A Budget—AAA—Another in the Jones Family series and they seem to grow better all the time. This one is tops. The cast remains the same—Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, Shirley Deane, Russell Gleason, Allan Dinehart, Kenneth Howell, Florence Roberts, etc., etc. This one deals with the economic and marital problems of young newlyweds.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Preview the Big Pictures!

If you enjoy previews and premieres—and what movie fan doesn't—you'll enjoy *MOVIE STORY* Magazine. For each issue of *MOVIE STORY* is a fifteen-feature preview show of coming big hit pictures.

These previews are in the form of thrilling, vividly real, full-length story versions of the films. Each story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. And all this entertainment is offered for only ten cents!

Those two glorious singing stars, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, in their thrilling new picture, *The Girl of the Golden West*, head *MOVIE STORY*'s big program for April. And that's just one of the many new four-star movies you can preview. Better hurry to your nearest newsstand and get your April *MOVIE STORY* now!

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT;
AA—FAIR;

AAA—GOOD
A—MEDIocre

Arsene Lupin Returns—AAA—*M-G-M* put themselves out in giving this mystery thriller a handsome background. Everything about this is big, including the cast which contains such names as Virginia Bruce, Melvyn Douglas, Warren William. We liked this and so will you.—*M-G-M.*

Rosalie—AA½—Not a sizzling, sparkling, scintillating musical but it has its vaules, particularly Eleanor Powell's tapping, Nelson's Eddy's vocalizing and Cole Porter's tunes. But the biggest surprise of all is Ilona Massey, a singing-dancing sensation. *M-G-M* have something there—and so has Massey.—*M-G-M.*

Swing Your Lady—AA½—Last season's comedy hit brought to the screen with Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Louise Fazenda, Nat Pendleton, Penny Singleton, Allen Jenkins and The Weaver Brothers and Elvira. It's rich with hill-billy music, mountain dialect and funny stuff—particularly a wrestling match. So if you go for all that sort of thing, go and see *Swing Your Lady*.—*Warner Bros.*

Boy Of The Streets—AA½—Not exactly another *Dead End*, but a stirring tale of the children of the tenements, packed with human interest. Jackie Cooper stages a comeback and it looks as though he is here to stay judging from his characterization of *Chuck*. Marjorie Main who scored as the mother in *Dead End* repeats her role and again rates applause.—*Monogram.*

The Girl Was Young—AA½—You may liken this to that thrilling English mystery of a couple seasons back, *The 39 Steps*. This is also a mystery and English. Nova Pilbeam heads a capable cast. The story is original and fresh and so is the young lady star in the film.—*Gaumont-British.*

Bad Man At Brimstone—AA½—A high class Western with a high class cast consisting of Wallace Beery, Virginia Bruce, Dennis O'Keefe, Lewis Stone, Joseph Calleia, Bruce Cabot and Guy Kibbee. Wallace Beery plays the title role of bad man to its hilt but you can't help lovin' him nohow. All the tricks of the trade are invested in this frontier story of the '80's.—*M-G-M.*

Blondes At Work—AA½—Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane again get into their make-up for *Torchy Blane* and *Lt. McBride* and the result is a bright, amusing comedy. Glenda and MacLane have another battle of wits to uncover a murder case. The plot is refreshing and the principals add zip and conviction to their roles of newspaper gal and dick.—*Warner Bros.*

Crashing Hollywood—AA½—Hollywood laughs at itself in this satire about its main industry, and if they can afford to laugh at themselves we certainly can—and do. Most of the action takes place on



Nova Pilbeam and Derrick DeMarney in a scene from *G-B's The Girl Was Young*

studio sets and if you've had a yen to get the "feel" of Hollywood, here's your chance. Lee Tracy and Joan Woodbury take care of the romance and there's also Paul Guilfoyle, Lee Patrick, Tom Kennedy and others too numerous to mention.—*RKO.*

Paradise For Three—AA½—The Sierra mountains were used most effectively for the background of this farce with a locale in the Alps. The comedy is built around a case of mistaken identity. The laughs are plentiful for the comedy value is played for all its worth. The cast includes Frank Morgan, Robert Young, Mary Astor, Edna May Oliver, Florence Rice and Reginald Owen, among others. And they are all old hands at drawing laughter.—*M-G-M.*

The Spy Ring—AA—This has everything, even the Army. Spies and polo and William Hall and Jane Wyman and Jane Carleton and Robert Warwick in a story of intrigue. It has loads of action and holds your interest while tracking down a spy ring. And when they're not playing polo or tracking spies they fill in with romance.—*Universal.*

She Loved A Fireman—AA—A tribute to our fire-fighting heroes with Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan and Robert Armstrong. The conflagration is not on the scale with the burning of Chicago but it's big enough to give the boys a chance to show off their heroics. The love story is neat.—*Warner Bros.*

Born To The West—AA—Cattle rustlin', ridin' and ashootin' aplenty you'll find in this western which strictly adheres to the written formula for action films of the great open spaces—even to the romance. The cast is headed by John Wayne, Marsha Hunt and John Mack Brown.—*Paramount.*

House Of Mystery—AA—A murder mystery that doesn't spare the chills and suspense. There's a touch of comedy to lighten the mood. This cops and robbers melodrama has a strong cast led by Jack Holt, Beverly Roberts and Craig Reynolds. In support are Marjorie Gateson, John Wray, Dorothy Appleby, Gilbert Emery and Tom Kennedy.—*Columbia.*

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *The Awful Truth*—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help us, is that *The Awful Truth* is the comedy hit of the year with Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. . . . *The Hurricane*—It's magnificently staged and packs the year's greatest wallop. That hurricane is a triumph of technical skill. . . . *Tovarich*—Jacques Deval's comedy hit of last season reaches the screen and suffers nothing from comparison. Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert win applause for their brilliant performances and Anatole Litvak rates encomiums for his elegant direction. . . . *Wells Fargo*—Thirty years—the colorful pioneering years of 1840-1870 are pressed into an hour-and-a-half and the result is a stirring, thrilling pageant of American history, commercial adventure, romance and ambition. Frank Lloyd directed and the stars are Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. . . . *Mannequin*—It's convincing drama and you will find yourself stirred, particularly as a result of the appealing love scenes. Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy give excellent performances, with a comparative newcomer, Alan Curtis, sharing the honors.

"We Wish You Could Read Our Mail"

AS publishers of PHOTO-FACTS, the revolutionary new "pocketbook of knowledge", we get grateful letters of thanks and praise for PHOTO-FACTS from girls and women all over the world.

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BEAUTY TO HOLD A MAN**



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PAULETTE
GODDARD

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE STANWYCK COURT CASE

Lovely Olivia de Havilland sets her table—



Photographed in the Hollywood Home of
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
STAR OF
"THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD"
A Warner Bros. Picture

— with the new **SURF CLUB DESIGN...**

You can share with this starry lady the charm of the silverware on her table. Just now, your dealer is featuring the SEABRIGHT SET—a 50-piece Service for 8, in SURF CLUB (or three other exquisite designs). With the Quantity Saving of \$6.25, you can own this Service for only \$24.95. And, in addition, you receive a handsome \$5.00 value Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest and a beautiful Serving or Cold Meat Fork, to match your chosen design—FREE. Ask your dealer to show you this unusual SEABRIGHT SET.

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MOTION PICTURE

Incorporating

**Movie
CLASSIC**

LAURENCE REID

Editor

Volume LV, No. 4

MAY, 1938

Twenty-seventh Year



LOOKS LIKE PAULETTE GODDARD WILL PLAY SCARLETT

Paulette Goddard has the inside track for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind." Next month's MOTION PICTURE will offer her first interview in two years. And the issue will be crammed with new stories and art of your favorites. Have your newsdealer save a copy.

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Cover portrait of Paulette Goddard painted by Marland Stane

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AL ALLARD
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Western Editor

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Staff Photographer



THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

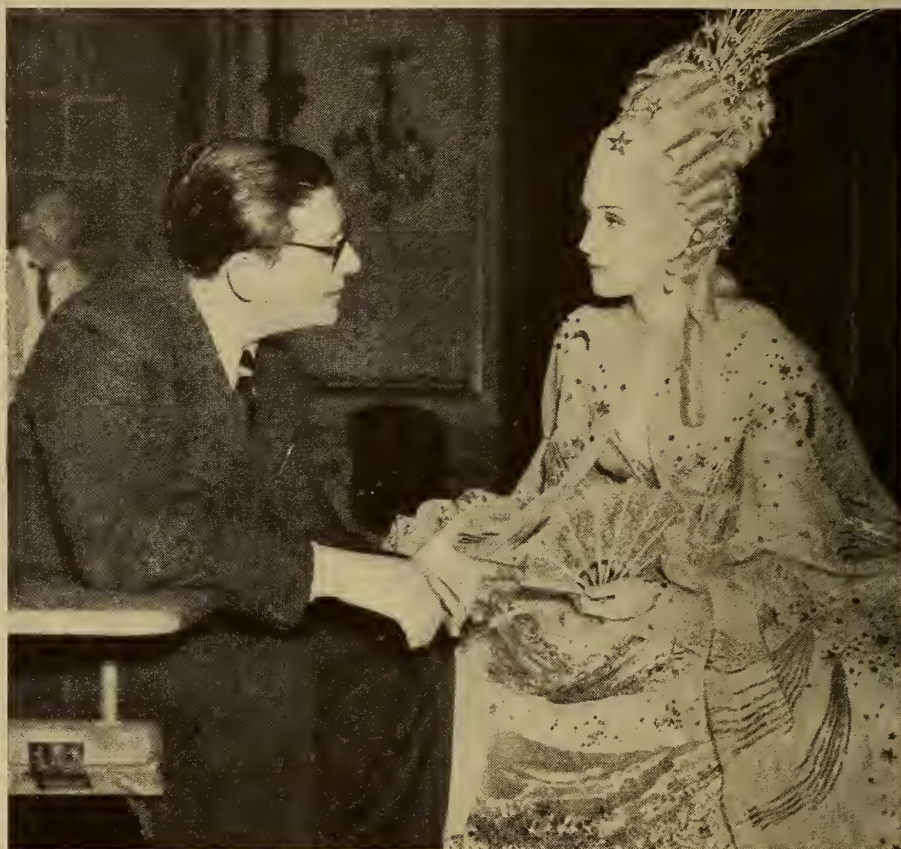
BY HARRY LANG

A LOT of people thought that girl that Lew Ayres was nite-spotting it with, the other afterdark, was Ginger Rogers. But it wasn't quite. It was Ginger Alton, one-time stand-in for Ginger Rogers. And before you esk, O' Man Tattler volunteers the information that he'll be hanged if he knows whether it's force of habit on Lew's part, Miss Alton's part—or both of 'em.

AND while we're on the Lew-Ginger subject, get this straight: all the twaddle about their imminent reconciliation adds up, believe me, to a row of cute little ciphers. When they called it quits, they meant quits, and they're not changing their minds. BUT—they ARE the ONE couple in town who stick to that business of remaining friends after separation. That's why all the talk flutters now and then—on account of Lew goes, a coupla times, to dinner at Ginger's new mountain-top house. And Ginger now and then drops in on Lew for dinner. Swell pals, these two. But no more connubial war.



June Lang and her constant companion, A. C. Blumenthal, say it at the Waikiki Club with love, lo-o-ve, L-O-O-V-E



Those rumblings you've been hearing from Hollywood indicate that Norma Shearer, the queen of the movies, will make screen history as France's tragic queen who made history—MARIE ANTOINETTE. She tells Producer Stromberg: "Let 'em eat cake."

DOROTHY (SARONG) LAMOUR started things when she upped and told the world that she is going to have a baby, Paramount or not! (Your Ol' Snoopy Palsy-Walsy, Tattler, told you about it last month; remember?) Now comes Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson to YOUSE!) and dittoes Dorothy . . . Like the Lamour, the Paterson hasn't anything definite yet. But, like Delicious Dot, Peppy Pat says that the baby can't be more'n a year from now.

"For one year" she tells Your Old Faithful Reporter, "I'm going to work likell, but after that, it's retirement and a blessed event, with Charles' co-operation."

It's getting so that Ol' Doc Stork has to list his bookings in a Next-Year Book, these Hollywooddays.

MORE good earnest Hollywood-drinkers have gone on the wagon since the Stroud Twins and the Brewster Twins have taken to going out together . . . !

NEXT to Shakespeare, Olivia de Havilland still likes Jimmy Blakeley best. BUT, she says, she is NOT going to wear [Continued on page 8]



Keep young

and Doubly Lovely with
refreshing Double Mint gum



Easy to do... just read below

WHENEVER you enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum, the gentle natural chewing exercise stimulates sleepy face muscles, relaxes tense lines and brightens your teeth. This all helps to keep your face young and attractive, your smile more winning. And now, presented here is this youthfully lovely new scarf dress just created for you in Paris by the great Schiaparelli and made available by Double Mint gum in a Simplicity pattern. In this way Double Mint gum helps you look as smart, streamlined and charming as Hollywood's beautiful star, Anita Louise, *left*, of famed Warner Bros.' Pictures, who is modeling this dress... So you see how simple and easy it is to keep young and doubly lovely with Double Mint gum. Enjoy it daily. Begin today.

Millions of women daily buy this popular double-lasting mint-flavored gum. Beauty specialists everywhere recommend it. It is non-fattening, aids digestion and sweetens your breath... Daily chew Double Mint gum to keep young and lovely. Buy several packages today.

Picture yourself in this new
SCHIAPARELLI Double Mint gum scarf dress from Paris, modeled for you in Hollywood by the ever doubly lovely star, **ANITA LOUISE** of Warner Bros., whose next picture is "**THE SISTERS**."
Made available to you by Double Mint gum in **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2740. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.



How
Schiaparelli Double Mint
dress ties scarf as apron.



Take apron off dress and
use as handy platochek.



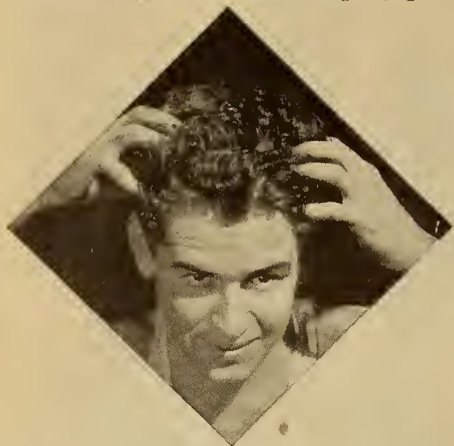
When in need of a bag,
knot scarf-apron thusly.



More Double duty! This
is a Double Mint dress.



"DANDRUFF ITCH?"



Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With The Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (*This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (*Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.*)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (*This relieves dryness.*)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 504 New Brunswick, New Jersey U. S. A.



ZONITE Is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 6]



From port to starboard are Virginia Grey, Ann Rutherford and Priscilla Lawson showing hot golfers how to keep cool

that diamond ring he bought the other day. She's still wedded to her art, and isn't thinking of a divorce yet.

CHANGE - Your - Partners memo:
Now, B. P. Schulberg, who used to Sylvia Sidney his way around, is all wrapped up in Aileen Pringle. And Sylvia Sidney won't surprise anybody in Hollywood if and when she alters it with New York Golden Boy Luther Adler.

CHANGE-YOUR-PARTNERS memo,
No. 2: This June Lang-A. C. Blumenthal attachment is getting to be a steady thing. They're like ham and eggs, on account of you just think of them teamed up, these days. And meantime, Victor Orsatti (who was hubby until mother-in-law trouble developed) is soooooo palpitant about Virginia Field, and not at all gloomy any more about his marital pffft!

CUPID'S COUPLET:
June Travis and Alan Lane—
They're rehearsing that Mendelssohn strain.

[Continued on page 12]



And here is offered Exhibit "A" to prove that Jack (Skater) Dunn and Andrea Leeds are thataway. A constant twosome

"I've found LOVE"

says
**ANNE
SHIRLEY**

"With women, Romance comes first...that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

"LOVELY SKIN wins romance — and *holds* it," says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin *smooth!*

STAR OF

RKO-RADIO'S PRODUCTION
"Condemned Women"



● Don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil your looks. Screen stars use such a simple, easy care to keep skin smooth—gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

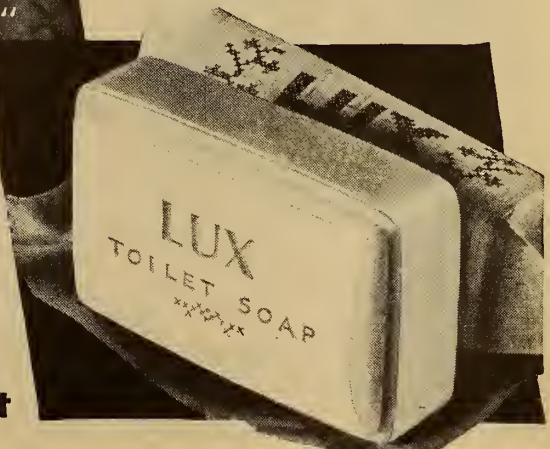


● And clever girls everywhere guard against Cosmetic Skin Hollywood's way—by removing cosmetics *thoroughly* with this ACTIVE lather.



● They take the screen stars' tip — win romance— and *hold* it—with skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it





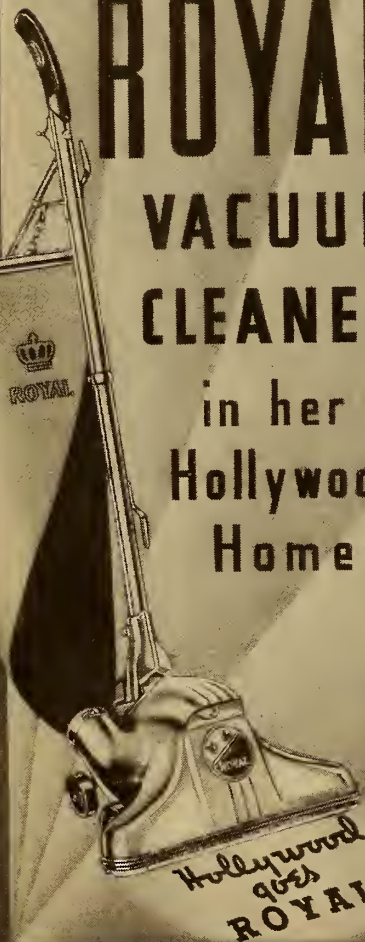
GLORIA STUART
20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

Featured with Shirley Temple in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"

has a

**ROYAL
VACUUM
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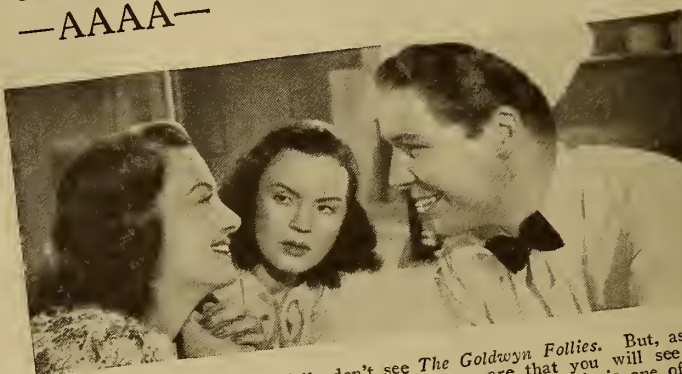
in her
**Hollywood
Home**



THE P. A. GEIER CO., CLEVELAND, O.
CONTINENTAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, LTD.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

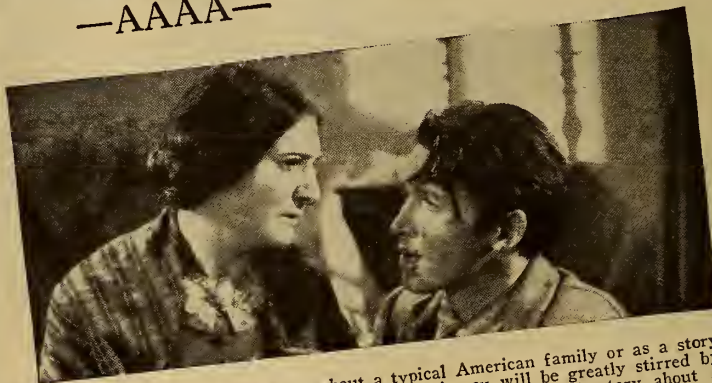
PICTURE PARADE

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES —AAAA—



If you want to commit a folly don't see *The Goldwyn Follies*. But, as no one wants to be deliberately foolish, the chances are that you will see the *Follies*. And not only once, if we know you at all. For this is one of the grandest pieces of entertainment to reach the screen. It not only has entertainment value but artistic value as well. The *Follies*, not to coin a phrase, has everything—and all of the highest calibre. Music, both classical and operatic; dancing, popular and ballet; comedy; romance; Technicolor; gorgeous sets and a story that is packed with human interest. Why, the little lady in the piece, Andrea Leeds, is even called *Miss Humanity*. And as though all this wasn't sufficient, they give you a cast that has the mostest of the bestest—Adolphe Menjou, The Ritz Brothers, Zorina, Kenny Baker, Andrea Leeds, Helen Jepson, Phil Baker, Ella Logan, Bobby Clark, Jerome Cowan, The American Ballet and Charles Kullman. So what more can we have? We can have the greatest comedy sensation of our times—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.

OF HUMAN HEARTS —AAAA—



You can take this as a story about a typical American family or as a story typical of America, but either way you take it you will be greatly stirred by this drama based on Honore Morrow's *Benefits Forgot*. A story about a frontier family on the Ohio during the Civil War. It has strength and beauty as have the characterizations drawn by Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi and James Stewart, the principles of this human drama of Americana. These three are the family—father, mother and son—and they are typical of all American families who formed the backbone of this country. But when you hoil it down to the *Wilkins* family, as it is done here, it depicts the lives of a stern, uncompromising minister, his loving and sacrificing wife and their problem child. They didn't use "problem child" in those days but it serves our purpose now, for then, just as now, there were problem children who rebelled and struggled to maintain their individual rights and ideals, unconsciously causing their parents much anguish. It is a poignant, beautiful tale and should be seen by every member of the family.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

[Continued on page 16]

Hollywood's Trick Parties

HI SYE!—and 'ave you 'eard hahout the 'orrible 'Oollywood 'erring 'unt? . . . It was at Henry Wilcoxon's Seven Oaks Ranch at Lake Sherwood. With a houseful of weekenders, including Pat Knowles and Tony Marsh and Carole Rhodes and others, Henry decided it was high time to hold a good old-fashioned hunt meet. Only there wasn't any fox. But that didn't feaze Henry. . . He had his ranch foreman get an ancient and dejected herring. The herring was tied on a stout cord, at a good distance (foreman insisted on THAT!) and then the foreman mounted a horse and dragged the herring up hill and down dale. . . Then Henry and his guests rounded up all available dogs. There were a cross between this and that, a thoroughbred weiner hound, a long-haired-who's-your-papa? and a mutt that looked suspiciously like what happened when somebody's Great Dane met somebody else's dachshund. Anyway, the dogs scented the herring and gave chase, gleefully. Henry and his guests then chased the dogs. . . It was a great success—even though nobody ever caught up with the herring, thank heaven!

MOST Colorful Party of the Month—the one thrown at the Hawaiian Paradise by hosts George Mason and Bill Calhoun. The place was transformed into the deck of an ocean liner, and guests were told to wear costumes of all nations. They did—with imagination adding a few nations no geographer ever heard of. . . The food was in keeping—an array of dishes that represented the specialties of the world. . . Guests included Paula Stone, Carole Stone, Anne Shirley, John Payne, Phyllis Fraser, Tommy Wonder, et al. . .

MOST Nostalgic Party of the Month was Gloria Swanson's farewell to Hollywood. . . Fed up on never finding the right picture wherein to stage the comeback she's been yennin' for, many months, Gloria has finally decided to make it good-bye forever to films. So she threw a farewell party—and a quick look over the affair looked like a grand re-take of the Old Hollywood. . . There were such top-liner-old-timers as Rod LaRocque and his gorgeous wife, Vilma Banky, Mary Pickford, Ramon Novarro, Aileen Pringle, Roland Drew and others. But Gloria didn't overlook the newcomers. The Hollywood of Today was there in greater force than the Hollywood of Yesterday. . . Gloria's party wasn't trickish; it was just a big formal. . . And if, when it was all over, Gloria wept a hit, you can understand, can't you? After all, it's not easy to say goodbye to a Hollywood she's known from so long back that nobody cared to mention dates.

BIRTHDAY-Party of the Month was the one given by Warner Baxter for that grand old mother of his, Mrs. Jane Barrett Baxter. . . Mama Baxter didn't expect much whoop-de-doo when son Warner invited her out for a boatripe on the Warner cabin cruiser *Warwynne* (that's a combine of Warner's name and his wife's.) On the boat, mama found co-guests LeRoy Prinz and wife Betty Bryson, the Roland Bettises, and Warner's standin, Frank McGrath. . . They shoved off. Before Mama knew it, there they were in Avalon Bay, at Catalina Island. Down went the anchor. Off to shore they went, all of the crew. And there at the St. Catherine Hotel, much to mama's amazement, they found a brilliantly-decorated table, all set for the birthday dinner. . . And when they carried in the dessert, it was the inevitable, huge Hollywood-sized birthday cake, and mama did herself proud in dissecting it, while the whole gang stood up and carolled "Happy Birthday to You," with the hotel's other dinner guests joining in.

MOST Inconclusive Championship Tennis Matches of The Month were those at the Ann-and-Jack Warner's tennis playoff party. . . The affair was ostensibly held to give sub-champions Willis Goldbeck, Phil Berg, Cedric Gibbons, Merv Leroy and Jack Warner a chance to play off their matches, decide who was the champ of them all. They played earnestly enough. But the trouble was in the gallery. Seems that lovely spectators Dolores Del Rio and Virginia Bruce and Sally Eilers and Marlene Dietrich and others got so enthusiastic over the tennis and other matters, that they cheered as earnestly and vociferously as a whole college football cheering section. Anyway, there was so much cheering that the tennis players forgot who won. . . Main refreshments, to keep in character, were hot dawgs. Quaint, this Hollywood!

NO IMITATION barbecue was that at the barbecue party given by Lois Wilson at the ranch of her brother-in-law and sister, Director and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. . . Lois had no roast beef sandwiches sent in from the Brown Derby or the Gotham or any other Hollywood catering establishment. Instead, there was a real barbecue pit, with a whole pig barbecued. . . Conveyance from highway to the barbecue pit was via an old-fashioned hay wagon.

UNLUCKY IN LOVE

...until she learned how to correct that Misfit Makeup look

"I'm so lonely—and not a date in weeks."

"Men don't like conspicuous misfit makeup."

She took the hint. And now—"Let's step out a lot!"



To end Misfit Makeup...

**"CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY
THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES"**

ADVISES

Glenda Farrell ★

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Harmonizing LIPSTICK · POWDER · ROUGE **55¢ each**

ARE YOU HEADED FOR HOLLYWOOD?



You'll be entertained by Bob (Bazooka) Burns at his palatial home, far left, if you take Tour No. 3, leaving Chicago August 14. The Warren Williams, left, will be your hosts for Tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 3. Those of you who prefer Tour No. 2, leaving Chicago July 24, will be guests of Harold Lloyd, below, at his lovely estate



GET READY FOR THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME! JOIN THE FOURTH ANNUAL MOVIELAND TOUR—WHICH MAKES THREE TRIPS TO HOLLYWOOD THIS SUMMER—WHERE YOU'LL MEET AND BE ENTERTAINED BY THE STARS

IT WON'T be long, now, before a blue-clad conductor will shout "All Aboard!" and a de-luxe transcontinental train with every available seat reserved by members of Movieland Tour No. 1, will depart from Chicago on a two weeks' vacation trip that will be packed with thrills and excitement from the first mile to the last!

The fame of these Movieland Tours (this is the Fourth Annual Tour!), sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., has spread throughout the country and it's more than likely that you have gotten a general idea of the enjoyment they provided those fortunate enough to take their vacation on wheels. But a general idea is not enough for those of you who already are planning on how best to utilize your time and money for a summer vacation. We feel that once you know just WHAT IS IN STORE for you in the way of thrills, relaxation and downright fun offered by these cross-country Movieland Tours you'll make arrangements to participate in one of them.

So we're going to be specific. The train carrying members of Tour No. 1, will leave Chicago July 3rd and will pass through the 10,000 Lakes Country of Minnesota, on into the historic Northwest with time out for a visit to Rainier National Park. Then over the awe-inspiring Rocky Mountains down into Seattle for another stop-over long enough for you to enjoy a Puget Sound boat cruise. After Seattle comes San Francisco with time out to view the

Golden Gate, the world-famous bridges, the Presidio, Chinatown—and then—

HOLLYWOOD!

Hollywood, the magical, glamorous city of make-believe where you will be greeted by representatives of MOTION PICTURE Magazine who will show you the city as few have ever seen it—the real, inside, intimate Hollywood you've read about and longed to see.

How would you like to be a guest at a cocktail party given by Warren Williams, the famous screen star? How would you like to go to his beautiful home and enjoy a chat, not only with him, but with a score of his actor and actress friends? Well, MOTION PICTURE Magazine representatives have already arranged this social event for members of Movieland Tour No. 1. But this is only one of many interesting and thrilling affairs arranged for you.

You will be taken on a trip through the renowned Max Factor Make-up Studio! A major studio will throw open its sets so that you may watch your favorite stars perform before the camera! A luncheon date has been arranged at the Clara Bow "It" Cafe, a popular rendezvous of the movie great. An afternoon has been set aside so that you can visit the Bel Air, Brentwood, Beverly Hills, and Palisade residential districts—where the stars live. And now for the grande finale to your Hollywood stay—

You are to be MOTION PICTURE Magazine's guests at a supper dance at the swanky Wilshire Bowl, one of the fa-

vorite night-clubs of film folk. George McCall, commentator on the Old Gold twice weekly radio program, Screen-scoops, will be master of ceremonies who will see to it that you have a chance to greet and chat with a score and more of your screen favorites.

Last year Robert Taylor, Wayne Morris, Nan Grey, Gertrude Niesen, Anne Shirley, Jimmy Stewart, Judy Garland and a score of other screen notables helped to make this party the highlight of the entertainment schedule. This year the Wilshire Bowl party is going to be bigger and better and guaranteed to you [Continued on page 63]

MOVIELAND TOURS
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
360 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name
Address
City State



CAROLE
LOMBARD

FERNAND
GRAVET

If we were *She* and he was *He* we couldn't help being *Fools for Scandal*, too. And we challenge any man or woman who says they wouldn't risk a bit of scandal themselves if the man or woman involved was Fernand Gravet or Carole Lombard. . . We may have a lot of cheek to say that, but then look how Carole and Fernand get along cheek to cheek



FRANCIS LEDERER

To show that Astaire and Menjou have no monopoly in putting on club-fellow finery, here is the dashing Lederer who has the poise, suavity and man-about-townish technique associated with men who cultivate top hats, white ties and tails. F. L. dons evening toggery in *The Lone Wolf in Paris* to allay suspicion that he is a super-thief, an ol' smoothie with roving eyes an' itchy fingers



WILL MASSEY OUT-GARBO GARBO?

By

GLADYS HALL

HOLLYWOOD SAYS ILONA MASSEY IS
THE BIGGEST HIT SINCE GARBO AND
IN TWO YEARS WILL BE ITS TOP STAR

"WILL work so much, I will try so hard my best, I have such a will *that no one can send me away . . .*" this is what she said to me, the beautiful Ilona Massey, in her husky, accented voice. There is an astonishing statement, in its earnestness—in its apparent innocence of the fact that no one wants to "send her away."

For M-G-M may be said to be slightly Massey-mad. For months we have been hearing from every corner of the lot: "Massey is marvelous . . . Massey is like no one who has ever come to Hollywood . . . Massey will out-Garbo Garbo, she has Garbo's speaking voice and she sings, too . . . Massey will be the biggest thing since Garbo . . . Mr. Mayer banks 100 per cent on Massey . . . she has warmth . . . a sense of humor . . . she is so earnest, so beautiful, so real . . . there has never been one like Massey. . . ."

They tell anecdotes about Massey, tell them affectionately . . . how one night she ate her first oyster and exclaimed: "oh, it is *alive*, it goes down so wery quick!" . . . how, when she went

to Santa Barbara to study English uninterruptedly, to diet, she whispered to a friend: "when you come up to see me, look, do you think you could slip in a piece of pound cake . . .?" She said to me "I love to eat, always, always, I love to eat and *eat* . . ."

Director Van Dyke predicts that "within two years Massey will be the biggest star in Hollywood." When *Rosalie* was in production Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy were

so impressed with Ilona that when they invited people to visit the set (Ilona says "wisit") they didn't say: "come down and watch me do a dance number" or "drop down if you like, I'm singing this afternoon," but "come down to the set, I'll introduce you to Ilona Massey. . . ."

And of all the tributes paid this newcomer to the Hollywoods the greatest of these was when it was said on the M-G-M lot: "Ilona Massey comes as near as anyone to taking Jean Harlow's place in the studio heart. She is the only one we could bear to see using Jean's dressing-room." And that, let me tell you, is the final and positive proof that Ilona [Continued on page 86]

PENNY SINGLETON



MARY MAGUIRE

Mary Maguire from *Down Under* (Australia to you) comes to Hollywood endowed with plenty of ummph... and has asserted her personality and talent so well that she is practically the talk of the town. You will see her in *The Dude Rancher*. Penny Singleton (the former Dorothy McNulty) is another newcomer-outer going places. She appears in *Men Are Such Fools*. But could men be such fools to pass up the come-on appeal in those teasing eyes? Sure they'd be after calling Jim Farley's niece THE Penny from heaven

NEWCOMER-OUTERS

Sh Sh-h-h! DON'T TELL A SOUL! . . .

CAROLE FERNAND
LOMBARD and GRAVET

ARE SIMPLY
**"FOOLS
FOR
SCANDAL"**

AND SO ARE
RALPH BELLAMY

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields

Additional Dialogue by Irv Brecher

From the Play, "Return Engagement," by Nancy
Hamilton, James Shute and Rosemary Casey

Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers
and Lorenz Hart

Their romance is
scandalicious,
scandalously,
scandalirious!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
presented by

Warner Bros.

As told by
CHRISTINE LANE
(cousin)
to **VIRGINIA T. LANE**
(no relative)



Priscilla, or Pat as they call her, is the youngest Lane. She has beauty and personality—to say nothing of a cute figure

LIKE ALL THE UNMARRIED MALES OF HOLLYWOOD, YOUR BROTHER AND BOY FRIEND WILL BECOME LOVERS OF THE LANE SISTERS, LOLA, ROSEMARY AND PRISCILLA. THEY'RE HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST NEWS AND ARE BEING STARRED AT THE SAME STUDIO (WARNERS)



Rosemary Lane is the romantic type and appeared in *Hollywood Hotel*. At left is Lola of the violet-blue eyes who'll be seen in *Torchy Blane*. She also appeared in *Hollywood Hotel*. At lower left is piquant Pat—the cutest number to hit Hollywood in many a day. She'll be seen in *Cowboy from Brooklyn*

IT'S Hollywood Headlines. The "hottest news" of the day—three sisters being starred at the same studio. *Three*. Count 'em. Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla. The "lucky Lanes." And most of the unmarried males of Hollywood would like to have them for their sweetie pies.

You bet. Me, I'm lucky too to be their cousin (third removed, but still in the clan)! Of course we were all born Mullicans back in Indianola, Iowa. But can you picture "Mullican" up on a marquee?

"It sounds like a stew," Lola used to giggle. And I guess it was apt enough because we always *were* in a stew. Lola was Dorothy then—Gus Edwards changed her name later—and she was the ringleader. I can still remember the time we fell in old Mrs. McNulty's fish-pond in our best Sunday clothes five minutes before Lola was to give a concert at the Epworth League meeting. Little rivulets of water dripped from her dress on the platform all through a Beethoven sonata!

She was a wonderful musician. Most of the girls were. There were five of them, you see. Martha who played the violin and wrote exquisite poetry; Leota who sang—she's having an audition with the Metropolitan Opera Company later in the spring; Lola, the pianist and play-getter-upper; Rosemary who was giving classical concerts at eleven, and Pat (pet name for Priscilla) . . . well, Pat was pretty good on the trapeze in those days. And she could out-shinny any boy in the neighborhood climbing up trees. But when it came to music! "Mamma, I want to make *rhythm*!" That was Pat.

Funny, the difference in those three youngest kids. Hollywood clumps them together and says "The Lane Sisters." Stuff and nonsense. You wouldn't clump Rosalind Russell, Loretta Young and Sonja Henie together, would you? They're as distinct in personality as that.

Lola is the Sophisticate. You



know what Edmund Goulding, the man who directed her in *Hollywood Hotel*, says about her? And he doesn't mince words. He said, "She's the only actress on the screen who can step into Lilyan Tashman's place as the *swish* type." The way that girl can wear clothes . . . ! She can give *umph* even to a plain tailored suit. That's what she wears in this new *Torchy Blane* picture. One of the top producers at Warner Brothers saw the rushes and wanted to know if she wasn't too smartly dressed for the role! . . . She's the only girl I have ever seen with really violet-blue eyes. And her hair is a thick golden brown.

ROSEMARY's hair is just a shade or two lighter and her eyes are a soft gray-blue. They're both the same height, five feet four inches, and weigh around 108 pounds. But there the resemblance ends. Rosemary is more the moonlight-and-roses type. Romantic. It isn't just publicity that Rudy Vallee has looked more than twice at her since they've been making this *Golddiggers in Paris* ditty together. Boy, oh boy, oh boy—*no*! At a party the other night he hovered around her with that "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen" look, if you know what I mean. . . .

It was Pat, incidentally, who introduced that song from the screen in *Love, Honor and Behave*. If you see a little bantam-weight kid who's just a bit over five feet tall and has ash blond hair of the gone-with-the-wind variety and bright blue eyes—that's Pat. I went out on stage nineteen to see her the other day. She came thump-thumping towards me in heavy boots and a wild west costume. "Bronco Pat rides again!" she grinned. And she honestly has got about the cutest grin in seven states. "Look, Chris, I can roll my own." Whereupon she hauled out the makings and rolled her own cigarette!

"I have to do it for a scene in this picture, *Cowboy from Brooklyn*, and I darn' near burned my eyebrows off the first time," she announced. "Dick Powell tried to help me but he wasn't so good at it either. Chris, do you remember the first time we ever smoked?"

Do I! It was just after the whole family along with some two hundred other people from Indianola had gone to Des Moines in a train marked the "Lola Lane Special" to see the picture of all times. Lola in her first [Continued on page 78]



THE REBEL COMES HOME

JIMMY CAGNEY, HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS
REBEL COMES BACK TO HIS HOME LOT, AND
TALKS ABOUT A FUTURE OF BIG PICTURES

YOU can't persuade James Cagney to hazard even a guess about how much it cost him, in lost salary, to become Hollywood's most famous rebel. And you can't persuade him to talk about what his one-man rebellion did for him, or to him—either as a star or as an individual.

His attitude is: "The past is past. Let's talk about the present. Or, better yet—the future."

And Hollywood is gnawing its nails, Hollywood is that disappointed. After all, it isn't every day that a star risks a big, prosperous career over a little matter of how many pictures he should make a year. And it isn't every star who, once he finds himself embroiled in battle, will stick to his artillery for two long years—even after the fight becomes costly and the public begins to have a chance to forget him, not seeing him.

But here is a pugnacious, red-headed Irishman who did just that. And he refuses to dramatize what he went through. He won't even talk about it. When he was a kid, he had his share of fisticuffs—he being Irish, and his native Yorkville being the fightingest section of New York City. Sometimes he won, sometimes he lost, sometimes it was a draw. No matter which, good sportsmanship demanded his shaking hands with his adversary. That made them friends. And once friends, they both went out of their way to forget there had ever been a fight, or that they both had sore knuckles.

He's still like that. Once a bygone is a bygone, he'd like it to remain a bygone. And Warner Brothers feel the same way. Jim's back. The disagreement's over. Why not forget it?

No one knows the terms of the truce. No one knows anything beyond the fact that both factions are "satisfied." And harmoniously silent about the troublous past.

But this doesn't keep you from asking for a Cagney interview. There are other things you want to know. For example: What is Jim like, after two years of being a prodigal? What does his future look like?

Your appointment is for mid-afternoon — "in the Warner publicity offices." The setting sounds ominous. It sounds as if you are

[Continued on page 80]



Back on the Warner lot Jimmy (still the same chipper, congenial Cagney) shakes hands with Jack Warner. Both agree to let bygones be bygones



By
JAMES REID



both of his and said, with mock melodramatics: "A fine thing! Married only a few months, and I come home from work early *one* afternoon, and find you with another man."

"And that," said Jeanette, affecting the air of a screen coquette (Species No. 89B), "isn't all. We're talking about still another man."

"Did you say 'still another man'?" demanded Gene, recoiling.

"We," explained Jeanette, "are discussing an interesting fact. Namely, that an actress can choose her husband, but a studio chooses her screen partner. And that I've been lucky."

"Well, now," said Gene, feigning relief from all jealousy, "that's different. If you're talking about Nelson, you go right ahead. He's a friend of mine. In fact, I knew him before you did."

Saying which, he bent down and kissed Jeanette, and I think that, for a moment or six, I was forgotten. Then, like any interested bride, she asked him what had happened at work today. Like any grateful husband, he told her—but more amusingly than the average husband, recounting the tale of a difficult day. Then, reluctantly deciding that he was a distraction, he kissed Jeanette again, and left us to our interrupted discussion of his friend, Nelson Eddy.

When Jeanette and Gene became engaged, [Continued on page 64]

JEANETTE CONFESSES ABOUT NELSON EDDY

IF YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING ABOUT THE MACDONALD-EDDY FEUD, JEANETTE STRAIGHTENS IT OUT FOR YOU

By ROGER CARROLL

MR. AND Mrs. Gene Raymond—she is Jeanette MacDonald, to her public—live high. Their home, English and gabled, is near the top of one of Bel Air's miniature mountains. It faces west, overlooking miles of Los Angeles suburb, to Santa Monica and the sea. On a clear day, from the windows in the playroom, you can see Catalina Island, forty miles away. This was a clear day, about four in the afternoon, and Jeanette and I were in the playroom. Which is dark-paneled, beam-ceilinged and otherwise has the air of a corner in an old English tavern. It is Jeanette's favorite interview spot. It's informal. It's relaxing.

She was wearing a wool dress of just the correct shade of rust to set off that startling golden-auburn hair of hers. A 1938 model, simple and chic, very different from the frilly period costumes of so many of her screen roles, and—very effective.

She was sitting across the room on a leather-upholstered chair, whose bottom part and whose back were built in imitation of a highly polished barrel. Every chair in the room was of the same playful architecture. I was occupying one on the other side of a large, low, circular table in the center of which stood a large wooden bowl, filled to the brim with loose cigarettes. I had just taken a cigarette—Jeanette being one singer who doesn't object to tobacco smoke ("except in large quantities")—and had asked her a question or two, when a masculine tread sounded on the thick carpeting of the next room, and in walked Gene, in tuxedo and scarf.

Jeanette's back was to the door. She turned her head to him, all smiles, and gave him her left hand over her left shoulder. He took it in



Little Lady Luck is the title of this little southern lady's new picture and we hope it's ominous for Ann Sheridan needs just a little luck to put her where she belongs—right on top. Her skintillating charms and scintillating personality should be seen oftener

ANN SHERIDAN

A low décolletage and a new high hairdress reveals all the skintillating beauty of Frances Drake. In *The Lone Wolf in Paris*, Frances plays a princess, but in our estimation—and yours too, we bet—she's a queen. She has all the aristocratic qualities

FRANCES DRAKE

THE BING CROSBYS

We waited for Larry Crosby in the reception room of the adjoining annex. He is, among other things, "Public relations counsel" of Bing Crosby Inc., Ltd., movieland's most intriguing business enterprise. Larry is the eldest of the five Crosby brothers, a former high-school teacher and newspaperman, and a graduate of Gonzaga University, which recently conferred a doctorate on Bing for his contributions to American music. Bing studied law there until his penchant for rhythm got the better of his desire to fire oratorical salvos in court. The corporation of which he is now president, is run by his brothers, Larry and Everett, and by Papa Crosby, who acts as treasurer.

Everett is a high-powered business man who gave up his truck-selling when he discovered that the warbling of his brother packed plenty of sock for the femmes. It was largely through his efforts that Bing became Big Business. Larry and brother Ted have just written a book telling the saga of Bing and the family he has made famous. Bing is dubious about its literary merits—we found it delightful reading—but vouches for the truth of the events described in it, including his many escapades and addiction to firewater and games of fortune before he settled down to be a model husband to Dixie Lee.

The book unfortunately tells little about Bing's private life after he became a screen [Continued on page 70]



Bing met Dixie Lee when he was 27 and she was 18. That was seven years ago when he first began to croon his way to fame. Dixie gave up her career to be Mrs. Crosby and the mother of four sons. Above, left, Bing dresses for comfort while broadcasting. At left the North Hollywood Colonial home where big and little Crosbys live most of the time

BRADY! TAKE A BOW!!

IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT ALICE REAPED HER REWARD. BUT IT TOOK "IN OLD CHICAGO" TO SEE BRADY AT HER BEST. SO LET'S CLAP HANDS—NOT SIT ON THEM!

IN THE beginning it was Broadway's Bill Brady (William A., theatrical manager, producer, reads the fine, informative print in *Who's Who in the Theatre*) who decided that his only daughter, Alice, was not to have a career. "No daughter of mine . . . et cetera," thundered the theatrical tycoon in the style made fashionable by fathers, professional or otherwise, the world over. Slim, early teen-ish Alice, dark-eyed and emotional had other ideas. Voluble today, she kept them to herself then.

She would act. Or she would write. Or she would sing. Over twenty years have passed. She has done the first superlatively; the second for her own pleasure, privately; the third so well that pre-War America made her name synonymous with Gilbert and Sullivan operettas . . . With De Wolf Hopper in *The Pirates of Penzance* (she sang *Mabel*), *Josephine* in *HMS Pinafore*, *Pitti-Sing* in *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*—the title role. After that she did undressed heroines (and others) on the stage. As part of the build-up for the "big" scene, Alice was bound to lose a garment here and there. "I did so many—well—*lush* ladies," says Alice today with a typical Brady-like, lady-like insinuation. "Women good enough but faintly bad, you know. It was the style then, on the stage. The style hasn't changed much. I recall my *faw-ther*," she says, heavily accenting the first syllable, "dropping in to see one of my plays, and coming back to my dressing-room after the performance. 'Alice,' he asked me, not angrily, but curiously, 'do you know you had practically nothing on in the second act?'"

It was a Caruso record of an aria from *Faust*, cleverly utilized, that won "*faw-ther*" to the idea of a career for his first-born. Alice had contrived to take a few singing lessons while a student at Elizabeth Convent in Madison, N. J. Part of her allowance had gone into the purchase of phonograph records by fine artists. The Caruso aria had delighted her and she had slavishly memorized all the delicate voice shadings of

By
BETTY LAWRENCE



the celebrated Italian tenor. His *pianissimo* variations were hers. So was his tenor technique.

On one of their trans-Atlantic crossings young Alice had her chance to prove to *faw-ther* that she had sufficient talent to allow her to have a career. When the ship's concert was organized Alice's presence was requested. In the white of her Commencement dress she got up and sang, true to the Caruso technique, the aria from *Faust*. "It goes like this . . ." sang Alice today, singing a phrase in fluent French. "You know what happened on shipboard," she continued. "Everyone rushed at *faw-ther* and me and said I was a genius! Such a voice in one so young, and all that. So *faw-ther*, terribly pleased, allowed me to have a voice teacher, and I went to Theodora Irvine in Boston and she trained me for opera at the Conservatory of Music."

But the operatic stage never knew [Continued on page 67]

A black and white portrait of a woman with dark, wavy hair, smiling and wearing a light-colored scarf. The image is a close-up, focusing on her face and upper torso. The background is dark and out of focus. The woman has a warm expression, looking slightly to the right of the camera. Her hair is styled in soft waves, and she is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, scarf that is draped around her neck. The lighting is soft, highlighting her features.

Somebody had seen a car they *thought* was Gary's—it turned out to be an insurance manager's—and gone to town with the story. I heard Cooper say, "It was all right when they took cracks at me—but why do they have to hurt Rocky *now*!" He could have sued the paper, yes, but that would have made headlines out of the inci-

Rumors. As Joan says, "those *knowing* smiles . . ." I couldn't stand them. When I hear of another Hollywood romance breaking up it isn't a scandal to me. It's a pity.

AND that's only part of the price tag. The world has a thrilling picture of Hollywood. And it *is* thrilling. But there's another side to it that's as down-to-earth and real as work in a department store, for example. A clerk is on her feet for eight hours. But she's permitted three or more rest periods. Her lunch hour is *her's*. But look at a typical day for Ginger Rogers. She looked

I WOULDN'T BE A STAR!!.

As Told By DEARCY ADAMS To MARY CRANE

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fagged out the other evening on the set and I asked her all she'd been doing. (There's never any of that I'm-a-star-you're-an-extra feeling about Ginger. She mixes with all of us.) "Well," said Ginger, "Up at six-thirty as usual. I was here at the studio at seven-thirty for my make-up and so on. Then I danced for four hours straight, had an interview at lunch, and went on to a story conference. We worked in the portrait gallery for a [Continued on page 76]

Above, Dearcy Adams, the extra girl who has no desire to be a star. At left is a reproduction of a Central Casting check voucher made to Dearcy for 8 hours work

THAT'S HAPPENING



HOLLYWOOD IS GOING THROUGH A REVOLUTION. IN BUILDING ITS NEW FACE, FRONT AND FIGURE THE TOWN IS WASHING BEHIND THE EARS. GOING DOGGY

SUDDENLY "everything" is happening to Hollywood!

There is the greatest turmoil ever experienced. Studios are being drastically reorganized, stars brought face to face with present realities. Consequently, there are, decidedly, new conditions, customs, and trends for your favorites. A star doesn't do what he used to do.

What you notice first is how a town, despite Recession, has gone elegantly Riviera. Quite physically. Streets have been widened to fine proportions. The dime-store tinsel of the Boulevard is giving way to shops with New York flair. But the business focus of the picture game is three miles out, on the swanky Sunset strip pioneered by the Trocadero. Here are the high-powered agents who secure and retain the big-money jobs, holding forth in exquisite offices minced between swank cafes and interior decorating shops.

Everyone of importance in Hollywood has either bought or is scheming for the title to a home. Settling down seems sensible at last, and apartments too cramped. That pseudo-Spanish design which

At the left and clockwise are Connie Bennett's new home (French chateau) in Holmby Hills, Carole Lombard who'll lure 1938 cash customers in at box-office, Loretta Young and Joe Mankiewicz at Hawaiian Paradise, and George Burns and Gracie Allen in the arbor of new home built for baby

By
BEN
MADDOX



TO HOLLYWOOD?

gave yesterday's mansions the appearance of rambling stucco railroad stations crowned with tile is out. Ann Harding and Barbara Stanwyck may regret the sinking of a couple hundred thousand dollars apiece in that vintage; particularly when they see Claudette Colbert's hideaway in the fashionable French mode.

Claudette brought modern Paris to California with a vengeance, to the tune—they say—of \$200,000. Her native economy has bowed to her zest for improving on her original plans; no sooner was the playhouse done than she realized that tripping to it across damp grass was hard on feminine slippers. A library wall was knocked out, a new wing added, and now it's an inside trip to the games and home theatre. Her friends fully expect her back from her current vacation abroad with a baggage-car crammed with the latest from Paris.

Irene Dunne has chosen Norman French and has four fine bedrooms suites in perfect style. She's installed a secret stairway from her downstairs library to her own suite. Her servants' quarters are entirely separate from the house and the kitchen is reached by means of a covered terrace. A chateau right in the city appealed to Constance Bennett, and so the most dashing chateau ever conceived now belongs to Hollywood's marquise. Every beautiful detail has been personally supervised by madame, who's mod-



At top and down, Jeanette MacDonald who equals her picture salary singing over radio, Loretta Young's new Southern Colonial home, the Basil Rathbones giving dinner party, Clara Bow and hubby Rex Bell at her "It" cafe, and the Lloyd Nolans-Ham Nelsons (Bette Davis) at the Waikiki



Far left, the Warren Williams in playhouse cabana of home. Note South Seas decor. Top left and down, Decorator Bill Haines caters to luxury trade with swanky Haines-Foster shop . . Joe E. Brown's not afraid to be pictured with grown sons. . . Next? NBC studios. . . Gloria Stuart uses flower-fruit centerpiece for formal dinner. Furniture is rosewood . . Living-room shows charming arrangement of books, antique Victorian reproductions. The carpet is rose red

ernized a magnificent period with stunning effect. Fluted columns, much white, and superb rooms open one into another!

Georgian is another equally popular style, especially with those who balk at Napoleonic urns over doors. Grace Moore is building hers with loving care, leaning towards a Louisiana influence. A white mansion atop a hill, its slate roofs will harbor gorgeous furniture Grace bought on the continent. Joan Crawford, meanwhile, is chief sponsor of the Regency period. Joan has re-made her once-semi-Spanish residence into a triumph of dignified charm. Her floors gleam with mirror-like polish, her furniture is English at its graceful best. She has lovely columns, too, in place of grill-work, and splendid paintings adorn her walls. Even her dogs sleep in needlepoint bedlets.

NOTHING is nicer than an idealized Southern Colonial home, according to Loretta Young. Feeling as she does, Loretta has a dream spot which everyone in Dixie would adore. But once within her pillars it's gratifying to find she has a liveable as well as an elegant establishment.

Robert Montgomery coincided on the Colonial notion, but he preferred the New England sort. He copied the Connecticut farmhouse he owns, but tripled the scale. Bob won't allow any pictures to be taken until he has his rolling gardens landscaped as he wishes. The Fred MacMurrays, not going in for the six-bedroom grandeur of the Montgomerys, have a New Hampshire town-house that is their vision come true; theirs has a special touch when it's remembered that Mrs. MacMurray was bedridden all during its building and furnishing. Fred daily took her orders to the men he employed and brought her kodak shots of the merest details.

Modernistic abodes, resembling movie set hang-overs, are passe. It isn't costly to stay at a Hollywood address now. The folks with butlers prefer exclusive Bel-Air and the Holmby Hills sector. Famed Beverly Hills is reduced to runner-up. Westwood and Toluca Lake are on a par, rating third in neighborhood classiness.

Entertaining is changed. There is less, because of an entirely new element which commands local leisure. Party-giving has been affected by the colony's mental maturing. Parties are centering in homes, not night-clubs, and furthermore, they are astonishingly adult. Open house and crashing, uninvited, are historic curiosities. So is the faded customs of showing up in garbled getup. Buffet suppers have slipped noticeably.

There is a new delight in gracious dignity. Formal dinners, averaging a dozen guests, are actually the thing and there is a new follow-up. The host or hostess no [Continued on page 85]



NAN GREY



Listing to starboard, Nan Grey holds fast while she makes up her mind whether to do a back-flip in the placid pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel. One of Hollywood's neatest nifties, she breaks this here soon now bathing season wide open

YOU could have knocked young David Niven over with less than a foot of cutting-room film when we asked him how much truth—if any—there was to the rumor that he was the Houdini of Marriage Bonds—the champion matrimonial escape artist of Hollywood.

The rain was beating a tattoo with special sound effects on the window panes of the Niven home, but within the living-room a warm and cozy grate fire was burning and we were sitting before it, feet out-stretched, watching the bubbles rise in our glasses of Mexican beer. Then the verbal bombshell that smacked upon both the sensitive Niven ear-drums.

"Listen, my fine fellow," he said, after a soothing swallow from his tall glass, "why spoil a pleasant afternoon by asking me questions about romance, love, and marriage? I'm a bachelor, I like bachelorhood, and I won't talk until I see my lawyer. And maybe not then. Let me tell you about that time in Malta—"

It was in Malta, so he said, that he decided to give up his commission as lieutenant in the British Army to seek his fortune in the United States. He told us about that, with all the appropriate gestures—why the life of an officer and a gentleman had failed to offer him a chance to develop his personality. He had told us, too, about the States and his search for fortune—only it wasn't the States, it was Canada, and it wasn't a fortune, but an opportunity to earn sixteen cents an hour

on a road gang while developing his muscles instead of his personality. He went on to relate how he had written articles on Fox Hunting in Canada, selling them for enough to buy his train fare to New York and how, after he arrived, how he had lived on saloon free lunches after his fox money had petered out.

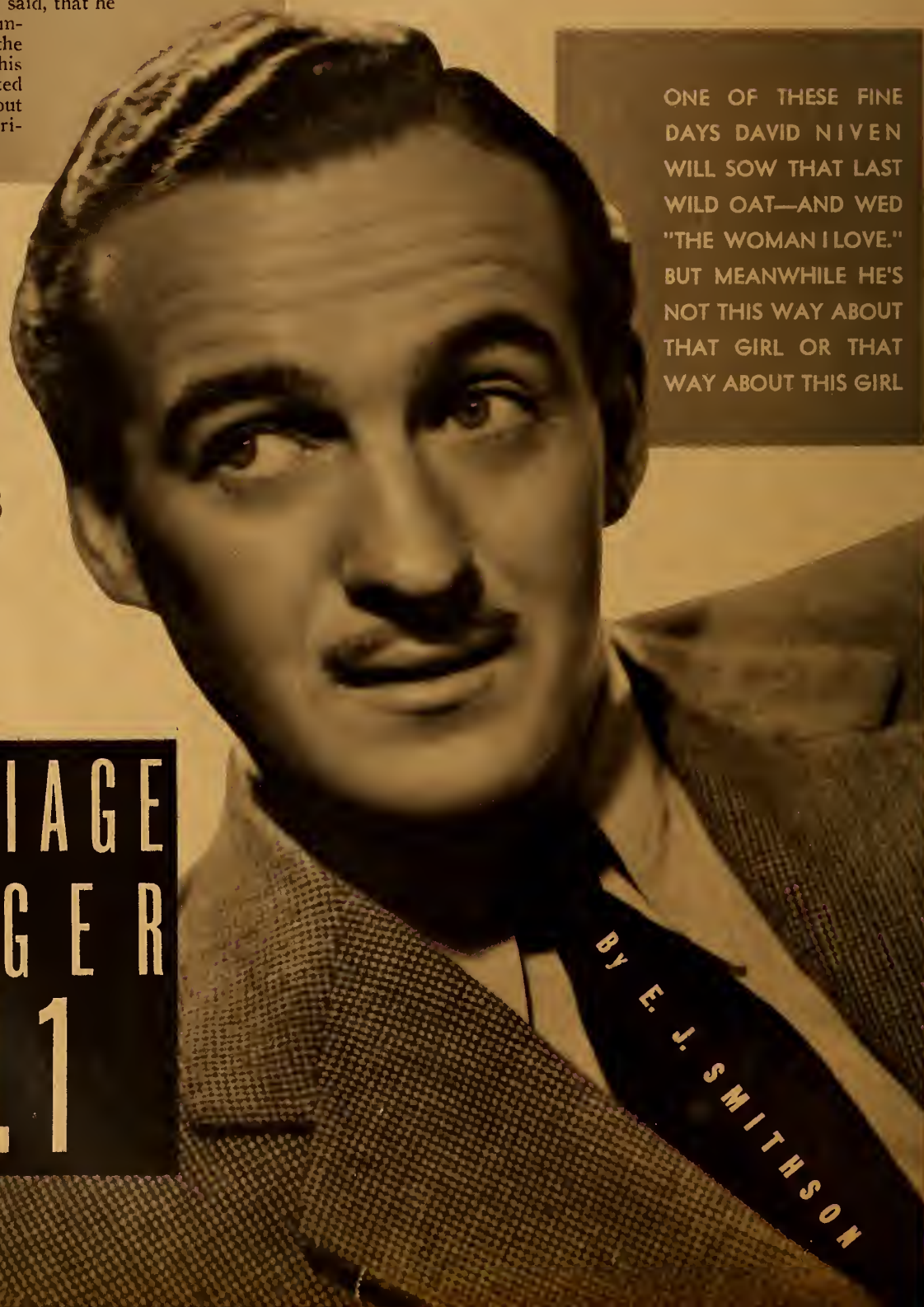
He had told us all this and more—with gestures. There was the time, for instance, when he had hooked up with Lefty Flynn and Douglas Hertz to promote a six-day, indoor horse-racing plant at Atlantic City. Billed far and wide as the American Pony Express Racing Association, Inc., the scheme was a radical departure from the ordinary, run-of-the-mine bangtail track in that the cash customers—if any—would bet on the jockeys instead of the horses. Each jock, so read the neat brochure of details, was to ride one horse one minute, switch to another and then another until [Continued on page 83]

ONE OF THESE FINE
DAYS DAVID NIVEN
WILL SOW THAT LAST
WILD OAT—AND WED
"THE WOMAN I LOVE."
BUT MEANWHILE HE'S
NOT THIS WAY ABOUT
THAT GIRL OR THAT
WAY ABOUT THIS GIRL



MARRIAGE DODGER NO. 1

By E. J. SMITHSON



F A S H I O N F R O L I C S



You'll be seeing red this season—and here's a dash of it. Top, Rose Stradner wears a red sash on her off-white, fringe cloth dinner gown. Synonymous with Spring are lovers' knots and chiffon and both are used to fashion La Stradner's dusty-pink evening gown, right. Above, a gorgeous ermine wrap for cool nights



GO

Mother Nature dresses in green for Spring—why not you? Rose Stradner does, right, in a new Spring suit of green and white. Below, Zorina in a black tulle dancing frock with a wide band of sequins in red, green, yellow. Center, Zorina and sequins again in an elegant evening coat. Lower right, a Matadore's coat—now a bolero for Zorina



Mother Nature knows best says
Rose Stradner and shakes off
all superstitions about green.
Her beige tailleur, left, has
alternate stripes of green and
dusty pink. These colors also
appear in her Rodier scarf. Her
feathered hat is of dark brown
antelope. And, for dressier oc-
casions, La Stradner chooses a
one-piece dress with a box coat
of gray wool. Black moire and
acal fashions the sleeves and
belt of this dressmaker suit.
Again Stradner shows a prefer-
ence for green which is the pre-
dominating color in her light-
weight wool plaid dress, center

WE ARE THE GIRLS

HOLLYWOOD HIGH IS KNOWN IN MOVIEDOM AS "THE SCHOOL FOR STARS."

By
**DAN
CAMP**

THERE seems to be a story about the visiting Englishman. . . . He wanted, of course, to see the studios. And so, because he had a letter from a Large Detonation (English for "Big Shot") abroad, he was taken well in hand by Hollywood press agents, to be shown around. So, the first morning, they took him to this studio, and that studio, and along about noon, they drove out Sunset Boulevard toward Culver City, to show him more studios. But at the corner of Sunset and Highland avenue, our Visiting Englishman suddenly took command. They approached a large structure on that corner. Outside stood scores of lovely, luscious, leggy damsels. Along a curbing—the Englishman insists it was a "kerb"—sat a row of the gals, and what gals! The Englishman needed absolutely no imagination to be aware of the fact that American girls have lovely—ah—uh—legs. It was obvious, even to him.

To one side was a large court. Dozens of girls were on it—playing tennis, or handball. They wore shorts—very short. And sweaters. And plainly nothing else save brilliant make up.

The Englishman chortled and screwed his monocle firmly into his eye, and began staring. A look of perplexity crossed his face. Finally, he turned to his escort: "I sye," he said, "wheeah is the camera?"

"What cantera?" asked the press-agent guide.

"The cinemah camera," replied the Englishman. "And what steen jo is this, may I awsk?"

Hollywood High School could give the New York stage a good race as a stepping-stone to the screen. One of the first of the school's graduates to make a name for herself is Fay Wray (top). Immediately above are Muriel Evans, June Lang. At the left is Cecilia Parker. At the right is June Knight. Hollywood High girls, who make the movies, have good looks and figures

FROM HOLLYWOOD HIGH

IT IS FAMOUS FOR TURNING OUT SWELL LOOKERS AND ACTRESSES FOR THE SCREEN

"Studio? This ain't no studio," replied the escort. "This is Hollywood High School." Then he lapsed into pure press-agentese. "It's the incubator of talent," he figure-of-speeched, "where the stars of tomorrow are being hatched out. . . ."

"My word!" exclaimed the visitor, "chickens!"

But we don't have to go on with the story. I've told enough of it to give the general idea. I mean about Hollywood High School; about it really being the happy hunting ground of studio talent scouts! And visiting firemen who can elude their wives long enough to stroll by the school and sorta looks things over. And if there's any question in your mind, contemplate this partial list of Hollywood Hi's alumnae—Shirley Ross, Cecilia Parker, Muriel Evans, June Lang, Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Dick Arlen), Ann Rutherford, June Knight, Ann Dvorak, Joan Woodbury, Karen Morley, Barbara Kent, Alice White, Anne Darling, Marian Marsh, Gladys McConnell and Mary McAllister (of silent picture days), Fay Wray, Lana Turner. Not forgetting Joel McCrea and Rex Bell—and lots of others. And besides that, the dozens who play "bits" in movies. And the scores upon scores whose names are on those trick cards at Central Casting Bureau for extra work.

YES, the names of those who are "IN" pictures and who went to Hollywood High is convincing

[Continued on page 74]

These five movie girls once took up science courses, *et al*, at Hollywood High. Now they are taking up the science of screen acting. Above is Iris Adrian, whose eye-filling charms have added appeal to a flock of movies. At left is Lana Turner who jumped quickly from school to featured roles in films. Below, left to right, are Joan Woodbury, Vivian Cole and the star, Ann Dvorak





Vicki Lester, former commercial model, is boo'ful young eye'ful in *Certified*



Marion Martin, B'way beauty and Ziegfeld girl, now dazzles 'em for Universal



Imagine Hank Fonda leaving Bette Davis in *Jezebel* to fight in the Civil War!

THE TALK OF

Gag?

■ Ever since the rumor's been spreading that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are planning to adopt a baby, their phone has had the jitters. . . . From London, from European centers, even from the Orient, newspapers have called, asked for a direct statement from Joan about this baby-adopting idea. But the other night came the payoff—and if it weren't true that Joan has a habit of answering her phone in person, when she's home, it wouldn't have been half so funny: Anyway, the phone rang. Joan answered.

"Ah heahs wheah you-all is a-gittin' sot to do some baby-adoptin'," drawled a hillbillyish voice.

Joan stuttered.

"—so haow abaout adoptin' *me*?" the voice went on.

"Well—well—how old are you?" asked Joan, just for the sake of something to say.

"Waal—Ah-m twenty-fo' a-goin' onta twenty-five—but Ah'm awful cute. . . .!"

—and ever since then, Joan and Franchot have been trying to figure out whether it was on the up-and-up, or some Hollywood gagster on the prank.

Jane Hamilton's figure is so curvacious that Sam Goldwyn borrowed her from RKO for his *Follies*. Some picker, eh?

Object Matrimony

■ It took radio to bring Frank Morgan his first marriage proposals. Since he's been on the air, he's received six matrimonial bids. And one woman offered a round-the-world cruise as an added attraction. . . .! Frank has been married a long, long time.

One Man's Spinach, Etc.

■ Just to show you never can tell how a Hollywoodsman is going to take a rib—Gene Raymond doesn't like anyone calling him "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald." He gets SO maaaaad! Yet, when Francis Lederer is asked for his autograph, he grins merrily, whips out a pen, and scribbles: "Mr. Margo!"

Don't Take The Tables!

■ Souvenir-hounds haven't a chance in Clara Bow's "It" cafe. The table-lamps are replicas of the statuette B. P. Schulberg gave her when she "Itted" her way to movie topdom. BUT—they're chained to the tables.

How's-a-bout Facials?

■ "Ain't-Hollywood-blase" note:

—Janie Withers has a woman come in once a month, to dress the hair of the 605 dolls she owns.

THE TALK OF



Central No Like

■ You know, when Hollywood stars get a new phone, it's on the "un-listed" list. That means you don't see it in the phone book—nor can it be gotten from "information." Other night, crack-voiced Andy Devine forgot his new home phone number. He tried to get it from information. She was adamant on NO. "Look, honey," whined Andy, "I'll PROVE I'm Andy Devine." He put on his professional voice.

"Listen, mister," snapped the information operator, "you sound more like Amos 'n' Andy to me!"

So finally, Devine had to call up pal Bing Crosby for his own phone number.

Such Fun

■ My-my! -What-WON'T-they-be-doing-next-? Clark Gable has challenged Spencer Tracy to a race. Clark's going to ride the motor scooter Carole Lombard gave him, and Spence has to ride one of his polo ponies. Clark figures Spence will fall off before the two miles are up.



Olivia de Havilland may start a fashion style in her "get-up" as *Maid Marian* in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*

Hill-billy-Babe

■ Mortification - of - the - Month: Dorothy Lamour got grandly up from her "Troc" table, stalked across the floor, didn't realize why everybody was giggling until she looked down, realized she'd forgotten to slip her shoes back on.

Simone Simon, who was stricken with pneumonia a few weeks ago while making *Josette*, convalesces in the sun

Gene Autry, the screen's Number One Cowboy, takes to his guitar to strum the little dogies into getting along



HOLLYWOOD



When Hollywood goes "jungle" Dorothy Lamour will be found in one. Here she and curves are found in *Jungle Love*

In a romantic setting are Willard Parker and Jane Bryan—newest romantic team who appear in *A Slight Case of Murder*



Oh grandma, what a big armful you are. The better to keep Carole from feeling lonesome away from Clark, says her pet

Hello, Sucker!

■ For slot machines, Bing Crosby is Hollywood No. 1 sucker. Particularly for the kind in golf-clubs, that pay off not in quarters, but in new golf balls. Other night, Bing fed \$20 in quarters into the machine, got back one six-bit golf ball. . . !

Wong Tong

■ Maybe there's a Chinese war over across the Pacific. But it's nothing compared to the one at Paramount, where they want Anna May Wong to bob her hair. She says she won't do it. Even though her new contract calls for it. Not even \$1,000 a week can change Wong's mind.

"I'll keep my hair," she says, "even if I have to go back to China to wear it."

Dirty Work?

■ Carole Lombard is still trying to figure out if that fan of hers in Allentown, Pa., is a real pal or just sarcastic!—he sent her a one-dollar bill, to help out on her income-tax payment.

Fate Or Sumpin'

■ You-Can't-Get-Away-From-Your-Destiny note: Sidney Sheffield quit his job as Errol Flynn's valet, to work in the movies instead. With Errol's help, he got on the [Continued on page 65]



THE STAR WHO ISN'T A STAR

By SONIA LEE

HAVING BEEN HOLLYWOOD'S
STEP-CHILD FOR FIVE
YEARS, CLAIRE TREVOR
FINALLY WINS STARDOM

TWO things can happen in Hollywood: mediocre talent may be—and often is—greatly over-rated! . . . And great talent may be unrecognized and unused for years!

The case of Claire Trevor is in point.

For five years this girl has been Hollywood's step-child. For her singular abilities have been given neither marquee recognition nor the background of costly and important productions. But for all that, her name in thousands of towns and smaller cities is a guarantee that audiences will see first-class acting, with a fine content of balanced emotions, assured technique, and the sincerity which is the mark of a finished actress.

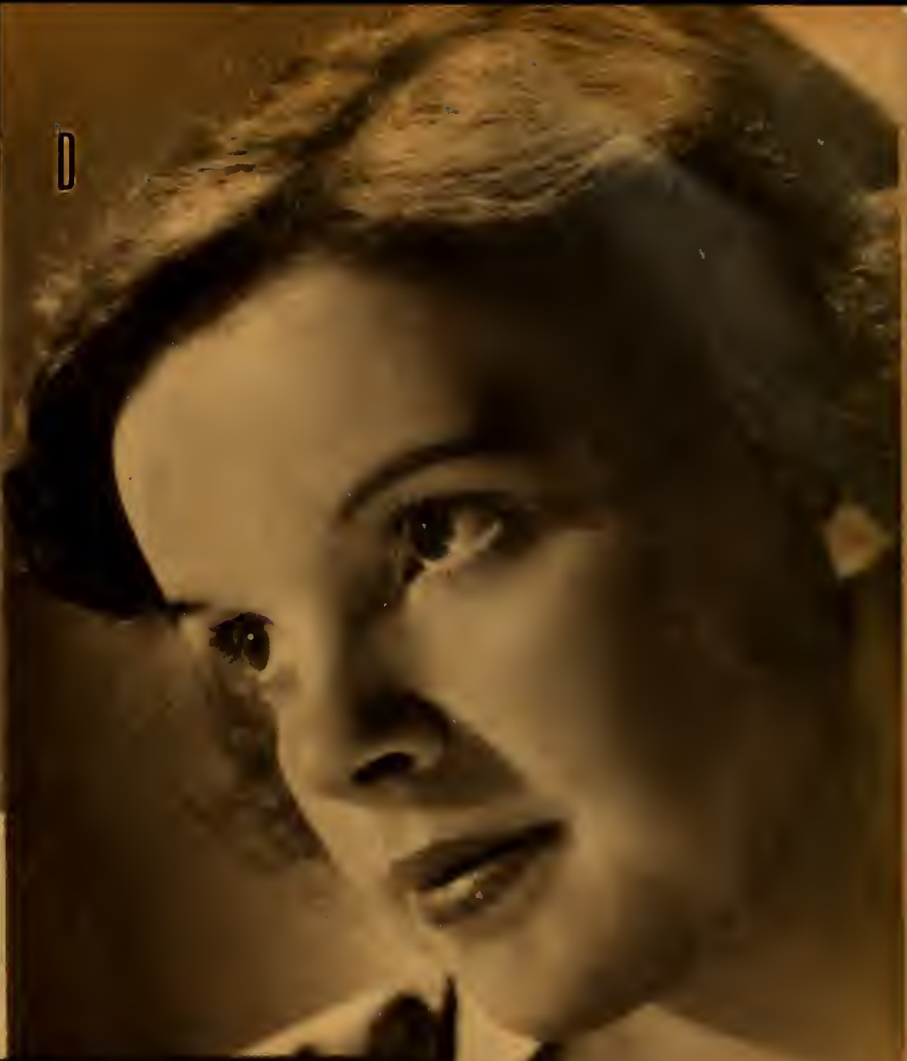
In the places where the "movies" are a regular part of life's program, Claire Trevor is a star! But not until *Dead End*, in which she gave a poignant performance—rating laurels from hard-boiled reviewers—was her worth realized by Hollywood.

Indications now are that this girl might well become the surprise star of 1938—given the proper vehicles.

Claire Trevor has appeared, on an average, in seven pictures a year. She has played good, bad and indifferent roles with never a murmur of complaint. She has said "yes" to every assignment; never thundered a "no." And as a result, she's been taken for granted! But that's in her creed. That's the tradition of the theatre, in which she served a long apprenticeship.

"Perhaps," she says, "I've been amiable too long. Perhaps it's time for me to put on the temperamental act, and scream for better parts in better pictures."

Claire's theatrical destiny was not indicated from her cradle days. Her toe-wiggling, her baby behavior, gave no indication that eventually she would decorate the New York stage, and later the Hollywood screen. Her [Continued on page 53]



JUDY GARLAND

Judy's only 14, but is a wonder when it comes to swinging it with song. And she's destined to become our best torch singer. Just lately she carried a mean torch for *Everybody Sing*

CHILD



WONDERS

You, who have tears, prepare to shed them soon. Your Freddie, one of the best emotion rouser-uppers, will have you misty-eyed in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. Child wonder? Righto

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW



LOVE A LA RITZ

THE RITZ BROTHERS—JIMMY, HARRY AND AL—MAY GAG
THEIR WAY THROUGH LIFE, BUT TAKE MARRIAGE STRAIGHT

THE Ritz Brothers aren't ALWAYS funny!—two of them are married . . . !! And to make it even more serious, the leftover one's earnestly contemplating getting that way, too.

And to the Messrs. Ritz, the state of matrimony is practically the one thing in life that is definitely NOT hilarious. They take it seriously, and if you just can't believe that the Ritzes take ANYthing in this world seriously, then you'd better ask Mrs. Ritz, Mrs. Ritz and Miss Hilliard about that.

They'll tell you in chorus, those three, that while Hubby Ritz and Hubby Ritz and Boy-friend Ritz may and do clown anything from menjou to grand opera, they just "ain't foolin'" when it comes to their private love-lives.

They don't "gag" about it. They love their respective wives and sweetheart, and even in Hollywood, they refuse to believe that's funny. Maybe it's because they're in Hollywood, rather than in spite of it. Or maybe it's because, underneath all their 1938-style comickin', the Ritz trio are really old-fashioned enough to still take marriage straight, without a Hollywood hossa-lough for a chaser.

And maybe it seems just as odd to you, dear reader, that I'm starting this story about the funniest three guys in Hollywood in such a serious vein as matrimony. Maybe, even, you think there's a catch in it . . . ?

Well—there IS !! Because, even though they don't realize it, it's this very utter seriousness about their love-lives that

is one of the *funniest* things about the Ritz brothers. On account of they just can't agree on what to do about their wives:

1. Al, eldest of the Ritz brothers, insists that his wife, Annette, stay home and keep house and cook and just be Missus Al.

2. Harry, the other married one, insists just as vehemently that his wife, Charlotte, ought to go out and carve an acting career of her own, and that this business of being just a wife is the bunk.

3. And poor Jimmy, the one that isn't married yet, is "in the middle" and he doesn't think it's lucky. He can't figure out whether Al is right, or Harry. He leans rather toward Al's philosophy of how to treat your woman. But because Ruth Hilliard can't make up her mind whether she wants to be a wife or an actress, he isn't marrying her yet. If she decides to be just his wife he'll marry her.

But he's kind of worried about it—because after he does, it may turn out that Harry's idea was the right one, and then where'll he be . . . ?

And, as I said right at the outset, what makes the situation really poignant—regardless of whether you think it's serious or comic, it IS poignant!—is that to the Ritzes, it isn't a gag. They really work at what they say.

TAKE Harry, for instance. So positive is he that his wife's theatrical career means his happiness, that he takes

[Continued on page 68]

B y D A N C A M P

The irrepressible Ritzes eat up the candles from Sophie Tucker's birthday cake



Nourishes as well as Cleanses

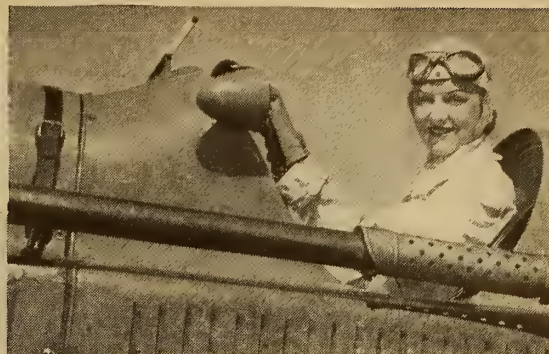


"IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE such a grand nourishing cream and cleansing cream in one. Pond's new Cold Cream does so much more for my skin."

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER... Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

JOAN BELMONT, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey



"SMOOTHS OUT TIRED LINES... Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' Cold Cream gives my skin a livelier, more glowing look—smooths out tired lines."

THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE



"SKIN YOUNGER... The new Pond's Cold Cream with 'skin-vitamin' has made my skin smoother and younger, the colour fresher—within just a few weeks."

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

THE first announcement of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream brought almost immediate response. Hundreds of women tried the new cream.

And steadily your demand has increased for this new cream that brings to women such important new aid to skin beauty.

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Use this new cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Soon you, too, will be agreeing that the use of the new "skin-vitamin" cream does bring to your skin something active and essential to its health—gives it a livelier, more glowing look!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CS, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name

Street

City State

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MAY MOTION PICTURE

BEAUTY SCENTS

By
DENISE CAINE

GOOD SCENTS SHOW
GOOD SENSE. BEAU-
TIFUL JUNE LANG AD-
VISES HOW TO USE
AND CHOOSE THEM



Beauty appeals to the sense of smell as well as to the eye. So June Lang adds a touch of scent to her eyelids and is doubly appealing

BARE-FOOTED girls, as the poetic romanticists would have it, scamper laughingly across the village common to bathe their faces in the magical dew of May Day dawn . . . twine May Flowers into fragrant garlands for their hair . . . and dance round a flower-decked pole for the joy of the spring.

Yet modern girls may dance with joy, too, for no longer need they get up before the dawn, and bathe with dew to obtain a clear complexion. No longer must they wait for the returning spring for flowers to make them sweet. The modern girl may be sweet and lovely all the time. To her, spring merely offers an opportunity to don a new face, to slough off winter's dry and roughened skin, to change from a heavy scent to a light floral perfume that is in keeping with spring's own freshness.

The other day I sat [Continued on page 56]

The Star Who Isn't a Star

[Continued from page 48]

career is an accident. It began as a result of a whimsical desire to be somewhat different from her classmates in high-school, who were all matriculating at a conservative college.

One independent soul revealed that *she* was going to attend the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. Now *that*, thought Claire, would be fun! There were no parental objections to the idea, and so very promptly, Claire found herself studying diction, posture, pantomime and memorizing lines. An actress in embryo!

CLAIRE was born on a gusty, windy March day in Bensonhurst, Long Island. When she was two the family moved to New York City, where Claire attended public school. She displayed no idiosyncrasies, no traits of temperament which might have forewarned her father and mother that some day they would have an actress on their hands.

Later on, when the family moved again—now to Larchmont, a New York suburban town in Westchester County, Claire's distinction still continued to be that of the best-looking youngster in her classes at Mamaroneck High School. As a matter of fact, she seemed destined for early marriage and happy wifehood, judging by the droves of college boys who lined up on the right, trying to date her for proms, hops, and just plain dances.

Her most pleasant memory of this period is being selected queen of the winter carnival at Colgate (yes, she knew some Colgate boys)—a memory which any woman might find sufficient to high-light the rest of her days.

Claire took to acting like a duck to water. Her days assumed a thrilling and fascinating complexion. But things didn't move fast enough for her in the routine of school. So she decided to quit classes and get actual experience with a real stock company.

She met her Waterloo in the office of the second casting director she interviewed. She went into detail about the part she had played in *The Ivory Door*. Glibly named the cast, the roles they played, and even commented on their performances. The baffled director looked at her:

"You know," he mused, "I must be the victim of amnesia. I don't seem to remember you at all, and I handled the play myself." His eyes twinkled with mirth, and a bit of admiration for the magnificent performance she was putting on for his special benefit.

"On second thought," Claire replied, "it could be my mistake."

RIGHT then and there Claire decided that she wasn't skillful enough in the fine art of story-telling to make it part of her equipment in job-hunting.

Eventually, she did find a spot in Robert Henderson's Repertory Players in Ann Arbor, Michigan. She made her first professional appearance as one of the Greek chorus in *Antigone*.

Her next season of stock was with the Hampton Players in Southampton and other fashionable Long Island resorts.

It was in one of the Hampton productions that Alexander McKaig, a New York producer, saw Claire, and decided that here was talent going to waste. He gave her the lead with Ernest Truex in the Broadway production of *Whistling in the Dark*. The show ran a year in New York and a second year

[Continued on page 55]



MATILDA: There! That's why the bride's having plenty of grief, Susan—look what's in her box of groceries!

SUSAN: Never mind, Matilda, pick up your skirts and run! I don't think that dog likes old ladies.



MATILDA: But, Susan, you know it's that weak-kneed soap the bride buys that leaves dirt sticking in her clothes. She'll never get rid of tattle-tale gray—if we don't show her the right kind of soap to use.



SUSAN: But the dog! . . .

MATILDA: Don't be a 'fraidy-cat—I'll take care of the dog. You take that lazy soap out of the bride's groceries and put in our bar of Fels-Naptha Soap.



SUSAN: Nice doggie! We're only trying to be helpful. We're only trying to show the bride how to get whiter washes.

MATILDA: Yes, doggie. Fels-Naptha's richer golden soap and lots of naptha get clothes so clean, tattle-tale gray simply has to scamper.



FEW WEEKS LATER

I've discovered it was you who put Fels-Naptha Soap in my groceries. I hope this little canary makes your lives as bright — as your Fels-Naptha has made my clothes!

The bride next door

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P I C T U R E P A R A D E

A YANK AT OXFORD —AAA^{1/2}—



Now the men will have to admit that Robert Taylor really has something. For having won the hearts of millions of American women, Taylor now shows the other half that it wasn't his beauty alone that got the gals but something more than that. Something the men will discover and appreciate when viewing *A Yank At Oxford*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's English-produced film. And you want to see *A Yank At Oxford* for it is entertainment plus—the comedy and pathos is well balanced and the tale has wide appeal for boys and girls, men and women, Americans and Britons. John Monk Saunders is the originator of this story idea dealing with a young American athlete—Robert Taylor—who wins a scholarship for Oxford and the opposition he has to overcome from his English classmates. Opposition aroused through misunderstanding—misunderstanding his sincere confidence in his prowess for bragging. Taylor does a swell job and so do Lionel Barrymore as his dad, Maureen O'Sullivan as his romance and a young Englishman, Griffith Jones.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

ROMANCE IN THE DARK —AAA—



Perhaps you like to be kept in the dark about the films you intend to see but as it is our job—and we need it—we are going to tell you about *Romance In The Dark*, whether you like it or not. And that goes for both our review and the picture. *Romance In The Dark* is a musical comedy with Gladys Swarthout, John Boles, John Barrymore and Claire Dodd. It is tuneless, handsomely produced and handsomely promoted. Do you remember all that publicity about Gladys Swarthout being the victim of a tomato-throwing episode? Fortunately, this dash of Sennett has been cut down to a minimum or it might have been the millenium. The locale is Budapest where we find John Boles, a famous singer, and John Barrymore his impresario and woman-snatcher. And Miss Swarthout, an ambitious vocalist, is the victim of a plan Boles conjures to trick Barrymore into falling for her, so that he can woo Claire Dodd without interference. Of course, he falls in love with Miss Swarthout himself, which leaves poor John Barrymore out in the cold. Excepting for Barrymore everyone finds happiness and you will, too, when you see this.—Paramount.

The Star Who Isn't a Star

[Continued from page 53]

on the road. The tour ended in Los Angeles, and Claire took time out for a rest. Half a dozen studios clamored for her. But the farsighted girl believed that another year on the stage would do her a lot of good. But after her next play she capitulated.

CLAIRE arrived in Hollywood, under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, on May 5, 1933.

"By then," she explains today, "I felt I had enough experience to be equal to the screen. In the theatre we learn slowly and I believe it wise to learn slowly in Hollywood, too. Or at least to learn as much as possible through playing a variety of roles. Since coming to Hollywood I've played every type of role; every kind of woman. I believe I am now ready for other things.

"Next year, I hope," she continues, "some really good roles in important productions, will come my way. Naturally, I would prefer to make three or four pictures a year which are important, rather than twice that number of run-of-the-mill variety. I'd really like to ease up in my working schedule. The next few months will see me free, financially. I have been saving my money, so that in a very little while now I'll be in a position to indulge some of my ambitions.

"One of them is to travel. To see far places; to visit the strange towns and countries whose very names have always fascinated me. I'd like to have months of uninterrupted reading. And time to fall in love.

"Oh, yes"—and she was very earnest as she talked—"it takes time to fall in love. It takes time for marriage. Not that I have insulated my heart because I happen to be working hard. I've had my share of romances and two cases of love—but an actress can't serve two masters. No woman can. You either cheat your career or your husband.

"And because I do want the one thing I've always dreamed about—a home, a husband and children—I hope the time will come soon when my career is so organized as to give me some leisure. It's a bit hard on the heart to let your head rule it. But it works out in the long run. If you're in love in such a way that you can talk yourself out of it, then you really are not in love. I think"—and she grinned like a small boy caught in the cookie jar—"I'm the kind of a girl who elopes in the dead of night because she's afraid she'll change her mind if she waits."

CLAIRE TREVOR has no physical specifications for the man she will marry. His looks aren't important, nor his height. But he must be young so that they might grow old together. He must, most definitely, have a stronger personality than hers so that he'll boss her and make her like it. He must be a success in whatever he is doing even though the financial returns of his efforts are not extraordinary.

Claire has a vibrant voice and talks easily. Her brown eyes glint with humor; her smile is wide and relaxed. Her face has a pixie quality and her features are flexible to emotion. There is a suspicion of red in her blonde hair. She is slim and she has plenty of poise. Her hands are long and patrician; her tiny wrists and delicate ankles speak of generations of gentility.

She is a girl of definite views and concise mind. Things—and people—must have a purpose. And so her favorite reading is

[Continued on page 63]

Is this Your Lucky Day?



You'll say "YES" when you find your lucky color among my 10 thrilling new face powder shades! See it bring you new radiance—breathe new life into your skin!

Wouldn't you say this was *Your Lucky Day* if you found a way to win extra compliments—extra attention—extra admiration? A way that can bring out the sparkle in your hair—the dancing light in your eyes?

The prize I'm talking about is the one flattering shade of face powder that can create a new "you"... your one and only "lucky" color. For you know as well as I do that the *wrong* powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

Perhaps you're saying—"This doesn't concern me. My powder color seems all right." But are you sure? Are you certain you have found the face powder color that is 100% right for you—the one that is so true that it blends into your skin—so natural that it seems as if the color comes from within? The day you find that color will indeed be a lucky day for you. That's why I'm so anxious to have you try all 10 of my face powder colors. Because I am

sure that your special color is among them.

My gift to you

I've helped many others, and I'll gladly help you, too. If you'll send me your name and address, I'll mail you all ten of the glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder *free and postpaid*.

When my gift arrives—try on every shade. Try each one carefully. Then STOP at the one and only color which whispers, "I am yours, see what I do for you. Look how I make your eyes shine. And how dreamy soft and radiant I leave your skin!" See how the color seems so natural, so lifelike, so much a part of you.

Have you a lucky penny?

Here's how a penny postcard will bring you luck. It will bring you FREE and postpaid all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, and a generous tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Mail the coupon today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(42)

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HAND LACED

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Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands are developing. These gland changes often upset your system. At the same time, waste poisons from the intestinal tract may collect in the blood stream... bubble out on your skin in defiling pimples.

You want to rid your blood of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have succeeded—just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, 3 cakes a day. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake help you keep these poisons out of your blood, give you clearer, smoother skin.

Many get splendid results in 30 days or less. Don't waste time and run the risk of permanently damaged skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Beauty Scents

[Continued from page 52]

with June Lang, currently appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's *International Settlement*, at her dressing-table, and watched her apply her perfume. She was fresh from a warm tub scented with a floral type of bath crystals, she had rubbed herself with cotton saturated with a toilet water of the same fragrance as her favorite essence, and had even sprayed some of it on her underthings—so that the warmth of her body, the movement of her clothes as she walked, would release a bit of perfume, and surround her with a faint aroma. Now that she was dressed, she was ready to apply the finishing touch—the perfume itself.

"I always touch the tips of my ears, my eyelids, and the nape of my neck with a drop of my favorite scent," June told me. "In the evening when I'm going dancing, I perfume the top of my head, and the hairline—for the special benefit of my dancing partners. It's a good idea, too, to touch the palms of the hands with the stopper of the perfume bottle—so that a pretty gesture will leave a lovely odor in the air."

June confessed to me that she used per-

about you. And you will walk in loveliness as you go.

June thinks that choosing a perfume is a pretty individual and weighty matter. She doesn't think that you should buy a perfume just because you like its description, its name, or the pretty bottle it comes in. Neither should you buy a fragrance just because your best friend or bitterest rival wears it. You should shop for perfume just as you do for clothes, trying each one on as you go. Don't try to sniff a perfume from its bottle—that's no way at all of telling how it will smell when you wear it. Instead, dab a bit of perfume on the back of your hand, let it dry, and then smell it to see how you like it. If you don't care for it, put another on the other hand, and sniff it. (Be sure you know which hand is which.) Don't try on too many odors at one time—your nose will get confused and refuse to tell you which one it *does* like. Try a few, then come back another time. One fine day, you'll find a perfume you just can't live without. And that's yours.

A short while ago, I discovered a scent



fume in every way possible—on her clothes, her furs, in her bath, on her skin. There were so many conflicting opinions about the use of perfume, she went on, that it was practically impossible to know which way to turn. *This* person advises you to use perfume only on your skin

—claiming that the dye in clothes will affect the chemicals in perfume and so change the scent. *That* person tells you to apply scent only on your clothes, because the excretions of the skin will have an unfortunate chemical reaction when they come in contact with the perfume oils. June plays safe by using it everywhere, playing safe and having a lot of fun at the same time.

If you want a scent to remain with you throughout the day, or the evening, try soaking a tiny piece of cotton with the toilet water of your best loved fragrance, and tuck it into your brassiere, or pin it to your slip.

As your body warms your clothes, as you move about during the day, some faint bit of this aroma will be released and will float

This swank crystal bottle holds flowery, spring-like essence. Rub down after bath with cotton saturated in cologne for a pick-up. New flower-colored tissues add color to your vanity.

that I'm thinking many of you will want to adopt for your own. It has just come off the boat from its Paris home—and that's a very *swell* perfumer's salon, indeed. Like all things French, this ultra-precious fragrance has that certain something that makes lovely women

seem even lovelier, and smart ones very chic. Its haunting floral bouquet is just right for any season, any occasion. Add to these attractions of the perfume, itself, the swank bottle of cut crystal, glinting and reflecting the light—a bottle that will add to any dressing table—and, my friends, you have a *perfume*! You can buy it in \$3 and \$5.50 bottles, and I know you'll want to write me for the name—a name incidentally, that breathes of romance as much as the scent itself.

If you'd like to try June's trick of rubbing cologne or toilet water on with a bit of cotton after your shower or tub, then you'll be glad to know about a spring-like scent from another famous French house. The exquisite cologne is now put out in beautifully

modern, slip-proof bottles with vertical ribs—just the right sizes and shapes to make handling easy as pie. The lavender and green label, and the green screw-type cap which covers the sprinkler top of the bottle carry out the light and lovely floral bouquet of the cologne. A two-ounce bottle costs 50 cents, four ounces, 90 cents, and eight ounces, \$1.50. And even the tiniest bottle will give you a great many days of spring-time fragrance. In the same scent, and harmonizing packages, for you who like one odor in all your luxuries, you can obtain perfume, effervescent bath tablets, bath salts, dusting and talcum powders, and sachet. Do write me for the name so you can be as sweet as flowers after an April rain.

HERE'S something to take the place of that excursion into the dawn of a May morn in search of dew and a beautiful skin. It's a grand product made of specially refined powdered oatmeal, that you can use at any time, in your own bathroom. You mix the delicately scented powder with water (right in the palm of your hand) then transfer it to your face, using it as a cleanser, skin softener and soother. The meal is neutral in action—it cannot dry or irritate the skin.

As a preventive for blackheads, try this procedure: mix the powder with an astringent, or with the lather of a fine toilet soap, and massage the skin thoroughly with this mixture. Then rinse with water to which a tablespoonful of the powder has been added, and allow this thin, invisible film to remain on over night. Used correctly, this oatmeal facial and cleanser will help you to have a smooth, clear, white skin that rivals the flowers in its freshness. It comes in attractive containers in 10 and 50-cent and \$1 sizes. The ten-cent size, recently re-designed, is most spring-like—pale blue and white and flower be-sprinkled.

Do you find it difficult to keep a May-time face when the weather gets warm, and the hours spent shopping or at the type-writer seem longer? I do, and that's just why I'm so enthusiastic about some cleansing pads which popped up on my desk the other day. They're saturated with a clear green liquid which a lot of you have been using for some time now as a pore-deep cleanser. A sizeable supply comes packed in an attractive black jar with jade-green cover. The pads are always moist because—and here's a trick—a tiny "moat" of the green liquid runs around the bottom of the jar, and keeps all the pads damp.

As a team-mate for this humid jar you should have the neat green and white compact which fits nicely in your purse, ready to be whipped out for a quick cleaning. The flat round carrier holds a supply for several days, and can easily be refilled from the reservoir. Humidor, \$1, compact, 25 cents. Want the name?

Aren't the spring clothes luscious? Don't you adore the soft pinks, the navy blues, the horizon blue? Then surely you'll want to give your fingertips a break and dress them up in the new spring shades of nail polish which harmonize so well with your wardrobe. Occupying a prominent place on my desk at this very moment are four bottles of a well known polish—all in the loveliest of tropical shades. When you see them, you'll want all four of the luscious colors. The first is a muted lavender-rose which will flatter all shades of skin, harmonize with the new spring dresses. Second in line stands a somewhat darker shade of brown-lavender, one which will look well on blondes, fit in with bright shades and bril-

[Continued on page 59]

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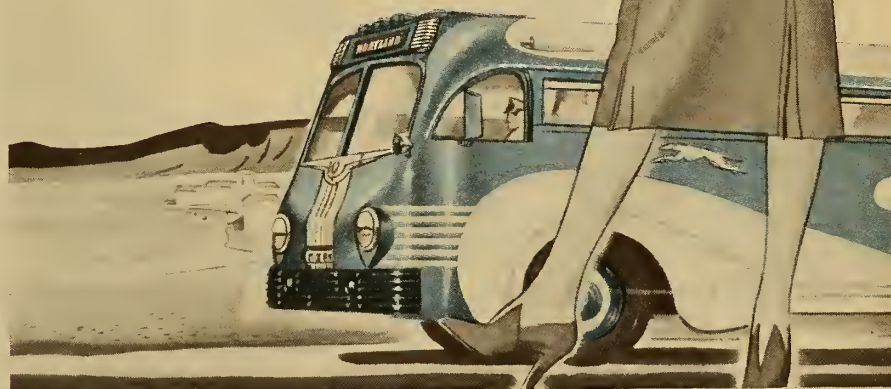
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YOUR WITNESS

on the STAND



WITH WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. Are Alice Faye's teeth false; is she a natural or dyed blonde, and how old is she?

A. Her teeth are not false (the idea!); she is a natural blonde, and she was born in 1915.

Q. Please list the western stars whose pictures make the most money?

A. In order of their money-making importance, they are: Gene Autry, Bill Boyd, Buck Jones, Dick Foran, George O'Brien, Tex Ritter, Bob Steele, the Three Mesquiteers, Charles Starrett and Ken Maynard.

Q. How much do the lenses on motion picture cameras cost?

A. They cost a little over \$100, and are generally either of British or German make.

Q. Who designed the costumes for the following pictures: *Saratoga*, *Hands Across the Table*, *Garden of Allah*, *Marked Woman*, and *Cafe Metropole*? Do the same designers always make the costumes for the same stars?

A. Following the order of your question, the designers were Adrian, Travis Banton, Ernest Dryden, Orry-Kelly and Howard Shoup, and Royer. The same designers always supervise the designs for the stars' gowns, if sometimes they do not attend to them personally.

Q. Was it Alice Brady's real voice we heard in *Mr. Dodd Takes the Air*?

A. Yes. But it was dubbed in.

Q. What year did the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences first give awards for the best performance by an actor and actress during the year? Please let me have the names of the winners from the first year it was given up to 1935.

A. The first awards were given in 1928 to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings. In 1929, the winners were Mary Pickford and Warner Baxter; in 1930, Norma Shearer and George Arliss; in 1931, Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore; in 1932, Helen Hayes and Fredric March; in 1933, Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton; in 1934, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, and in 1935 Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen.

Q. What is Brian Donlevy's real name, where was he born and when?

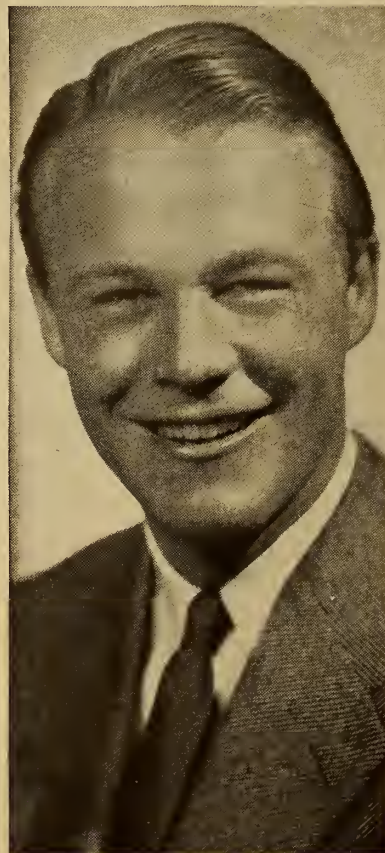
A. That is his real name, and he was born in Ireland.

Q. Has Rosina Lawrence ever been on the stage, and was she really paralyzed when she was a child?

A. She has been on the stage in the ballet, and there is no record of her having ever been paralyzed. She was a mere child when she began dancing.

Q. Where was Johnnie Davis born, to whom is he married, and when is he coming back to New York?

A. Mr. Davis was



The KID himself—answers to the name of Bertram deWayne Morris. He was born in Los Angeles in 1914

born in Brazil, Indiana; is married to Martha Lee Carver, and inasmuch as he is under contract to Warners, he doesn't know when he is going back to New York.

Q. What was the first set ever built in California?

A. It was built by Selig for a one reel production of *Carmen*. The date was 1908. In those days, it was a miraculous achievement. Today, it would be regarded as a flimsy, impractical, drafty joke in lumber and canvas.

Q. What is Wayne Morris' real name, and when and where was he born?

A. His real name is Bertram deWayne Morris. He was born in Los Angeles in 1914.

Beauty Scents

[Continued from page 57]

liant prints. For grey, beige, pastels, and all shades of blue you'll want to choose the deep, almost plum shade, and to wear with your summer tan, and bright yellow, green, brown, beige and black as well as your sports clothes, select the bright red-brown.

These new shades come in a new and heavier type of polish that goes on easily and evenly, will not run down to the sides of the nails, or streak. It dries quickly, and sets in a satin smooth, professional-looking finish. Best of all, the colors are fast—they just can't fade when exposed to sun or water. All this goodness sells for the ridiculously low price of 25 cents a bottle, so do send for the name.

To give your dressing-table just that extra fillip for spring, set a gay box of pastel-colored tissues on it. The green and silver box has a cellophane window through which you can glimpse the four layers of pink, white, lavender and green softies. They're invaluable, as you know, for wiping off make-up, or to carry with you when you're troubled with rose fever or spring colds. The particular tissues I'm thinking of are oversize—which means that each and every one is about an inch larger, each way. They'll do their bit, too, toward keeping powder away from the front of your frock when you're making up. Each box holds 100 of each of the four colors, and you can buy three of these boxes of 400 (that's 1,200 tissues, according to my brand of mathematics) for only a dollar. I'll be delighted to send you the name.

Will you be the Queen of the May? Or hasn't your face recovered from winter yet? Would you like a new hair-style, suggestions for the correct shades of make-up, tips on spring shades of nail polish? If so, write Denise Caine and tell her about your special beauty problems. She'll be glad to advise you. Don't forget to enclose a stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) envelope with address when you write to her in care of MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Your choice is *right* with BEECH-NUT GUM

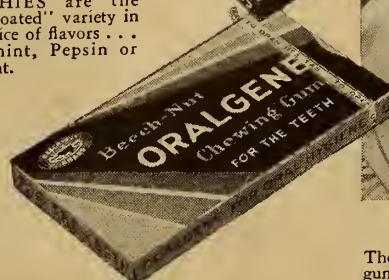
for flavor and refreshment



WHEN WORK PILES UP

...the use of chewing gum helps lessen fatigue, improve alertness and mental efficiency.

BEECHIES are the "candy-coated" variety in your choice of flavors... Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint.



Always worth stopping for



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America.

Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.



"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"...helps keep teeth clean and fresh looking.

SECRET of soft smooth skin



★YOU too, like the Hollywood stars, can learn the secret of soft skin. Dry skin results from a lack of natural oils. Scientists have discovered very similar oils in pure dairy milk. Now Duart extracts these vital milk-oils and blends them in a soothing new beauty creme. Simply use this creme one morning and evening. Then feel your skin. Like thousands of others you will be amazed at the results. At Drug, Department and 10c stores and Beauty Shops.

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**DUART
CREME OF MILK
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BLANCA VISCHER appearing in Paramount Pictures

Sensational FREE Offer

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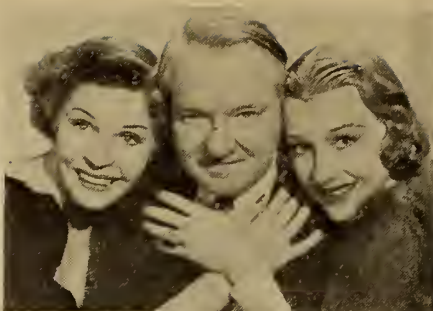
It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the famous FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipsticks FREE... each in a different fascinating shade, so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA Mascara Cream, with brush. It's Guaranteed Waterproof and Smear-proof; perfectly Harmless! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. For beauty's sake, send coupon TODAY!

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DEPT. BR, 116 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y. C.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and
REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c
(Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost. (15c in Canada)

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ADDRESS _____
CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED
☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10c AND 20c
AT LEADING
5 & 10c STORES



Martha Raye, W. C. (Bill) Fields and Shirley Ross come in neck and neck in Paramount's *The Big Broadcast* of '38

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer—AAA½—While this is a story about children and for children it will win the hearts of the adult audiences as well as those of the younger element. It has all the charm and flavor of Mark Twain's classic and young Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis bring life to the lovable characters of Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher. The casting is a stroke of genius and the Technicolor treatment a treat.—*Selsnick-United Artists.*

A Slight Case of Murder—AAA—Although this is another racketeering picture with Edward G. Robinson in another gangster role you will find it new and different. For this is given to you for laughs. And although the material is gruesome at times you will find yourself holding your sides. Maybe we can explain this by telling you that the play is by Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay. Supporting Robinson are Jane Bryan, Allen Jenkins, Ruth Donnelly, John Litel, et al. It's full of surprises.—*Warner Bros.*

To the Victor—AAA—Here is a beautiful but simple story of sheep men and sheep dogs. It is an English production with a Scotch background and delicious Scotch dialect. Dog lovers will find this irresistible and even the unsympathetic will react to its charm. Interest is sustained throughout. John Loder and Margaret Lockwood supply the romance and Will Fyfe turns in one of the grandest bits of characterization.—*Gaumont-British.*

Penitentiary—AAA—As you can gather from the title this is a prison story. And while it is grim it has a forceful human interest quality. Walter Connolly, John Howard, Robert Barrat and Jean Parker are the principal characters. If you are looking for emotional excitement this has it.—*Columbia.*

Love, Honor and Behave—AAA—Warner Bros.—the shrewd Warner Bros., we should say—cash in on the Priscilla Lane-Wayne Morris romance and present them as the stars in an enjoyable domestic comedy. Warners have them married in reel life and we wonder whether this may be eventually true in their real life. There's also John Litel, Thomas Mitchell, Dick Foran and Barbara O'Neill, among others. You'll find this very pleasant and entertaining.—*Warner Bros.*

You're Only Young Once—AAA—M-G-M's first of a series of American Family pictures groomed to appeal to America's families. It is full of human interest and if the others follow through in the

Preview TEST PILOT!

MOVIE STORY Magazine makes it possible for you to enjoy this thrilling picture—starring Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy—weeks before it comes to your local theatre.

A preview in the form of a vividly real, full-length story version of the film, generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself, is presented in the May issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine.

And *Test Pilot* is just one of the many hit pictures on MOVIE STORY's big program for May. *Fools for Scandal*, starring Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet—is another sample of what awaits you in the newest issue of MOVIE STORY.

MOVIE STORY costs only ten cents. It's the only magazine on the market that offers a complete all-hit preview program at this price. No wonder over a quarter of a million enthusiastic fans buy MOVIE STORY every month.

Better hurry to your nearest newsstand and get your May MOVIE STORY now.

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT;

AA—FAIR;

AAA—GOOD

A—MEDIocre

same style the Hardy family is going to be seen on the screen often. Lewis Stone as Judge Hardy scores as do Mickey Rooney and Cecilia Parker as the young Hardies. Fay Holden mothers this typical family.—*M-G-M.*

The Big Broadcast of 1938—AAA—Paramount's annual extravaganza with the usual ingredients—music, dancing, comedy, romance and specialty acts. It appeals to the eye if not entirely to the ear and it has an impressive parade of stars: W. C. Fields, Martha Raye, Dorothy Lamour, Shirley Ross, Lynn Overman, Ben Blue, Lief Erikson, Kirsten Flagstad, Tito Guizar and Shep Fields and his orchestra.—*Paramount.*

The Baroness and the Butler—AA½—A Continental play serves as a vehicle for introducing Annabella, the Continental star, to American audiences in an American-made film. William Powell co-stars in this political satire which has few amusing moments. Its main attraction is its cast which also includes Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut.—*20th Century-Fox.*

She Married an Artist—AA½—A romantic comedy with John Boles and Luli Deste, a foreign find. It has its amusing lines and sequences but lacks sophistication. The mounting is handsome. Other members of the cast are Frances Drake, Helen Westley and Alexander D'Arcy.—*Columbia.*

Dare Devil Drivers—AA½—The drivers referred to in the title are auto-racing drivers which should suggest thrills to you. It's packed with action and the racing scenes are thrilling. There's romance, too, for Dick Purcell and Beverly Roberts and Gloria Blondell and Charles Foy. The latter furnishes many laughs.—*Warner Bros.*

Scandal Street—AA½—As you can gather this tells the story of small town life and its most unattractive citizens—the grapevine gossipers. Notwithstanding, it's sound and interesting and the atmosphere and characterizations have homey appeal. The cast comprises of Lew Ayres, Louise Campbell, Virginia Weidler, Roscoe Karns, Porter Hall and others too numerous to mention.—*Paramount.*

Outside of Paradise—AA½—The attractive feature of this musical is Phil Regan whose charm and delightful performance highlights this opus of rags, romance and music. Penny Singleton injects romance when she is named co-heir with Regan of a Castle in Ireland. Our aggressive American, Phil Regan, later turns this into a hot-dog stand to pay the taxes.—*Republic.*

The Beloved Brat—AA½—Unusual and interesting is the theme of this problem play which will find wide appeal for parents. Bonita Granville, the prob-



Tom Sawyer (Tommy Kelly) and Huck (Jackie Moran) from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. A Technicolor production

lem child, turns in a grand performance and Donald Crisp scores as the father. In support are Dolores Costello, Natalie Moorehead and Lucille Gleason. —Warner Bros.

Wide Open Faces—AA½—Has all the ingredients expected in a Joe E. Brown pic—meaning good clean fun and plenty of comic action. In this, Joe E. is a soda-jerker by profession but a G-man by accident. Assisting are Jane Wyman, Alison Skipworth, Lyda Roberti, et al. You'll like it—especially if you like Joe E. Brown.—Columbia.

The Invisible Menace—AA½—If you like the chill and thrill of murder mysteries you'll get what you're looking for here. Good production plus a good cast holds the audience spellbound. In the cast are Boris Karloff, Marie Wilson, Regis Toomey and Cy Kendall. It's full of surprises.—Warner Bros.

Quick Money—AA½—A small town story that affords many laughs and two screamingly funny sequences. With Fred Stone, Berton Churchill, Gordon Jones and Paul Guilfoyle. Particularly recommended for those who don't like too much smart talk.—RKO-Radio.

The Patient in Room 18—AA½—A hospital makes a novel background for a murder mystery which is full of surprising situations and suspenseful moments. This will keep you on the edge of your seat until Patient in Room 18 discovers the perpetrators of the crime. Patric Knowles and Ann Sheridan score in the leading roles.—Warner Bros.

Cassidy of Bar 20—AA—Slightly below par is the quality of this recent release in the *Cassidy* series. William Boyd and his buddy, Russell Hayden, ride the wide open spaces again. And there's the usual cattle rustling and romance. There's also Frank Darien, Nora Lane and Margaret Marquis.—Paramount.

Telephone Operator—AA—Judith Allen, Grant Withers, Alice White and Warren Hymer display heroics as telephone operators and linemen in a drama of love and danger. A flood sequence at the end adds a dramatic climax.—Monogram.

DON'T MISS

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*—There isn't much left for us to say about Walt Disney's masterpiece except to add our agreement that it is the greatest motion picture ever made... *In Old Chicago*—Blends plenty of romance, conflict and intrigue, but it's the fire which makes the picture such a spectacular, outstanding achievement. With Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Brady... *The Buccaneer*—Jean Lafitte is the subject of this colorful epic of American history. Lusty and bloody, *The Buccaneer* depicts his adventures. Fredric March, Akim Tamiroff, Francisca Gaal and Margot Grahame... *Happy Landings*—Fox certainly have something here—thrilling ice scenes, excellent comedy, delightful tunes and romance—and SONJA HENIE. There's also Don Ameche and Cesar Romero. This will be a happy landing for you, too... *Gold Is Where You Find It*—A big, spectacular picture that is rich in beauty. Invested with Technicolor this epic of the California gold feud of the seventies makes this one of the things you can't afford to miss. And there's Olivia de Havilland, George Brent and Claude Rains.

FRESHNESS!

..that's what the world wants
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Her Freshness Wins

A favorite of the London stage, Ida Lupino's freshness caught the eye of a Paramount talent scout. She was whisked to Hollywood and stardom in "The Gay Desperado," "Anything Goes," "Artists and Models," "One Rainy Afternoon," "Fight for Your Lady." And the freshness of this young star wins fresh applause!

THE fear of going stale keeps half of Hollywood awake nights. For the brightest star becomes a falling star...once freshness fades.

That's equally true of cigarettes. Staleness often makes a "has been" of a cigarette that ought to be in the prime of stardom. Staleness can transform the mildest cigarette into a harsh irritant and rob it of all flavor.

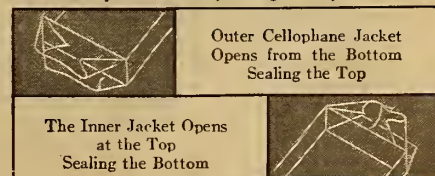
That's why we run no risks with our delightful young star... Old Gold. Every pack of Old Golds carries its own freshness right with it... doubly sealed-in by 2 jackets of stale-proof Cellophane.

At the peak of freshness, wherever and whenever you smoke it, every Old Gold gives a perfect performance in the role of America's most appealing cigarette. The price of one pack admits you to this year's biggest smoking hit... "Old Gold Freshies of '38".

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast



Here's why the O.G. package keeps 'em fresh



Outer Cellophane Jacket
Opens from the Bottom
Sealing the Top

The Inner Jacket Opens
at the Top
Sealing the Bottom

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Now Feels Fine...!

All Weak, Run-down, Skinny Men and Women Should Read This Actual Letter From Our Files.



Posed by professional model

"Gentlemen: I am writing you this letter to tell you of the wonderful results I obtained using your Kelpamalt tablets. I am eighteen years old, 5' 4" tall, and my weight before taking Kelpamalt was 96 pounds. I never had any appetite to eat and therefore used to have bad gas attacks. My mother bought everything on the market she thought would help my condition, but they were useless. One day I glanced at your Kelpamalt advertisement in the paper and thought I'd certainly give it a try. I took one hundred tablets, and it certainly helped me a lot. I not only got rid of my gas, but I gained 9 more pounds. I am very thankful to the Kelpamalt Company for making this possible."—Miss C. J., N. Y. C.

MAL-NOURISHMENT FREQUENTLY A CAUSE

Very frequently these dangerous rundown conditions are caused by mal-nourishment—actually a lack of minerals and vitamins in the system. Kelpamalt made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant is rich in iron, iodine and contributes to the supply of other essential minerals. These precious elements are vitally important to the health and proper functioning of the blood, liver and glands. They help you to get the good out of your food.

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Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See, if like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better and add at least 5 husky, dattering new pounds the first week. If you don't, the trial is free. Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Kelpamalt today. Costs but little at all good drug stores.

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Send for Free fascinating, instructive 50-page booklet on How To Build Strength and Add Weight. Information on Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins and their effects on the human body. Weight and measurement charts. Daily menus. No obligation! Kelpamalt Company, Dept. 1424, Long Island City, N. Y.

New!...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO FOR BLONDES

You Keep the Brilliance, Lustre and Loveliness this Shampoo Gives Blonde Hair For a **WHOLE WEEK!**



Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies. New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—at all stores.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 12]



—Wide World

So we come to the Jimmy Dunns (Frances Gifford) who, after an aerial honeymoon, have settled down in a love-nest for two



When Sonja Henie was in Miami with her ice ballet (way down in the frozen South) she went nautical—an old Miami custom

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Mary Maguire and Howard Hughes Among the town's consistent Two's.



FLAAAAAAAAAASH!!!—it's all rosy and sweet again between Freddy Bartholomew and Janie Withers. He's dating her. Takes her moonlight riding on the Westwood bridle paths—not "bridal" at their age, EVEN in Hollywood! Sends her boxes of pink camellias, too...

The story begins 'way back when they premiered *Lloyds of London* at the Carthay Circle. It was all set for Freddie to escort Janie—the publicity department at Fox thought it up. But Freddie up-nosed the idea, invited Shirley Temple to go with him instead. In turn, Shirley up-nosed Freddie—and that resulted in all three going alone to the premiere. Alone, that is, with their respective guardians.

Ever since then, Janie has been burned up at Freddie. But Freddie made his amends, the other day, at lunchtime in the 20th-Fox cafe. He smiled at Janie and even at his age, that smile is irresistible to more women than Janie. Janie was no exception, she forgave him, said "yes" when he suggested the moonlight ride. And poor Shirley goes riding alone, 'round and 'round the bridle-path in her back yard.

[Continued on page 89]



—Wide World

Are You Headed For Hollywood?

[Continued from page 18]

a Hollywood memory that will linger long.

Back on the train and headed for Chicago, your itinerary has been arranged so that you will be given stopovers of sufficient length to see the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, the Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods—to list just a few.

NOW, if all this doesn't add up to a grand "going places and really doing things" two weeks' vacation, we'd like to know what does! And it's all for the price of a round-trip tour ticket!

In the event that you are unable to take Tour No. 1 you still have two other Tours (both sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc.,) that may fit into your vacation plans. Both of these Tours are similar to Tour No. 1 with the following exceptions. Harold Lloyd will be host at a cocktail party at his home for members of Tour No. 2, and Bob (Bazooka) Burns will be host to a similar event at his home for guests of Tour No. 3.

Remember—Movieland Tour No. 1 leaves Chicago July 3rd, and arrives in Hollywood July 10th.

Movieland Tour No. 2 leaves Chicago July 24th, and arrives in Hollywood July 31st.

Movieland Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14th, and arrives in Hollywood August 21st.

Representatives of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be on hand to greet each Tour and do their utmost to make your stay in the magic city of celluloid a never-to-be-forgotten one.

COMPLETE data of the three Tours can be obtained FREE by writing to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for an illustrated booklet that will give you the detailed itinerary, pictures of the glorious west through which your train will carry you—and last, but not least—the exact amount of money you will have to pay for the full two weeks' trip—and you're going to be pleasantly surprised at the cost!

Fill out the coupon on page 18 and send it to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

The Star Who Isn't a Star

[Continued from page 55]

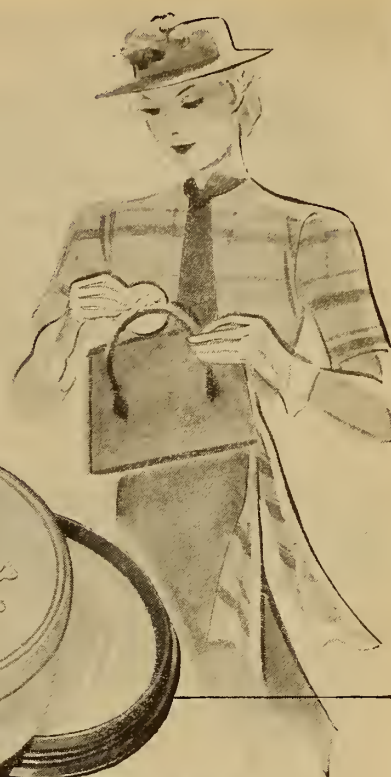
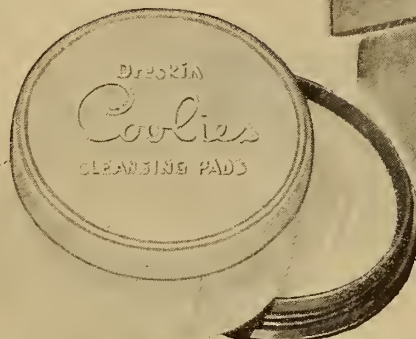
biography and autobiography because they present the lives of those who had a purpose and achieved it. Not that she is one of those blue-stockings—for with practically no provocation she'll read the most lurid detective stories.

She is a scant five-feet-three—and practically no one can talk her out of buying a dress which she fondly believes will make her look taller. Claire is the product of a good, substantial American background, with its healthy theory that you can get anything you want if you work for it.

So sizing her up I'd say here is a girl who has worked and earned authentic stardom. And most likely, before the next year rolls around, she'll be just that—an authentic and recognized star!

You will see her next in *Walking Down Broadway*.

*Easy to use as
your powder puff*
..... TWICE AS IMPORTANT



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Coolies
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FACIAL CLEANSING PADS FOR PURSE AND DRESSING TABLE

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	\$1.25

SPECIAL 98¢



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THAT HEALTHY GUMS MEAN
BRIGHTER TEETH! FORHAN'S
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MY GUMS HEALTHY!**



Even my dentist was
delighted at the im-
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healthy. For a trial tube, send 10¢ to For-
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Banish Gray Hair

*Why look older
than your years?*

IT IS NOW so easy to get rid
of gray hair that no man or
woman need look older than
their years. Right in your own
home you can prepare and use
a better remedy. Simply get,
from any drug store, a box of
Barbo Compound, an ounce of
Bay Rum, one-fourth ounce of
Glycerine. Mix these in a half-
pint of water or your druggist
will mix it for you. Comb this
colorless liquid into your hair
several times a week.

You will be amazed how nat-
ural-looking and youthful gray,
faded, streaked hair becomes.
Nor will this color wash out,
color the scalp, or affect perma-
nents or waves. To take off 10
years in 10 days, try Barbo today.



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HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE
SAFEST because
easiest to clean



ASK
YOUR
DOCTOR

Jeanette Confesses About Nelson Eddy

[Continued from page 27]

Nelson gave an interview on the theme of
Gene Raymond's luck—in which he related,
in detail, his high opinion of Jeanette. She
has mentioned him in countless interviews,
but she has never given a complete revela-
tion of what she might think of Nelson.
That, in itself, may have encouraged those
rumors of a silent feud. But—no one has
ever asked her for the story. The studio
told me that. Frankly, I didn't quite believe
it. So I asked Jeanette point-blank. She
confirmed it. And, what was more, she
seemed to like the idea of an interview
about Nelson.

So, here we were, having the interview.

"I CAN'T remember, now, where I first
met him," Jeanette began. "I think it
was at a party—about two months before
Naughty Marietta went into production.

"One of the first things we ever talked
about, I remember, was a test I had seen and
my surprise that the studio hadn't taken more
advantage of his voice. He kidded, I remem-
ber, about being 'the forgotten man.' And
I told him, 'Wait till you've played your first
big part, and you'll stop being 'the forgotten
man'."

"I meant it. I wasn't just trying to be
pleasant. But I didn't suspect my prophecy
would come true in a picture we would make
together.

"A few weeks later, I gave a cocktail
party. I knew Nelson had been tested for
the male lead in *Naughty Marietta* and was
practically set for it. I invited him to the
party, and he attended. We didn't go into
an immediate huddle about the picture; in
fact, we didn't mention it. Nor did we sur-
reptitiously try to size each other up. We
were just two people at a party, joining in
the general sociability. Which was all right,
too. When we did start working together,
neither of us had to be sold on the idea that
the other was sociable. That was probably
important. Highly important.

"There seems to be a fable that *Naughty
Marietta* started out as mostly Jeanette Mac-
Donald, that it picked up more and more
Nelson Eddy as it went along, and that his
becoming famous in it was something I
didn't anticipate or want. And"—she smiled
disarmingly—"that there has been 'bad
blood' between us ever since. . . . A nice,
preposterous little tale! From the beginning,
Nelson had a very fine part. It was the male
lead in a romantic story. As the picture
whipped into shape and really began to look
like something, they decided to retake
Nelson's whole first sequence. They wanted
to put in another song and impress audiences
immediately with his fine voice.

"They had wanted me to sing *Neath the
Southern Moon* in my balcony sequence. I
liked the song, but I didn't think it was
suited to my voice. I did think it was suited
to Nelson's. I said so. They were looking
frantically for a song for him. They took
my suggestion about *Neath the Southern
Moon*. And it was one of the best things
he sang in the picture.

"Yes, when the picture started, I was a
bit worried. If the picture failed, it would
be chiefly my fault: 'She can't carry a pic-
ture without a Big Name opposite her.' I
was new at M-G-M then. And not only was
I playing with someone new, I was attempt-
ing something new. It was the first big screen
operetta. My worry was more or less nat-
ural, I think.

"THE studio was spending a fortune on
the picture. The more that became ap-
parent, the more I felt that the studio knew
what it was about, teaming us. And the
more I worked with Nelson, the more I
became convinced of it. We got along very
smoothly—immediately. So much so that on
the third day Nelson came to me with a sort
of sheepish grin and said, 'I think I owe
you an apology. I was all prepared not to
like you. I heard you were pretty tough to
work with. I was to look out for you—you'd
try to crowd me out of every scene. I want to
apologize. I want you to know that I know
you've been throwing scenes my way.'

"To my mind, that took a lot of frankness
and good sportsmanship. It was something
outside all my previous experience. I wasn't
used to having people apologize for things
they had thought.

"Nothing he might have done could have
meant more to me. I felt then that he was a
friend of mine. I've never lost that feeling.
I tried to find out who had told him this
about me, but he wouldn't tell. It 'might
get somebody into trouble.' Yet this person
seemed to be trying to create trouble, trying
to stir up suspicion that would start two
people off wrong.

"Nelson was 'Mr. Eddy' to me, and I was
'Miss MacDonald' to him, no more than one
day, if that. W. S. Van Dyke, who was
directing, started calling Nelson 'Kid,' and
me 'Honey.' We couldn't stay formal under
those conditions. Another thing that helped:
We got in the habit of running over our
lines together, in my portable dressing-
room. After rehearsing, we'd sit talking.
That helped us become acquainted. I guess
we're still becoming acquainted. Anyway,
we still do that. . . .

"I suppose I expected Nelson to be a bit
self-conscious as an actor. After all, this
business was new to him. But he fooled me.
His concert tours, his facing all kinds of
audiences, had given him poise. He didn't
go self-conscious even in the love scenes—
which are the test of any newcomer. . . .
Speaking of love scenes, we're both more
self-conscious making them today than we
were then. In those days, we had fewer
visitors, more privacy. It can be disconcert-
ing to tell a man 'I love you' and, out of the
corner of your eye, see a dozen strangers
studying your technique. . . .

"Came the preview of *Naughty Marietta*.
Both of us were having the jitters.
How the public took the picture would de-
cide our individual futures. Neither of us
realized how important it was to be to us
jointly. The studio hadn't planned to team
us again immediately. That happened by a
twist of fate. Nelson's next was to be with
Grace Moore—*Rose Marie*. But Grace
couldn't get to Metro until January, which
was when Nelson would be leaving on a
concert tour. With *Naughty Marietta* a hit,
the studio wanted to get another picture out
of him before that tour, and they wanted
to get another out of me immediately. But
they had no script ready for me. So—I was
put into *Rose Marie*.

"We went to Lake Tahoe in the High
Sierras on location. On a trip like that, you
really get to know the people you work with,
as you never do on a sound stage. Life is
more informal, your association is closer.
You soon learn who is a good sport and a
lot of fun, and who isn't. And Nelson—well,

[Continued on page 66]

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

list at Warners'. The very first picture they cast him in was *All Rights Reserved*, in which Flynn stars . . . Sheffield got the role of Flynn's valet!!!

Can You Stand It?

■ That stationary bicycle for weight-keeping-down purposes in Mae West's apartment matches the decorations, with ecru handlebars and old-gold frame . . . Anita Louise has it in her contract that she doesn't ever smoke before the camera . . . in preparing for that trip to Africa, Dolores del Rio took twelve trunks of clothes . . . on account of "too much is expected of stars," Mary Carlisle wants the world to know that she doesn't EVER want to be a star; she'd rather just play featured roles . . . from Java, Gary Cooper got a fan-letter, asking for a close-up photograph—of his feet! . . . and if you knew how earnestly Gary keeps the camera off his legs, you'd giggle louder . . . When Jeanette MacDonald pedals five miles of the way to work on her bicycle, she wears a regulation SKI-ING outfit! . . . and she always has her chauffeur follow her, so the moment her bike speedometer shows five miles, she can get off and ride the rest of the way . . . on Bob Taylor's San Fernando Valley ranch, the stables are equipped with electric flycatchers . . . quaintest collection in Hollywood is Allan Jones' accumulation of hundreds of pairs of hand-made Mexican shoes, which he keeps on a specially-built rack . . . Al Jolson's so afraid of drafts that he stuffs newspaper into door-and-window cracks . . . and Bette Davis is so scared of germs that she wipes off a telephone mouth-piece before using it . . . and Sonja Henie is so afraid of the dark, that she can't sleep unless there's a light lit in the room . . . there's a dictionary on a handy stand in Charlie Chaplin's BATHROOM!!!

More Fun

■ Another of Hollywood's famous "all-in-good-fun" impersonations is the one Alice Faye does of Rudy Vallee, one-time boy-friend. And Hubby Tony Martin is her accompanist.

S'long, Have A Good Time

■ Bill Powell's butler, Theodore, (who's been with him for years) asked for a vacation.

"Sure," said Bill, readily; "how long?"

"Five years," said Theodore!!! So they closed the deal. In 1943, Theodore reports back to Powell to resume his job.

From Bad To Verse:

■ Connie Bennett, high and mighty,
Likes to sleep in a flannel nightie!

And Johnnie Weissmuller sleeps his face
On a cute li'l pillow, trimmed with lace!

His beard's what makes Warren William
rave;

Twice each day, he's got to shave!

Eddie Robinson, portrayer of yeggs,
Builds his strength by eating raw eggs.

Shirley Ross wears diff'rent colored
glasses

In varied hues to match her drasses!!!



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Jeanette Confesses About Nelson Eddy

[Continued from page 64]

he was in the thick of the fun. Evenings, we would all gather in a big lodge for impromptu entertainment. We set up a mock radio station, and everybody would get up and 'broadcast.' We had dancing contests. Nelson and I staged one dance that really started something. I took off my shoes and stood on top of his shoes while he danced. Try it sometime. After the first minute, your legs feel wooden.

"There was one thing on that trip I was really looking forward to: beans. I confess it: I love them. Up to that time, I had never had enough. And there was a scene that called for me to eat beans. . . . We started early in the morning, and I was enjoying myself, eating with *such* relish. We stopped for lunch—which consisted of beans—then went back to work. That afternoon, my appetite for beans began to wane. And the shooting of that scene lasted two days more!

"The fourth day dawned, and Van Dyke said, 'There was something the matter with the film. We've got to retake the entire scene.' Nelson was so sympathetic. He said, 'It certainly is a shame, Jeanette. But maybe you won't have to eat them so fast this time.' I must have looked dismayed, but I said, grimly, 'I'm ready, any time the beans are.' The two of them looked at each other and burst into laughter. I had fallen beautifully for their gag.

"NELSON has a keen sense of humor. And that helps. He's very serious in his work, as he should be. But let the gang rally 'round for a little ribbing, and he's right there. And he can take it, as well as give it out. I saw him take it on the set of *Maytime*. Director Bob Leonard turned a professional ribber, named Albert Marin, loose on him. Albert started talking about radio. He said he knew Nelson was supposed to have a good voice, but why did he have to stand so close to the microphone to get any volume? By the time Nelson had finished denying that, Albert was asking him why he 'wasn't' as popular on the air as he ought to be. Nelson, trying to be modest, though his neck was getting red, said, 'I don't guess I'm so good.' Albert said, 'All of my friends don't like you. There must be something wrong with you.' Nelson said, 'I don't blame your friends a bit. There probably is.'

"For five minutes, Albert heckled him. Finally, he asked Albert what *his* job was. Albert made a mistake there. He said, Newspaperman. That was all Nelson needed. He got going on the subject of reporters who make up distorted stories about movie stars. Until, finally, Albert—in desperation—confessed it was all a gag. It's the one and only time anyone has ever embarrassed Albert."

SPEAKING of reporters and reports, how did Nelson react to the romance rumors that once fluttered around his name and hers?

"Oh, those," Jeanette said deprecatingly. "If your pictures are romantic and successful, people are bound to say, 'Couldn't you tell they're in love—the way he looked at her? And that moony look *she* had!' They don't give us much credit for acting. . . .

"Rumors like that either amuse you highly or they make you mad. We both were amused. We both had our sense of humor—then. We have since got a dent in that sense of humor because of fantastic stories about our respective private lives. Nelson says

that all kinds of distortions have been printed about him. I'm willing to believe him, because I know about myself. I'm beginning to see Nelson's viewpoint—that what we do at home shouldn't concern the public, as long as our pictures satisfy the public.

"Nelson has been very severely criticized for that viewpoint. But he's a man who sticks by his beliefs. And I understand him in it. If a star wants to make a show of himself, let him, say I. But if another star wants to live a quiet life, let *him* have his quiet life. . . . Also, I can applaud Nelson's unwillingness to talk about love and women. A girl can get away with talking about men. *She's* 'coquettish.'

"ONE thing that has always struck me about Nelson is his unfailing courtesy. I defy any girl not to like such a man—especially when he is also good fun, intelligent, sincere. He will let you walk off a set first, for example; ask permission to smoke in your dressing-room. Little things. But you appreciate them. He is a sensitive person. He would have to be, or he wouldn't be so far today. He has a conscience about his work. Some people might call it 'temperament.' I call it 'sensitivity.' Essentially, he is very simple in his likes and dislikes. And generous, not patronizing. No Great-I-Am. He has given me some very valuable tips, for instance, about concert tours. When I tried to thank him, he said they were only in exchange for movie tips I had given him. That's very typical of him.

"I never cease to marvel at the way Nelson can work. He does a weekly radio program and a picture at the same time. Meanwhile, he is rehearsing for his concert tour. And, as soon as he finishes his picture, he's off on the tour. I'm ambitious, too—but I'm not built to work like that. I'm on the air, now that I've finished *Girl of the Golden West*. When I start my next picture, I'll go off the air. And I'm not taking a concert tour till next year—when I'll have a leave of absence.

"The last two months, there have been stories about some feud going on between us. We've heard about them. And we kid about them. For example, in one scene in *Girl of the Golden West*, Nelson had to wrap one of those Mexican snake whips around my waist and draw me over to him. Moreover, he did it himself; practiced the stunt for weeks. When it was time for the scene, he growled, 'Come on now. Let's show the world what one of these Hollywood feuds *can* be like. When they see me whipping you after all these months of pent-up emotion—ah, *there* will be headlines for the papers!' Standing there, waiting for that whip to curl around me, was no picnic. But Nelson, with that remark, did what he could to relieve my tension. And, perhaps, his own. Anyway, there were no casualties.

"Gene is very fond of Nelson. They went away on camping trips twice, long before Gene and I met. No, Nelson didn't introduce us. But, after we had met, he was all for us. . . . even though he used to chide Gene about being his rival. At our engagement party, he said to Gene, 'Well, you may be the head man—but I'm still the leading man.'

"I really think Nelson likes working with me. I *know* I like working with him and I'm glad we're continuing as a team in at least one picture a year."

And that—despite your rumors to the contrary, Hollywood—is that.

Brady! Take a Bow!

[Continued from page 32]

the voice of Brady. "You know how you are when you are young," she says. "Five years is a life-time at that age, and when I found I would have to study and do practically nothing but study for five years, and then not be ready for my important debut, I cried 'Waste my youth? I should say not!'"

BILL BRADY was dead set against a daughter of his going on the stage. An operatic triumph with a voice like his girl's was fine. Theatre—no. There were enough Bradys on Broadway, had been since he hit the White Way from San Francisco in the gay nineties. "If you don't let me act, *faw-ther*," threatened Alice, who could stand up against her father in an argument even when she was a thin, dark girl, "I'll hire myself to some cheap theatre in a side street, take eight dollars a week for salary, and insist that they paste my name all over the front of the theatre!" She gives "theatre" the French pronunciation, and it comes out naturally, gracefully "thay-ater."

Bill Brady looked at his daughter. Saw again alive, undoubtedly, the Latin beauty of his first wife, the Parisienne actress, Marie Rene—Alice's mother. "Like her mother," he must have thought. "All fire and emotion. The theatre is in her heart and her blood, and rightly, or she wouldn't be our child." So he let her have her chance. But in his defeat he was not without victory.

Bill Brady seldom was—the Bill Brady who brought out and managed such champion fighters as Jim Corbett and Terry McGovern. Alice's first part was not credited on the program to a Brady.

When *The Balkan Princess* opened at New Haven in January, 1911, the part of *Olga*, Alice's role, was said to be played by an actress whose name was "Mary Rose." When the play came triumphantly into New York's Herald Square Theatre in February it was a different story. "Mary Rose" was revealed and publicly identified as Bill's daughter, Alice. It showed unvoiced approval of Alice's ambition. Another Brady had made good.

Many people would say "the luck of the Irish." "Irish?" questions Alice today, raising her voluble eyebrows—they speak paragraphs of their own. "*Faw-ther's* third-generation San Francisco, and far removed from the old country. And I'm half French. So how can all our impulses be credited to the Irish when the blood is so diluted in us? I suppose, seeing *In Old Chicago* and listening to *Molly O'Leary's* accent, many people, thinking of my name, will believe that I am using a natural brogue. But it's not so. That was a made-up accent. I can't recall, ever in my life, having Irish friends who talked like that."

La Brady's Gallic heritage shows in what we fondly suppose to be "French characteristics." She is quick-motioned,

dark-eyed, dark-haired, animated, very much the Parisienne, very much the woman who knows her way (escorted, of course) about the world's better places. She loves jewels, fine accessories, rugs, furnishings. She has always had them.

"There is a story in print that *faw-ther* was 'broke' innumerable times in his career," she says. "I can never remember a time when we didn't have all the money we needed. And more. He may have dropped an enormous sum in an unsuccessful play, but he still had a great deal of money in the bank. I can remember, at French Lick Springs, when I was a child, that I sat next to him at a gaming-table and saw him lose twenty-five thousand dollars with the turn of a card."

It was Bill Brady, the gambler, who mixed in and changed the course—often unintentionally—of his daughter's career, but first you must get a picture of the atmosphere in which this abundantly gifted family—in talents and money—lived. "I can scarcely recall my mother," says Alice Brady. "She died when I was three years old, and all that I can remember is being taken from my cradle and carried to her, and she was dying."

"Four years after my mother's death, my *faw-ther* married Grace George, the actress, and from that time on she became 'Mom' to me, and she mothered me. I must say I have great respect and affection for her, and

[Continued on page 73]

ALIKE AS TWO PEAS

BUT IT'S A CINCH TO TELL THEM APART!



YES, MARY AND MARGIE LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE—BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL THEM APART THESE DAYS!

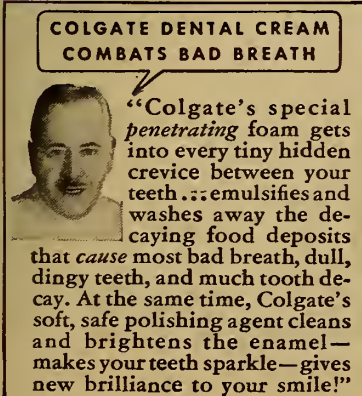


NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE BOB MEANT BY THAT, MARGIE?

FORGIVE ME, MARY, BUT I THINK I KNOW. LAST NIGHT I HEARD HIM SAY YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH



MARY, TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"



LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

NOBODY IN THE WORLD'S AS SWEET AS YOU ARE, MARGIE!

THANKS, BOB, BUT I'M NOT MARGIE—I'M MARY!



NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND MARY'S SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

IT TAKES A **LIQUID**
TO CLEANSE YOUR SKIN



*"Ambrosia
makes
my skin
look and
feel
so clean,"*

says **BETTY GRABLE.**
(appearing in Paramount's "College Swing")
famous for her perfect complexion

Liquid Ambrosia helps skin loveliness by giving you a *double* benefit. It goes into your pores to clean out clogging dirt and make-up; and, because Ambrosia is the liquid cleanser, it *cannot clog your pores with wax or grease*. Ambrosia helps fight blackheads and enlarged pores—enemies of beauty that follow "half-way" methods of cleaning. See how it leaves the skin feeling refreshed and radiant!

Pure and effective—Ambrosia is recommended by skin specialists—tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.



Get Ambrosia Cleanser and the other Ambrosia Beauty Aids—Tightener, Dry Skin Cream and Face Powder—at drug and dept. stores. Trial sizes at 10-cent stores.

AMBRÓSIA
the pore-deep liquid cleanser

I MEAN IT! I WANT
THE BABY POWDER
THAT FIGHTS GERMS



MENNEN
BORATED POWDER

Antiseptic

Recommended by more doctors
than any other baby powder

Love a la Ritz

[Continued from page 50]

time out from work to take her to his own dramatic coach and prepare for her future. Harry will break up a three-way rehearsal of one of their songs for *Kentucky Moonshine* and leave Al and Jimmy flat. It's in their bungalow, on the 20th Century-Fox lot, and right in the middle of their rehearsal, Harry yanks out his watch.

"It's time," he says, "for Charlotte to go see Florence Enright." (Florence is the studio's dramatic coach.) So Harry grabs his wife, who's waiting, and off they go for wifie's acting lessons. And Al stands and shakes his head and mutters things like "damfool" and "idiot!" And Jimmy just stands and wonders.

Harry's wife was Charlotte Greenfield. She is a brunette and so lovely. She used to be a commercial artists' model in New York. Harry married her right off the back cover of a magazine, and if you indicate to him that you think that's funny, he'll probably hop you one. He saw her picture advertising a cigarette. It didn't sell the cigarette to him but he did hunt up the model and a couple of months later, she was Mrs. Harry Ritz.

"She wants her career," Harry told me on the set of *Kentucky Moonshine*, the other day. "Whatever she wants, she can have. Anything she wants to do is all right by me. I have my career, haven't I?—then why shouldn't my wife have one, too? I believe in everyone and anyone doing what he or she wants most to do in life!"

AL's wife, on the other hand, is the housekeeper-and-cook. Al didn't marry her off a billboard or a magazine. He married her off the stage. Maybe that's why she'd rather stay home now. She's had her career! She used to be Annette Nelson, and even before she was Al's wife, she was his part-

ner. Soon as they came to Hollywood, Annette found a house and began cooking.

"It took me a hell of a while to get used to it. I missed the ptomaine I used to get in hash-houses," Al tells me. "But after a while, I got so I really liked Annette's home-cooking. Now I couldn't do without it. Any guy who thinks his wife can have a career and stay happy is crazy!"

THAT leaves Jimmy. Jimmy and Ruth Hilliard. They're engaged—kind of. Ruth already has her career. Jimmy is waiting for her to make up her mind that she's had enough of it.

"I want her to make a home for me," he says, deadly serious. "I don't believe we could work out a happy married life if we both have careers. It takes too much out of both, to work every day. And it isn't worth it."

"But what," I asked him, "if Ruth decides she wants to go on with her career, and love you too?"

"Then," said Jimmy, "the engagement is off. I mean OFF!"

But I doubt like blazes that he means it! Me—I wouldn't be surprised at all to pick up the paper any morning, and read where Jimmy and Ruth have gone and gotten married in a hurry—and that Ruth started immediately after the ceremony on a picture assignment. If Ruth wants Jimmy and her career too, she'll get 'em both . . . And that's the story of one facet of the serious side of the Ritzes. There's another facet—that is their big-heartedness, their anxiety to help those in distress.

Suffering is the other thing, besides matrimony, that isn't funny to the three brothers. They'll kid stuffed shirt pomposity to death with a ruthless ferocity. But show them a spot of need, and they'll go



Don't be surprised to see Jimmy Ritz, the unmarried brother, hitching up any day now with actress Ruth Hilliard as his light o' love. Here they're Clover Clubbing

as softhearted as a spoiled tomato, and work their heads and pocketbooks down to remedy the woe.

When Ted Healy died, saddest people in Hollywood were the brothers. Ted was one of their closest friends. Ted and the trio outgagged each other furiously. There was no mercy in the tricks they played on each other. It was their way of showing how they loved each other. And then Ted died—and the Ritzes learned, with all the rest of Hollywood, that he left practically nothing.

WELL, you know, of course, that Hollywood got together a big benefit show. A swell gesture. But you don't know what the Ritz boys did, even before Hollywood thought of doing something!—the Ritzes first of all chipped in a sweet young fortune out of their own bank accounts. Then they hustled Hollywood, hitting the biggest executives and the biggest-salaried stars. They put the works on them; they did it all silently, but with tremendous power. And when they were done, they had gathered together a trust fund that will keep Ted's widow and baby safe for the rest of their lives.

Another thing that isn't generally known about them: when their mother died, three years ago, she left unfinished a work of love and charity—the maintenance and furtherance of the work of the Jewish Settlement House, in Brooklyn, N. Y. Ever since she passed on, the boys have maintained the most magnificent memorial of all to her memory—they are maintaining and always will maintain the work she started.

They've been taking some kicking around in the Hollywood gossip, verbal and printed,

lately. There have been whisperings that they've gone high-hat. But the gang that works with them knows that the Ritzes are pretty swell guys. They dish out an awful lot of ribbing on the set.

I recall the day they "dumped" Director Norman Taurog, when they seated him on one end of a bench they occupied—and then stood up in unison, tipping the bench so that Taurog took a pratt-fall.

Taurog had prepared in advance for ribbing. His annyfay on the floor, he yelled, "Bring in the Ritz Brothers' stand-ins!" A crew of grips entered—carrying three ludicrous dummies with cabbages for heads. The point was that the cabbages were oversized—swell-heads, mind you, but cabbage-heads none the less! The Ritzes got it. But they didn't get mad.

MOST extraordinary unhollywoodish trait is that they don't even mind being compared with other comedians. That in Hollywood is amazing. Why, you can even mention the Marx brothers to them, and they don't get mad or patronizing. As a matter of fact, they realize that they and the Marxes have several things in common—first, that there's a trio of 'em; second, that like the Marxes, the Ritzes have a silent fourth brother—it's George Joaquim (that's the family name) who runs a men's ready-to-wear clothes shop (shouldn't it be!?) in New York . . . But most significantly, in their work, they agree utterly.

"Being funny is hard work," the Marxes once told me in an interview on "How to be Funny."

The other day, on the 20th-Fox lot, Harry said, precisely the same thing to me. "Being funny is hard work."

Both teams agree on fundamental systems of that work: both agree that to poke fun at pompous people is one sure-fire gag. Both agree that—well, put it in Al Ritz's words:

"The highbrow loves lowbrow comedy as well as the lowbrow does. But you've got to give him an excuse to praise it as 'art,' whatever that is. Not only does the excuse give the highbrow a chance to excuse himself for condescending to laugh at it, but it amuses the lowbrows, too.

The Marx brothers use contrast with art—Chico's magnificent piano playing, Harpo's virtuosity with the harp.

"Our own excuse is music—we clown grand opera, and the lowbrows love it, and the highbrows think it's art, so both laugh.

"But don't forget that it's work—hard work, to be funny. Except for papa . . ."

Papa is Max Ritz, whom the brothers blame for their insanity. He was always clowning around the house when they were kids, and they never got over it. "We used to think he was being funny on purpose," one of the brothers told me, "but since the other day, we aren't sure . . ."

"You see, papa is living with us now. He loves to play pinochle, for a nickel a hundred points. The other day, one of our friends urged him to go out and play some golf instead of sitting in the house playing pinochle for a nickel a hundred points. The argument went on for hours it seemed. Papa finally capitulated—

"All right, all right, I'll go and play golf with you," he finally said. 'BUT—we've got to make the game interesting, hah? So—let's play for a nickel a hundred points!'

"I ask you, can you blame us Ritz brothers for being crazy?"

**I WAS SO PROUD OF
YOU TONIGHT, DARLING!**

**HOW WISE! THE WIFE WHO GUARDS
AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR COMPLEXION, LATELY? IT'S SO MUCH LOVELIER, SO SOFT AND SMOOTH! I REMEMBER, A FEW WEEKS AGO, HOW UPSET YOU WERE BECAUSE YOUR SKIN WAS SO DRY...

NOT ONLY DRY, BUT LIFELESS AND COARSE-LOOKING! I REALLY WAS GETTING "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! THEN HELEN SAID MAYBE I WAS USING THE WRONG SOAP. SHE SUGGESTED CHANGING TO PALMOLIVE, AND...

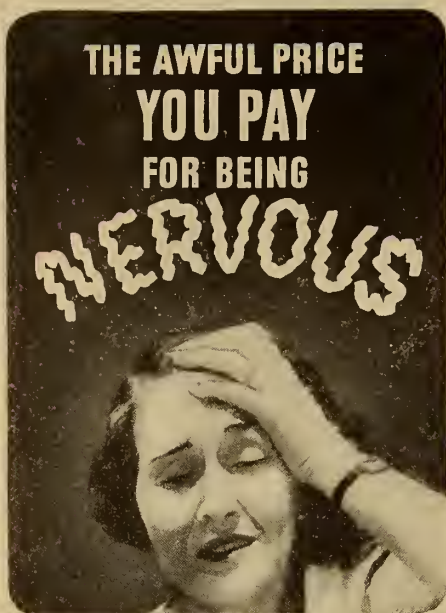
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For over 3 generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound. Why not let it **HELP YOU?**

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THE TRUTH ABOUT CORNS

by Robert M. Smith

FEW PEOPLE understand what corns are, or how to get rid of them. A corn is not live tissue. It is an accumulation of dead cells which become the focal point of renewed development. It gets bigger and uglier. As it gets larger, it goes deeper—the point of this plug-like accumulation pressing like a pin-point into your flesh and against tiny nerves. That's what causes you intense pain.

Paring corns is not the answer. Corns get bigger and more painful. To get rid of corns forever, the "root" or dead cell plug must be removed. That gets rid of *that* corn. To prevent a new corn developing, shoe pressure or whatever caused it must be eliminated.

Bauer & Black, known best for their surgical dressings, spent years in developing scientific corn removers. The result is a modern medicated corn pad which takes shoe pressure from the corn. The medication relieves pain and soreness and at the same time gently and gradually loosens the "root." In three days it lifts off safely, easily and without the slightest discomfort. This pad is called the new Blue-Jay.

Millions have successfully ended corn troubles this simple way. It costs very little. 6 Blue-Jay pads cost only 25c. Get a box of Blue-Jay from your druggist. In three days you'll feel like dancing for joy.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. J-62, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. (Adv.)

The Private Life of the Bing Crosby

[Continued from page 31]

and radio star. Larry took us to the NBC studio, where Bing was rehearsing his weekly radio program, so that we could get that information directly from him.

We found the eminent Dr. Crosby reading his script, pipe in mouth, standing before a microphone. A Bolshevik, no doubt, would have taken him for a *tovarich*. His blue work-shirt was open at the collar and hung outside his trousers in the Russian fashion, and there was a battered cap on his head. He is tanned, solidly built. When he finished his reading and joined us he relighted his pipe by striking a match against a fingernail, a trick that distinguishes the sophisticated smoker.

WE ASKED him how he practices that million dollar voice of his? "I never practice," he said. "I have never taken any voice lessons. As a matter of fact, I can't read music. This is the only show of its kind that goes on the air without a dress rehearsal. Most air programs are rehearsed two days to a week. We do ours in half a day. I don't believe in doing all your fighting in the training camp." And indeed, the secret of Bing's success, both as crooner and m. c., lies in the natural, spontaneous manner of his delivery.

His singing those deep, haunting tones and boo-boo-boos that pluck at the heart-strings is an unstudied art. We observed him from 2 p. m. to 8 p. m., and both during the rehearsal and actual broadcast he was the same unpretentious, nonchalant fellow, except that during the broadcast he took off his cap in deference to his audience, but his blue shirt was still hanging outside his trousers and his pipe enjoyed temporary leisure in the pocket of his shirt.

"They call me the worst dresser in Hollywood," he admitted, smiling. He groans when the Paramount publicity department asks him to pose for some stills. "I told my radio sponsors that I'll leave the show if photographers are allowed to take my picture during rehearsals or broadcasts: I dress for comfort, and not for stills." It's not an affectation. He is the most untheatrical player in Hollywood. He may have made a few million dollars, but he is still the home town boy from Spokane—a regular guy who made good.

THE Bing Crosby vital statistics are front page news. The No. 1 playboy of Hollywood is also a champion daddy. The Crosby clan goes in for kids. He has four brothers and two sisters, all of whom are married and have children. We were curious to know what he had to say about his boisterous brood, four pugnacious boys, two of them twins.

"We hoped the last one, Lindsay, would be a girl," he said, a sudden light shining in his blue eyes. "We had a room especially built for a daughter in our Toluca Lake home. Everybody was kidding Dixie about our three boys, and when we expected our new child, she said she would give him away if it turned out to be another boy, that anybody could have him. She told Larry's daughter, Molly, that she would give him to her. But you know how mothers are. Dixie is more affectionate with Lindsay than with Gary, our first born, or with Philip and Dennis, the twins. Molly is still waiting."

"Have they taken after you or Dixie?"

"Well, Gary is a little roughneck, like I

used to be, and told me he was going to be meaner to Lindsay than to the twins, when Lindsay arrived. He is only four-and-a-half years old, but has a husky voice and has already started crooning. Lindsay is the only dark-haired one among them. The others are blond, or rather, have light brown hair like me. Dixie is really a brunette. They bleached her hair when she was in pictures."

"How do the kids get along with one another?"

"They fight all the time, until a stranger comes along, then they all gang up against him. They are very chummy with Dick Arlen's baby, and there is considerable rivalry for Virginia Bruce's daughter."

BING is bringing up his sons to be regular fellows. "I want them to work like other boys," he stated firmly. "I've made no definite plans for their future except that each will have enough money to go to college, but they'll have to earn something themselves for incidentals, as I had to. I mowed the neighbors' lawns, sold papers in the streets, worked on a farm, drove a grocery truck, and did a lot of other things to earn some extra money, and I'm mighty glad I did. I won't send them to any snooty private school. They'll get their education in public schools, although they can go to a private college if they prefer. They'll be entirely free to choose their own professions.

"All I can do as their father is to see that they grow as happy, healthy, normal kids, with a right sense of values. I'm doing all in my power to protect them from the artificial environment of Hollywood. I try not to be a movie father, and I don't want them to be movie kids. They have their own quarters in the house with their own kitchen, and when it comes to children, everything goes by the clock in our house. But we don't spoil them. They play out-doors all day long, and with our four acres of lawns and gardens, they enjoy the freedom and advantages of country life."

But the country home of the Bing Crosbys, properly speaking, is at Rancho Santa Fe, near San Diego, not far from the Mexican border. This old *hacienda*, Bing explained, belonged to the Osuna family of Spain for 400 years, and its slogan was, as it is now, "Bienvenida!" Welcome! Don Juan, soldier, judge, and a true caballero, who built it, was a man of sound taste in wines, horses, lands and ladies. (Surely a worthy predecessor of Bing's.) The old manor house is still standing in the shade of ancient pepper trees.

Rancho Santa Fe has the area of a small European state, and the Crosby homestead of 120 acres is one of some forty other ranches. "It's a nice place for the kids, with a wonderful climate," Bing said. "They love it. I'm breeding some race horses there. I have a stallion that used to belong to the Duke of Windsor when he was the Prince of Wales. It's a dandy place to play golf, shoot quail and go completely native." His beautiful Delmar Turf Club right by the ocean is not far from his ranch. This tract started originally as a WPA project, but the federal government didn't finish it, and Bing, Larry informed us, has invested half a million dollars in it. "The track made \$90,000 last year," Larry said, "and we hope it will do better this year. But Bing will be lucky if he can get his money back in twenty years." When figures have to be quoted, Bing lets his

brothers do it, as they know them much better.

Besides the Delmar Turf Club, Bing maintains stables at Santa Anita. On the gala opening day at this now famous track, one of his horses won the first race. "But I haven't won a race since," Bing mused sadly. He has some thirty horses, a few of them magnificent chargers. He takes his screen and radio work very nonchalantly, as if they were nothing but hobbies, but is very serious about his golfing and racing steeds. He will not make a picture during the racing season, and is, at all times, the despair of interviewers, who don't know where to find him. Once you buttonhole him, he is obliging enough, but there are days when not even his brothers can get hold of him for urgent business matters.

HE DESCRIBED his average day. "I get up early, and am usually gone by seven in the morning. I play 18 holes of golf, lunch in the clubhouse, and then hurry to the races at Santa Anita."

"Do you play golf every day?"

"Every day when I'm not making a picture." No wonder he is so brown.

But when Bing goes home in the evenings, he plays Papa. He wants to know everything his children have said and done in his absence, and Dixie gives him her daily report. He plays with them, lets them ride on his back, and they have jolly times together. And no doubt Dixie feels she has five boys to take care of. Bing met this luscious Tennessee girl when he was known as one of Paul Whiteman's three Rhythm Boys and she was under contract to Fox, as a singing actress. He was 27, and she was 18. Her

income was far above his, and that disquieted him.

He was habitually broke. He wrote to his mother in Spokane: "I met a girl the other night whom I think you will like. Her name is Dixie Lee and she works for Fox. Been taking her out quite a bit lately, and she's kind of got me winging. Don't get alarmed though, nothing serious yet. Or maybe there is."

When he began wowing 'em at the Coconut Grove and his financial condition improved, he felt the time had come for him to stop being a wild boy and develop a sense of responsibility, which he woefully lacked. He felt he needed somebody to look out for and somebody to look out for him. He popped the question to Dixie.

"It was seven years ago," Bing recalled. "Dixie has given me a lovely home and family. She has a great sense of humor, is very musical, and criticizes my singing very constructively." She gave up her career in pictures to be Mrs. Bing Crosby.

The Crosby mansion in North Hollywood has been variously reported to contain from 14 to 24 rooms, but Bing told us it has only 12 rooms. It's of Colonial design. Dixie has a personal maid and a secretary, and two nurses help her in bringing up her children in the correct scientific manner. Then there is a butler, a colored cook, a watchman, and two gardeners take care of the extensive grounds.

WE ASKED Bing what he likes to eat. "Everything except parsnips," he said. Then he admitted that he likes especially pork chops and rich desserts—pie *a la mode*, cake with whipped cream, and things like

that. He has been chubby all his life, and doesn't try to go against the laws of nature by severe dieting. He has, to be sure, a rather expansive girth for a young man, but there is nothing flabby about him as he is all muscle.

He will sing at the drop of a hat. Of course, he sings in his bathtub. "But in the bathtub I go operatic," he explained. "Those nice tile walls give you more volume."

Five blocks from his Toluca Lake estate live his parents, in a home he built for them. Bing plays host to the whole Crosby clan on Christmas and New Year's. They are really one big family, but how big! So-called society means nothing to Bing and Dixie. They are content with their own little world. Their close friends include Herb Polasie, an associate producer. (Bing invests his own money in some of his pictures, such as his latest, *Dr. Rhythm*) Johnnie Burke and Jimmie Monaco, song writers who are under contract to him, Dr. & Mrs. William Sexton, the Edmund Lowes, Lloyd Bacons, Pat O'Briens, Jimmie Gleasons, Andy Devines, the C. S. Howards, prominent horse owners. And of course, Bob Burns is a pal.

The story of the senior president of Bing Crosby, Inc., Ltd., is one of those incredible tales that can happen only in Hollywood. He explains his success by saying that he is "lucky." He has no rules to give. Indeed, he has broken all the rules. But he has the spirit of the old troubadours, and sentimental mankind has showered him with its gifts. He has no business sense, but has a heart as big as all outdoors. If it weren't for his brothers, Larry and Everett, he would be the No. 1 sucker of Hollywood.



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It is positively not a grease cream... It positively does not come out again in a "goo"... It holds your powder faithfully... And—it contains that blessed "skin-vitamin" which nourishes the skin and improves its texture!

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"I always did love Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. But now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night!"

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION MAY MOTION PICTURE

YOU CAN'T DESERT THESE DESSERTS



By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

IN THE average American home a sweet dish or dessert course is the accepted happy ending both for the noon luncheon and for the evening supper or dinner. To many menfolk, as well as to children, the previous foods are only something to fill up on while waiting for the real dish—the dessert—to be brought in. Pastry and pudding, cake, cookies and custards, chilled gelatins or frozen creams, the dessert may be spelled with any letter in the alphabet.

Yet, the mother and housewife often longs to be free of the responsibility of preparing this additional dish, for don't soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables and salad take long enough to prepare, and don't they cause sufficient "pot-watching" without racking one's mind to find "what shall we have for dessert today?" And in this most busy season when Spring Cleaning Incorporated puts on its annual show, no housewife may fail to attend the performance! Besides, warm Spring days tempt her, too, to get out of doors and out of the kitchen, but still the family clamors for dessert. What to do? [Continued on page 82]

Easy to make and easy to take is the orange dessert, top, quickly made with instant tapioca. As an accompaniment to fresh berries serve delicious meringues, center, which require no cooking. All you need is 5 minutes to whip up the fluffy chocolate puddings above

Brady! Take a Bow!

[Continued from page 67]

I appreciate every effort she has made for my happiness and my good."

Life, for Alice, has been a succession of plays. "I've never had a real, six-months vacation in my life," she says. She toured the country in Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. In 1915 she invaded silent films, holding in her hand a Zukor contract. Her father, too, became absorbed in the new art form. Some of the older readers, here, will remember World Film with which William A. Brady was the guiding spirit. Among the stars were Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Blackwell. The stage smugly looked down its nose at the cinema. Who's Who in the Theatre snobbishly records: "She (Alice Brady) then appeared in various 'picture plays,' returned to the stage proper in 1918 as *Jennie* in *Forever After*."

About that time she acquired a husband (her first and only), James L. Crane, actor; son of the renowned contemporary of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dr. Frank Crane, whose wise words have covered many a nationally read page. But the marriage was ill-fated, and before the birth of her son, now fourteen years old, the ties that held her to young Crane were dissolved. She has never remarried; still uses his name in private life. A silver rectangle on her black enameled cigarette case (oversized) bears the initials "ABC"—Alice Brady Crane.

"I almost married again ten years ago," she says with a warm and friendly frankness.

"The man was wealthy and I could have lived in the luxury that I should like but I got to thinking about it and I decided I could never be a 'society wife' and perform all the duties that would necessarily fall her way. I'd rather work, and heaven knows that I get tired enough of that.

"Why don't I retire?" she repeated my question. "Because I can't afford, yet, to live the way I want to."

EVEN the books that she reads, and she reads all the time, must be vivid. She liked the volume on Van Gogh's life; a colorful biography of Lola Montez. One season, appearing in Chicago, she reviewed books for the *Chicago Post*. How she finds time to do these things, no one knows. Her super-charged energy finds time for everything; her warm sympathy for living creatures leads her into widely varied beneficent activities, chief of which is the Tail Waggon Foundation of America of which she is president. Her love of dogs carries her beyond mere office-holding. She houses five or six in the roomy, high-ceilinged dwelling she makes her home in Beverly Hills. A practicing theorist, she believes in giving her animal friends (some are mutts) a comfortable environment.

Her greatest claim to theatrical immortality came in 1931 when she created the O'Neill role of *Lavinia Mannon* in *Mourning Becomes Electra* with Nazimova. Her

portrayal should have tossed her onto the top of Hollywood's Mount Olympus. "Didn't get an offer from films," she says tersely. The same thing is happening after her richly human work as *Molly O'Leary* in Mr. Zanuck's *In Old Chicago*. No one has yet put in a bid for her to repeat her brilliant performance in another straight dramatic role. Although we hear rumors. Now she's doing another Zany, feather-brained creature in Universal's *Good-Bye, Broodway* (nee *The Shannons of Broodway*). But Brady may yet outwit the producers. "I'm trying something new in characterization in this," she confides. "I'm playing *Molly Malloy* rather hard, a little brittle."

As in many of the epochal events of her life, it was *Faw-ther* Brady in 1932 who changed the course of her career. He started her zany-hood by switching her from the straight dramatic lead in his stage play *Mademoiselle* to the comedienne part. And he had "Mom" (Grace George) play the role that Alice would normally have done. Hollywood, oblivious to the fine artistry of her *Lavinia Mannon*, whooped about the new comic discovery. To movie moguls "entertainment" is spelled l-a-u-g-h-s. In 1933 Comedienne Alice Brady journeyed West to an endless procession of films in which she has played fuzzy-brained *femmes*. There seems to be no escape for her. It's about time that the Front Office boys discovered the real Brady.



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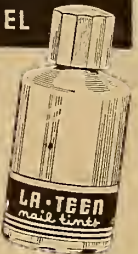
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We are the Girls from Hollywood High

[Continued from page 43]

enough. But even more convincing is the sight the Englishman got—all you've got to do is to stroll past Hollywood Hi at letting-out time, or recess or lunch hour, and give the girls the once-over! It's an education in more ways than one. And despite the earnest efforts of the school's executive staff to "play down" this idea of it's being a sort of training-ground for movie careers, it's obvious that at least fifty percent of the gals who go there have movies in mind for their future careers.

I haven't the slightest doubt that the school authorities will raise hands, eyebrows, and a fuss, about that statement. But I'll stand by it. Because I saw the truth of it definitely impressed on one of the school officials herself . . . !

It was while some data was being collected for this very story. "Tut, tut," the teacher-official tut-tutted at a question we asked. "As a matter of fact, very—oh, very very!—few of our girls are interested in cinema work. There may be a few, of course—but a very small percentage, indeed . . ."

Just then, a gorgeous creature passed by. Blonde, cuddlesome, curvacious—and about 16.

"Why, there's one of our students now; I'll ask her," said the teacher. "Barbara, come here, please," she called. Barbara duly obeyed.

"Barbara," began the teacher, "do you think many of the girls here are interested in being in motion pictures?"

Barbara (which isn't her name at all) giggled: "Of course," she said. "Most of them are. Why, every girl I know here is. They all want to get in pictures."

"Ahem. Ahem, ahem," ahemmed the teacher; "you may go now, Barbara." Barbara dutifully went. Then the teacher broke down.

"As a matter of fact," she confessed, "I suppose it really IS true that many—maybe most—of our girls do lean toward pictures. Either for the fun of it, or the money, I suppose," she added wistfully.

AND so the records came out, and in them, the names of Fay Wray, Karen Morley, Shirley Ross, Marian Marsh, the Turner girl and the others . . .

Lana Turner's story is one of the more amusing. It seems that when Lana and her ma came to Hollywood, Lana registered at Hollywood Hi, but trigonometry and astronomy and physics and things like that didn't figure in her scheme of things. Nor did typewriting. So one day, she calmly cut a typing class to toddle across Highland avenue to "The Tops," which is the name of a malted-milk-and-chatter emporium favored by the girls. Lana dragged on a chocolate malted and didn't know she was being piped off by Billy Wilkerson, publisher of the *Hollywood Reporter*, the movie trade paper. He made a note of Lana's glamorous appeal and heard her "line" that she manages so languorously. And Billy recalled that Mervyn LeRoy was looking for a fresh gal with a Southern accent for *They Won't Forget* . . . Even though Lana hails from up Idaho way.

Well, you know the rest of the story. Billy calmly asked the high school gal if she'd ever thought of going into pictures.

"Why, no suh," said Lana, looking him straight in the eye. But she didn't let Billy get away until she had a letter to someone

who took her to Mervyn—and now Lana is a fledgling star, under personal contract to him. And has already appeared in four or five pictures.

Shirley Ross, another H. H. Schooler, took the hard way. She went in for elocution and rhetoric and even school dramatics. Even piano recitals!! When, with this background of training, she crashed pictures, she never forgot her dear old alma mater. Last year, just before the school's student body gave its annual light opera, Shirley came back to school. She got up on the rostrum and told them that she, herself, used to play in school theatricals and look at her now!

" . . . and so," she concluded, in effect if not in those exact words, "you ought to get in back of this annual opera. Give it your all—for the sake of dear old Hollywood High. And besides, there'll probably be a whole flock of studio talent scouts in the audience!!"

THE last argument was the clincher. They say it was the best annual opera the school ever gave . . . And studio scouts DO haunt the school. They know they can't afford to neglect the possibilities in a student body of more than 2,000 youngsters, of whom more than half are girls. And the sort of girls who, having lived and breathed Hollywood and its traditions, know their Hollywood stuff. A Hollywood High School girl, take it from this humble commentator, knows a lot of things that girls from the hinterland have to learn before they can make the Hollywood grade. A Hollywood High School gal has a big head start on outsiders in the race for movie honors.

She knows, for one thing, the secret of dress, make-up and poise. Hollywood Boulevard, Sunset Boulevard, the sports events, the theatres of Hollywood are alive with movie stars. Naturally, these kids in their teens from the high-school watch these stars, study them, "ape" them, if you want to call it that. I'd skip the verb "ape" myself, because I think, honestly, that the schoolgirls are just pursuing an extra-curricular course of study, when they learn from these movie-successes some of the tricks of being a success. After all, why shouldn't a gal study how to make \$1,500 a week by charm and glamor and that sort of thing, instead of trying to learn shorthand and typing for a \$15-a-week job?

There's no possible way of telling how many of Hollywood Hi's girl grads have clicked in pictures. Except by interviewing every girl in the movies. There are no central records: The school, itself, insists on "playing down" that movie training-school angle and keeps no records. Central Casting Bureau, which is an intermediate stepping-stone for many of the girls between school and money-jobs in movies, has no record of how many of its names are Hollywood Hi grads.

"Many of them. Dozens, scores, perhaps even hundreds of our girls come from Hollywood High School," they'll admit.

Nor do the studios keep such information on file, except in some cases. Somehow, press agents don't seem to believe it adds to a girl's glamor to reveal that she took her schooling in Hollywood. So they just forget that, and hint that she graduated from a convent in Paris. Anyway, press agents don't care.

NOT only do studio scouts keep their eyes on Hollywood High's girl student body and girl students' bodies, but also more than one of the movie big shots . . . I've seen some of the biggest names in pictures standing on a corner at Hollywood High, giving the lovely girls their rapt attention. Chaplin has been spotted looking them over from the sidelines. And you know he is a connoisseur of feminine loveliness. The mere fact that he can stand minute after minute, watching the girls play on the tennis courts demonstrates how alluring they are—even to the eye of a Hollywood veteran who might forgivably be jaded by all the feminine loveliness that runs around the studios.

Because here, in this bunch of school girls, is all the loveliness of femininity, PLUS a freshness that hasn't been worn off by the realism and matter-of-factness of studio life. Nor do the high school girls at Hollywood Hi have to compete with the expertness of professional beauties in the matter of make-up and dress. Because Hollywood High (as far as I can discover) has no restrictions on the use of make-up, nor on dress—save one: the girls may NOT wear slacks. However, there is no school uniform, as is the custom in many American high schools. Nor is lipstick and rouge taboo, nor even mascara and other aids to charm.

"It is simply because we do not want to be conspicuous that we allow our girls a lot of latitude in dress and make-up," said a school official. "If we cracked down on their use of cosmetics and gaudy clothes, the howl would immediately arise that just because we ARE in Hollywood, we have to

keep a tight rein on our girls. So we lean in the other direction.

"Our only restriction is against the wearing of slacks. Some of the high schools in the beach towns, nearby, allow slacks, but we don't. We feel they'd be too conspicuous. After all, our girls don't have to be marlenedietrichs!"

ROUGHLY, Hollywood High's movie-fame-bound girls can be divided into three major groups, according to one Hollywood expert who has followed the trend. The first group includes such old-timers as June Knight, Alice White, Ann Dvorak and Fay Wray. These were girls who went to Hollywood High with no deliberate intent of crashing movies, but who because of circumstances found themselves in movies afterward. The second class consists of the girls who deliberately and intently aimed for movies while in high school—like Shirley Ross with her dramatics, and Ann Rutherford who is now even taking night classes at Hollywood High, improving her diction. And the third class consists of those girls to whom school is just a legal necessity which can't be escaped while they give their all to movies.

Some of their attendance records are pretty pallid. The law leaves them a loophole—when their studio work requires them to be on the sets during school hours, they can take their schooling on the lot. So most studios have their own "schoolrooms" where these girls put in the required number of school hours, between shots. Yet some day, when their mimeographed biographies are handed to reporters, there'll be a line—"she's

a graduate of Hollywood High School."

Usually, one teacher admitted, it's easy to spot the girls and boys who are aiming for a movie career. "They don't give a hang for their school work," one teacher explained.

And it's not only before the camera that Hollywood High's girls and boys aim to make their mark after leaving school. Other departments come in for their share of ambition, too. For instance, there's the youth who quit high school on the very day he attained the age at which California permits children to leave school. This boy is a Hollywood press agent's son. He plans to follow his father's footsteps, become a Hollywood publicity man.

"But why don't you stay here, and finish your course?" they asked him at school. "At least, take a complete course in journalism—and English."

"English, my eye!" wisecracked the lad. "You don't have to know English to be a Hollywood press agent!"

AND when he quit—which was a couple of years ago—he promised his English teacher that in five years, he'd come back and report as to whether or not he was right! P. S.—He was! He's one of Hollywood's more successful press-agents right now.

Among the better known movie names, past and present, who matriculated at Hollywood High are: Mary McAllister, Gladys McConnell, Marilyn Mills, Olive Hasbrouck, Mary Jane Irving, Dorothy Dix, Jobyna Ralston (all from the silent era) Alice White, Ann Rutherford, Marian Marsh, June Lang, Barbara Kent, Karen Morley, Cecilia Parker, Iris Adrian.



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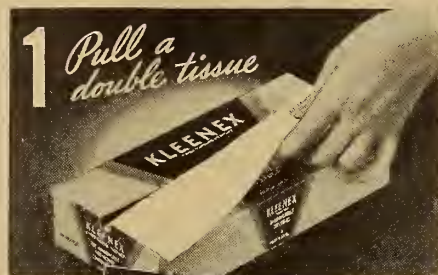
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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

I Wouldn't Be A Star!!

[Continued from page 33]

couple of hours this afternoon and when I leave here tonight I've got to go to a radio rehearsal for that broadcast Sunday. . . . What's that, Joe? Another retake? I'll be right there. . . ."

That isn't one day. That's every day. And there's the grinding monotony of retakes. You know the first thing every studio visitor says? "I'd go crazy doing the same thing over and over again like that!" Sure. But the star can't. She's got to keep smiling.

Dorothy Lamour had to work in the waters of Malibu Creek every day for three weeks for *The Jungle Princess*. She was bitten by almost every known variety of bug. That's the side you don't hear about.

Why don't they ever say it takes the stoicism of a Ghandi to be a movie star? The iron constitution of a Mussolini? Here is a Call Sheet, for instance, for Ray Milland who's the male lead in *Women Have a Way*:

- 9 A. M. On the set. (Stage 10)
- 1 P. M. On the Set. (Stage 10)
- 5 P. M. Dinner call for a pickup shot. (Stage 14)
- 9 P. M. Location (San Fernando Valley) Weather conditions just right.

Then there's the little matter of being fitted that every feminine star has to go through. Myself, I get dizzy after I've been up on that fitter's stool for an hour. But do you know how long it took Kay Francis to fit her wardrobe for *First Lady*? *Sixty-seven hours!* Oh, they do the preliminary work on a figure modelled to the star's size but the final adjusting has to be done on her. And Kay usually has from fourteen to twenty-five costumes for each picture.

I know what you're thinking. I thought it, too, when I came from that little town in Ohio. *If I made the money they did I could stand anything!*

YOU hear that some one is getting \$100,000 per picture. That somebody else makes a \$5,000 a week salary. It sounds wonderful. It is wonderful. But listen a moment—I was working in a Carole Lombard picture over at Paramount one day and her secretary, Fieldsie, came on the set. They went over accounts for a while and suddenly Carole exclaimed, "I am not making one cent more today than I did six years ago! I was a featured player then. Now I have a thousand more responsibilities but the taxes and expenses bring my salary right down to where I started from!"

It seems fantastic—until you consider the actual figures. As Carole said, "You pay the government as high as fifty one per cent of your earnings. Another third goes to the state income tax collector. You pay your agent ten per cent—and hope you have enough left over for a meal ticket!"

She wasn't crabbing. She was stating facts. With that cute grin of her's she shouted at Fieldsie, "Where's my weekly allowance?" Fieldsie handed it to her. *It was ten dollars.* She's on a saving system and that is all she's allotted.

"But the stars SPEND so much, my dear!" says my next door neighbor. She has never heard of the Demands on them. They're legion in number. Here is just one that people outside don't know about: It's grown to be a Hollywood Institution for the star to give gifts to the entire crew after each picture. And I mean *gifts*. After her last production Mae West gave expensive

tokens in one form or other to eighty people!

If they don't spend money like that they're labeled "tight"—and you might as well be labeled "poison" in Hollywood.

IF THEY blow up at the end of a hectic day when they have a cold in the head and the script dialogue is terrible—they're "temperamental." But worst of all they are the target for every cheap wisecrack.

There was that time on *The Bride Wore Red* set. I'll never forget that. Some eastern reporter was brought out to see Joan Crawford and of course the first thing he noticed was that big chalk mark on the floor where she was to stand. Now every player is automatically chalked. Anyone connected with the business knows that. The camera range is so limited that if you move two inches you're out of focus. But this Bright Boy cracked in his column a couple of days later, "Why don't they get intelligent actors for the movies? Crawford is so dumb they have to mark the spot where she is to stand!"

You'd think the stars would get immune to such things after a while, but they don't. Not when they are as sensitive and fine as Joan. But she can laugh over other incidents that would drive the average girl goofy. "The funniest thing happened to me last night," she told a group of us one morning. "Franchot and I were at the Trocadero and I slipped off my sandal for a moment between dances." Everybody, including Joan, chuckled at that because of course that's a habit of her's. When she slips off a shoe you know she is happy! "But when I reached for it, it wasn't there!" she went on. "Someone had taken it. I wanted like everything to continue dancing—but have you ever tried doing the rumba in a stocking foot? I had to hobble out of the 'Troc' with everybody staring and laughing. . . ."

All right, it was funny. And so was that little episode that happened the other morning. Joan was taking a sun bath on her roof at home when she heard somebody shout her name. Up she popped—and there was a big sight-seeing bus in front with all the folks getting an eyeful of a star in white sheet, oil and glasses. Funny, yes. *But how would you like it to happen to you?*

HOW would you like to live and eat and breathe and love in a glass showcase? Where every move you make is subject to censure, to misunderstanding?

A lot of people think Katharine Hepburn is ritzy because she ducks out of side entrances at previews and such. They don't know what stark fear she has of mobs. That she was nearly crushed by one as a little girl during an Armistice Day parade. Even without that fear, mobs are terrifying. Jean Harlow had the tails cut off her silver foxes once and her arm broken—but she never allowed it to be put in the paper. "A moving picture player is public property," was Jean's way of looking at it. "And if an over-zealous crowd pushes too hard—well, the time to worry is when they aren't zealous!"

To me, that's the biggest price of all—the worry of stardom. The constant, everlasting strain. "Will my next picture be good? . . . *Am I slipping?*" It's like the lady who rode the tiger. Once you're up there you can't let go.

Sure. I'm a Hollywood extra. I've got a bungalow and Jimmy—and you can have the rest!

self—"poked in out-of-the-way places for antiques. We rode bicycles. We walked. We got acquainted with the neighbors. We listened to the radio. We read. We ate without hurry—and whatever we wanted. And we had plenty of quiet for plenty of sleeping . . . It's so far removed from this"—he gestures out the window at the buildings huddling close, the traffic rolling by—"it's another world."

A sigh emanates, at this moment, from Bill. "Hold your hats, boys," he says. "Here we go again. Jim's off on his favorite topic."

Jim leans at such cynicism. "Doubting Thomas here"—he indicates Bill—"never could understand my going for the rustic life. He'd never been there till last Fall. He arrived in a great hurry, bustling with business. He had flown to Providence, taxied eighty miles to Wood's Hole in an hour and forty minutes, and climbed on the morning boat to the Vineyard just as it cast off. He breezed in the house and said, 'now sign these things. I've got to go right back on the next boat.' I told him, 'Calm down, Bill. Take it easy. The boat doesn't leave till afternoon.'

"I took him around the island, and out to Gay Head, the gaily colored cliffs. He didn't say much. Milt Gross, the cartoonist, had been visiting me and was leaving that afternoon. Bill said, 'Milt, you could take these papers down to New York, couldn't you? I think I'll stay over for a day' . . . If he had stayed *two* days, things would have reversed themselves. I would have been the one trying to get the brother away from there, back to work."

At that, Bill says reluctantly, "Yes, I'm afraid Jim has something there. I phoned him at the Vineyard, from Hollywood, a while back. I said, 'Listen to *this* offer. It's big. And all you have to do is go on the radio for a half-hour a week for thirteen weeks.' Jim said, 'I'll have to think it over. Let me call you back.' When he said that, I said to myself, 'Well, there goes that deal.' I called the radio people right up and said, 'Jim says no.'"

IT'S a bit difficult to picture James Cagney, the Big City Boy, leading the quiet life and liking it. How does *he* explain it?

"When I was twelve years old, I went to a summer camp. I got a taste of what it was like, away from the crowds and the hurly-burly. But that taste was just a teaser. I've never had enough . . . This cramped living is what drives people nuts. No matter how phlegmatic you may be, you pay a price for city life. You can't relax."

Leaning back in his chair, talking easily, Jim looks more relaxed than you have ever seen him. Mellowed, easygoing. Usually, even in casual conversation, he is a compact package of energy, as tense as a jockey at the wire in a big race. You ask him if he has changed, or if this is just an illusion.

"Funny thing, I don't feel any tension here. Does anybody else?" He looks around the circle, as if suddenly struck with a suspicion that there may be something wrong with him. Reassured that there isn't, he says, "Last night, I had a pal in to dinner. After dinner, we were in my den, talking. I wasn't conscious that I was bouncing all over the place until he said, 'For God's sake, will you sit down and relax? You're giving me the jitters.' That doesn't sound as if I'd changed. I haven't thought about it. I don't *feel* changed. Except"—he winks sardonically—"at Roaring Brook Farm."

Maybe it was a mistake to bring up this business of the bucolic life. Now that he's started, there's no stopping him. He tells

you: "There are some fascinating characters up there."

"There's one old codger up there—eighty-four if he's a day, gnarled, with his head bent over his knees." Jim mimics a broken-down ancient. "Somebody asked him for five dollars for the fire department. 'Why,' he quavered, 'if I had five dollars, I'd spend it on rum and watch the town burn!'"

Jim is a good story-teller. He pantomimes the actions of the characters, talks with their inflections. "There was another old fellow—used to be whaling captain. During the War he was second officer on a Coastal vessel. The skipper was a Navy man and pretty starchy. 'Looky here!' the old fellow said one day. 'Give me orders—tell me what to do. But don't try to tell me how to do it.' The skipper felt his neck burning. 'This is insubordination, sir. I'll have you in irons.' The old fellow came right back at him: 'Go ahead. But just remember this: I've wrung more salt water out of my mittens than you've ever sailed over!' . . . I want to use that line in a picture sometime."

Jim constantly has his ear cocked for pithy language, his eye peeled for memorable gestures—all traits of character. "They're the trade-marks of personality," he explains. "And personality is what we're selling in this business."

YOU wonder if he will ever again do anything equivalent to pushing a grapefruit in a heroine's face—as he did once to Mae Clarke (and made screen history). "I don't know. The fans seem to want it—more than I do . . . But the letters that really surprised were the ones I got after *Something to Sing About*. People said they'd waited a long time to see me dance again. The only previous time I danced on the screen was in *Footlight Parade*, four and a half years ago—about four measures of tap. Those letters set me back on my heels . . . Do you know where I picked up my dancing? My lessons cost me fifteen cents apiece. The price of admission to some vaudeville house—where I could watch dancers who knew how."

What with his becoming so intrigued with the rustic life, you ask Jim if he acts because he likes to act, or because it is a means to an end—financial independence, and retirement.

"No," he says. "I like it. I really like it. No matter how much dough was in it for me, win or lose, I'd be at it. If I weren't in the Big Time, you'd probably find me in some 300-seat theatre out in the sticks, wearing big pants and a red nose. Once the germ gets in your blood, you never get rid of it."

"The ego is the thing. To go into the business in the first place, you have to have it. When you're acting, you're expressing yourself. It's probably the healthiest profession in the world. Look at the way stage people live—up half the night, then sleeping till mid-afternoon. Eating at irregular hours, and able to digest anything—when they can get it. Yet they're healthy. They have no inhibitions."

Bill says, "What do you mean? You never slept till 3 p. m. in your life."

"That was once a great source of woe to me," Jim admits. "I'd get up in the mornings—couldn't sleep any longer—and be over at a rehearsal hall by eleven or so. Around two p. m. other actors would come drifting in, and drop cracks about 'ambitious people.' I don't know; I guess maybe I had a New England conscience . . . Maybe that explains my gravitation to Martha's Vineyard."

Bill sputters. "Please. No more talk about Martha's Vineyard. There'll be no holding you. You'll be on the next train East."

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You Can't Desert These Desserts

[Continued from page 72]

It is good news to learn, however, that many very simple desserts are extremely pleasing, and that there are a great many uncomplicated sweets which make a perfect topping for the lighter menus of Spring. Again, the busy woman trying to be a conscientious housekeeper and at the same time fulfill the duties of a good mother, can be happy in knowing that many attractive desserts can really be prepared in but a few minutes of actual time, and better still, these may be prepared without any cooking or use of the oven.

Now what are these dainty light desserts, so eminently suitable to the languors of Spring fever and attendant lessened appetite? In general such happy endings fall into these types:

- Junket or uncooked milk dessert
- Custard or cooked milk dessert with (or without) fruits
- Sweetened condensed milk uncooked dessert
- Whipped cream, crumb and fruit uncooked dessert
- Marshmallow, cream and fruit dessert
- Tapioca dessert
- Cornstarch dessert
- Gelatin dessert
- Frozen cream
- Fruit whip

Junket desserts are uncooked milk custards made solid by the aid of junket or rennet tablets. Familiar to Grandmother and all older generations of cooks, rennet rapidly transforms sweet milk into a pleasing solid form, delicate, delicious and most easy of digestion. Today rennet or junket milk custards are at once the simplest answer to the quick dessert. For, by improvements in manufacture, and with the aid of a whole palette of colors and flavors, one may rapidly prepare milk custards of various kinds. The basic custard calls for the junket powder or tablet to be dissolved in lukewarm fresh milk, and allowed to set or firm at room temperature. By the addition of fruits, marshmallows, cake or wafers these modern junkets are as appreciated and enjoyed by adults as by the youngest set. Here's how:

RASPBERRY JUNKET

- ¼ pound (16 marshmallows)
- Shredded cocoanut
- 1 package raspberry junket
- 2 cups lukewarm milk
- ¾ cup canned shredded pineapple

Cut marshmallows in quarters, place in dessert glasses and sprinkle with cocoanut. Dissolve junket powder in lukewarm milk and fill into glasses. Let set in warm place until firm, then chill in refrigerator. Pour over shredded pineapple with additional sweetening, if desired, and top with cocoanut. (Serves 6.)

(Other combinations suggested are Maple Junket with Orange Slices, Chocolate Junket with Sliced Banana, or Vanilla Junket with Fresh Berries.)

TO MANY persons a dessert just isn't unless it is chocolate. So a quick chocolate pudding made in less than 5 minutes is a sure-fire hit with the busy housewife who knows her sweetened condensed milk. Yes, that's the secret of a whole cookbook

full of quick, non-cooked, satisfying desserts—*canned sweetened condensed milk*. This helpful pantry standby is made from pure rich milk, plus sugar, so whipped and blended in huge sanitary plants that a perfect emulsion or mixture results. When this milk is combined with such ingredients as sweetened, mashed fruits, cake crumbs or whipped cream, a pleasing delicate dessert is obtained in less than it takes to write this paragraph. Just listen to this, and then go into your own kitchen tonight, and prove it:

5-MINUTE FLUFFY CHOCOLATE PUDDING

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
- ¼ cup water
- ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring
- 2 egg whites, stiffly whipped
- Whipped cream
- Shredded almonds or pistache nuts

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and stir in water and flavor. Cool about five minutes. Fold in stiffly whipped whites. Divide into dessert glasses and chill. Top with whipped cream and shredded nuts just before serving. (Serves 6.)

Diced orange pulp may be substituted for nuts for topping with whipped cream.

TO THE woman who has not yet tried desserts and many other dishes made from sweetened condensed milk (and be sure it is *condensed*) a whole vista of wonderfully rich and yet rapidly made delicacies will open up. In the special leaflet prepared in connection with this article, are included an uncooked pie and a delicious pudding, both of which you will surely wish to have in your kitchen files, so be sure and send for them promptly.

Quick-cooking or instant tapioca is another product out of which may be evolved countless light desserts for the busy day cook. No longer is it necessary to let tapioca cook for an hour or more as was required before modern methods reduced the cooking period to about 5 minutes. Once the basic recipe is familiar, the clear tapioca may be endlessly varied by the addition of cut fruits, cocoanut, chopped dates, whipped cream and other familiar dessert ingredients. The following contains the idea:

FRUITED INSTANT TAPIOCA

- 2 cups water
- ½ cup quick-cooking tapioca
- ½ cup sugar
- Grains salt
- Crushed fruit
- Lemon juice

Use double boiler. Place water in top and bring to boil over direct heat. Combine tapioca, sugar and salt, and gradually add to boiling water stirring constantly. Cook over boiling water five minutes stirring occasionally. Remove from heat. (Mixture clears and thickens

[Continued on page 84]

Marriage Dodger No. 1

[Continued from page 38]

fifteen minutes were consumed; but the idea failed to jell for lack of cash customers and the disappointed promoting trio of Niven, Flynn and Hertz were forced to charge off the venture to experience.

Well, he told us about that and added for good measure a footnote concerning his trip to Cuba, the revolution there that drove him out—and of the suddenly-acquired knowledge of himself that drove him frantic.

Here he was, twenty-five years old, for all impractical purposes a bum who was headed for nowhere and getting there mighty fast and with no chance to do much about it unless he went home to England. He told how he set sail for the scenes of his childhood only to discover, far out at sea, that by mistake he had boarded a boat with its sails set for San Francisco; of how, when he landed, kind and gentle folk, giving him the once-over twice, had suggested that he pay his respects to a town called Hollywood—and the sooner the quicker since he might make his fortune in moom pictures.

OVER his tall and cool glass of Mexican beer young and handsome David Niven grinned and told us all about that—with the footnote as stated above, and concluded with a number of sharp, brilliant verbal sketches of what had happened to him when, at last, he did pay his respects to Movietown.

"But, I won't talk about romance, love, and marriage," he said emphatically. "I'm a bachelor and I refuse to say a word until I see my lawyer."

Another soothing swallow from the tall glass and then—

"In the first place, why should I? I've never been married. So how can I speak with authority on that subject? Now it's all very true that you don't have to lay an egg to become a good judge of an omelette, nor do you have to write a play to be able to criticize one, but I've always held to the theory that you have to be in love to talk or write about it sensibly. Correct me if I'm wrong, but that's my theory. If you're stuck with it, it makes no-never-mind with me.

"I'm pretty sure that love, like the automobile, is here to stay, and from what I gather, it makes the world go 'round—but I wouldn't care to be quoted on that. Regardless of what you read in the papers, I'm not carrying the torch for any one actress, whether blonde or brunette, so please classify me as foot-loose and fancy-free.

"I'm not 'this way about that girl', or 'that way about this girl' as the Hollywood rumors have it, but I'll go so far as to say this, however, I do get a great deal of enjoyment in the company of beautiful and intelligent women. I like to look at them, hear their voices—in fact I like everything about them but not well enough to marry any of them, yet." He spoke in a decisive tone as if to end all gossip about himself and any possible romance of the moment. "You see, I'm just a cagey old bachelor! And I'll add this, in case you're interested—when I do marry—and I hope to some time—there'll be no so-called 'Hollywood' marriage. There'll be no fanfare, no hullabaloo, no out-premiering the Boulevard's picture premieres, no press-agency, no circus stuff of any kind. David Niven's marriage, when it comes, will be a simple, dignified home wedding without frills. I'll admit a ceremony of this kind will be a pretty radical departure from the usual Hollywood hocus-pocus, but that's the way it's going to be—or else.

"Definitely, David Niven and his bride aren't going to be on parade. I had all the parades I care for in the army. And another thing to keep the topic warm. My marriage is going to last. There'll be none of 'let's tell it to the judge' business. The girl I marry will look on marriage as I do. She'll be happy to make us both a home and that goes whether she's in pictures or not. She'll be intelligent, this future wife of mine, and I won't care much whether she's beautiful or not. If she's in pictures she'll have to consider her film work as a job instead of as a career.

"More Hollywood marriages than you can count on your fingers and toes have been wrecked over a clash of 'careers' than anything else. So far as I am concerned, I've never had a career and, to be quite frank, I never hope to have one. I've merely got a job in the movies, a job I like so well with Samuel Goldwyn that I hope to keep on the pay-roll until the day comes when I will have to be wheeled under the 'mike' to speak my lines. My wife, if she's in pictures, will have to forget her 'career' and think of her job—and of me.

"ALL this sounds," he added, his eyes twinkling with mirth, "as though I've been giving the marriage problem a bit of study these days—and I have. My chief complaint about bachelorhood is that it lacks companionship—companionship of fine women. I may be a traitor to all the selfish tenets of Hollywood's Bachelor Club, but you can quote me as saying that some of these days I'm going to turn in my membership card for a marriage license. Don't ask me when because I'm as ignorant of the time as you are. They say that love strikes like a bolt from the blue. Well, when it does, I'll bolt for a minister!

"I've been accused, from time to time, of being a Past Master in the art of dodging love and marriage and the accusation holds true so far as it applies to Hollywood where wedding bells chime 'Off With the Old And On With the New' as couples rush from the church to the courthouse. Any bachelor, with an eye to his future happiness, would dodge the fat little guy with the bow and arrows if he thought he would have to go through an experience like that. And many do, believe me, in this hectic town.

"But I'm not dodging genuine romance," he said, measuring his words, "nor am I avoiding a marriage such as I hope to have. All I need is the time, the place, and the girl to prove it. By the way, have I told you about the third picture I ever was in? Well—"

Young and handsome David Niven, more than eager to turn the gabfest into another channel; tired, too, of hearing himself "rant and rave," as he called it, about love and marriage, filled up the glasses with "more of the same," put another log on the fire, and told about the 18 "takes" it took before the director was satisfied with his "good-bye, my dear" line (and the only one he uttered throughout the picture) to Claudette Colbert, and of how deeply thankful he was, and always would be, to this lovely A. No. 1 lady of the screen.

"But," he ended, as though he had forgotten what had gone before, "I won't talk about romance, love, or marriage. I'm a bachelor and I won't say a word until I see my lawyer."

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You Can't Desert These Desserts

[Continued from page 82]

as it cools.) When slightly cool, fold in crushed fruit and lemon juice. (Serves 6.)

Fresh Berry Dessert: Into above, fold 2 cups sweetened crushed berries and 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Pineapple Dessert: Into above, fold 2½ cups canned crushed pineapple and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Top with whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Orange Dessert: Add to above 1 cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and ½ cup cream, whipped. Garnish with shreds of orange rind or chocolate shot.

Strawberry Flamingo Dessert: Divide cooked tapioca into 2 parts. To one, add 2 cups strawberry juice, and place mixture in dessert glasses. To the other, fold in ½ cup cream, whipped, and pile this mixture lightly on top of first layer in glasses. Chill. Garnish with sweetened whole berries.

AN OLD standby which must be included in easy, quick desserts is the *soft custard*, always included on the invalid's diet and on that of children. But in its more elaborate and de luxe forms—as in the filling of those so-delicious French cream puffs and as cake fillings—the soft custard is nothing if not sophisticated. Combined with pieces or cubes of cake, cream, and crushed fruits, it is capable of entering and taking first prize in a free-for-all dessert contest, as this recipe proves:

CALIFORNIA CAKE CUSTARD

- 1 (9-inch) layer sponge cake
- 1 cup orange juice
- 2 cups milk
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- ¼ cup granulated sugar
- grains salt
- 3 egg whites, stiffly whipped
- 6 tablespoons powdered sugar
- 1 tablespoon grated orange or lemon rind

Cut cake into inch cubes and arrange in bottom of buttered shallow casserole. Pour over orange juice and let stand while preparing custard. Use double boiler. Scald milk. Into beaten yolks beat sugar and salt and add slowly to hot milk, stirring constantly until mixture thickens to coat spoon. Pour custard over cake. Make meringue by combining whipped whites with sugar and rind. Pile meringue over custard and brown in slow oven (300°F) 12-15 minutes. Serve hot or divide into individual sherbet glasses and chill. (Serves 6-8.)

Canned pineapple, cherry or raspberry juice may be substituted for fresh orange juice.

IT WAS not so long ago that marshmallows were held to be strictly confectionery, and were eaten, as is other candy, piece by piece. But not so now. Marshmallows have become an ingredient like gelatin, eggs, milk or cream, and like them can be depended on to produce many easy-to-look-at desserts. To mixtures like cake

[Continued on page 88]

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What's Happening to Hollywood?

[Continued from page 36]

longer rushes a gang into a private projection room to look at his latest epic. Scintillating conversation over demi-tasses, touching today's significant topics, is in vogue. If you haven't a cosmopolitan attitude you aren't asked back. It's considered smart to give one big party a year. The Basil Rathbones have assumed the social leadership established by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

WHEN Hollywood wishes to dance it's quite liable to pass up the older spots. The old haunts are crowded enough, but they aren't Hawaiian and it's now a habit to drop into one of the many small cafes that reek with South Sea atmosphere. The favorites include the Seven Seas, the Tropics, the Hawaiian Paradise, the Hula Hut, and the Waikiki. Island delicacies taste more tempting and music swung by steel guitars has a provocative punch. The Waikiki features a dimness so confidential that the waitresses carry tiny flashlights to illuminate the menus.

Screen idols formerly melted into inactive oblivion. Now ex-greats capitalize on their personality in a luxury trade. William Haines decorates the colony's most splendid estates—he's spent two years supervising the arrangement of the Jack Warner interiors. Norma Talmadge owns apartments where players like to tarry en route to home-stading. Mary Pickford is financing a dramatic school on the Boulevard. And Clara Bow operates a Vine Street dining spot.

Hollywood, current version, is a far busier, wealthier place than it has ever been before. Busier not only because of the double bill system theatres demand, but because of the arrival of radio in the city. Wealthier, also, because of an added source of big income. Now Hollywood is rapidly eclipsing New York as the world capital of radio entertainment. While Hollywood hasn't a Radio City, nevertheless the coast-to-coast chains have built the last word in broadcasting studios. M-G-M and Warners lead in the film companies' step into the radio field, presenting their own stars directly to radio fans. The detailed rehearsals required for air programs keep the stars twice as rushed. For a Lux Theatre of the Air hour, for instance, the film stars topping the bill rehearse twenty-five hours in advance. However, there is fine recompense. Radio wages generally equal the weekly screen salary. Jeanette MacDonald, as an example, is understood to get around \$5,000 a week for her regular radio night.

The stars have to be much more serious about their work because, mainly, of radio; it's forced them to become super-conscientious. A poor radio presentation would destroy the illusions of millions of valuable fans. Secondly, a modern star literally concentrates and studies today's technical tricks because he realizes how fleeting his opportunity is. At best movie fame has always been temporary, but at this time new faces are being brought in more rapidly than ever. Any sad slip and a player discovers himself a quick has-been, with someone else in his limelight.

Getting the acting break has boiled down to one preliminary: a demonstration of individuality and personality on some stage or in some night club. You needn't be a trained actor; if you're a beauty-contest winner you hardly have a chance. Hollywood can develop acting and sufficient attractiveness if it wants to, if it believes in

your potential ability. Most of the new bets hail directly from little theatres; studio scouts cover all of them.

While the rest of the world may be going nationalistic, Hollywood proves America isn't. More foreign talent is being promoted to stardom than ever before.

Hollywood's notion of the supreme entertainment is switching once more. The recent barrage of slapstick buffoonery is nearly forgotten. Biographical dramas are the new vogue, reflecting the depth of current audiences. Musical comedies continue to furnish nonchalant fun, but the big news, musically, is that the classics are now recognized. Even to performers. Jascha Heifitz joins Stokowski and Kirsten Flagstad as a screen name. Grand opera looms, with several gallant plans to attempt it being nurtured. Next month a number of elaborate airplane war thrillers go into production, and another vogue will be launched.

TECHNICOLOR is firmly entrenched; its extra cost is the only excuse the studios offer for not going color completely. This cost will gradually be lessened, as will the hot blaze of lights needed for working with color. The stars will rejoice heartily at this.

There will be no amazing television development during 1938. It isn't prepared for a profitable send-off yet.

When you visit the stars at the studios now you are surprised to see that sets are being constructed in a sane-appearing manner. Heretofore only bits of rooms were built, and there was no connection between them. Traipsing from one locale to another is diminishing; perambulator shots have been perfected; with the camera travelling, actors can enjoy sets in logical continuity.

The unionization of Hollywood is an extraordinary new fact. Every star now belongs to the Screen Actors' Guild and couldn't act if he didn't. Such a spirit of unity is brand new. And the stars loyally assist the lesser unions to accomplish their aims. Even the white-collar workers in the studios now have unions to fight for more advantageous conditions.

The stars now make it a point to catch all the big previews, realizing that every outstanding picture is a boost for the industry. Instead of slinking in wearing slacks, as of yore (with the exception of a few gangsters or those who have a "clown" reputation to uphold), they dress up for the street crowds. They give autographs willingly, having come to fully appreciate their public. The aversion to being polite, carried to excess last year by three or four feminine topnotchers, has been judged a career mistake.

In Hollywood, now, everyone is health-conscious. With the West Side Tennis Club being the pct hang-out. Stars are turning away from business managers, learning how to hang onto their money themselves.

The stars of today really read, and intelligently. They select the inside books on present problems, and, next, inspirational biographies. They willingly acknowledge their children, no longer fearing to seem older than twenty-two. A Hollywood girl takes to smoothness instead of that erstwhile glamor gag. She shudders at the notion of having been a blatant blonde. She isn't—honestly—anxious to be spectacular; well-groomed is the phrase on her mind. And she doesn't have to hide the fact that she has a mind to get her man. Hollywood marches on!

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Will Massey Out-Garbo Garbo?

[Continued from page 21]

has won, not only the hope and faith and respect of her studio, but its heart as well . . .

The warmth of Ilona is such that you see her beauty, not only with your eyes but with your heart. There is no trace of the complacent beauty about Ilona. For as a child she knew hunger and a world torn to bloody shreds before her very eyes. Having suffered, she knows compassion; having been hungry, she is grateful for what she now has; having known poverty and obscurity she is akin to those who are poor and humble; having seen a dream come true, she will be tender to those who dream dreams which do not come true . . . a sound structure, this, upon which to build stardom.

SO THIS is the true story of Ilona Hajmassy, the daughter of Hungarian peasant parents. It is the story of a child who lived through the travail of her war-torn country. Ilona remembers the World War, remembers the day when her father left for the War, the father with whom she had sung ever since she was able to lisp her first words. The singing voice of Ilona was inherited from her father. Not that he ever did anything professional with his voice.

She would dance, too, in the quiet farmhouse . . . "but I danced very badly in these days," she told me, "I could not dance, I could not, though I try . . ."

THEN the War. And the father called to the colors. And the mother left to work the land or even going back to the teaching she had done before her marriage so that by some means she might keep the roof over the heads of her two little daughters, Ilona and the older sister; might somehow scrape together enough to feed and clothe them.

Ilona said to me: "I have had such sadness. But it was not of the kind of which the poets write so pretty. I did not feel it in my heart. I felt it in my stomach. Look, I tell you, there was no meat for us to eat. There was no bread except the black bread, very hard and very little." She knew actual body hunger, the small Ilona, and what it is to have thin legs that wobble and cheeks that cave in so that the war lords could eat plenty and be enhanced in their glut for power.

Ilona said to me: "If you have lived always in this country you do not know your blessings. In my country you may see smiling faces and hear song in Budapest, in Vienna, but you go into the country and you cannot dare to look around for the sadness you see. So when they ask: 'You like it here? Why?' I say, 'Because it is so happy here. There is such warmth and sunshine and food and happiness for all.' Even love in my country is not so happy. The young men are so excited when they make love to you. If you say: 'I do not go out with you this evening, I go out with someone else,' they say, 'Look, I shoot myself immediately, okay.' They want always to marry you. If you do not marry them, again they become violent. In America the men are not so violent. I like that. Always to be excited is no good.

"I want to stay here in Hollywood all of my life. I will work so hard no one can send me away. They give me all the kindness and help and everything. If I do not succeed it will be my fault."



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True Confessions

MURDER ON THE PIRATE YACHT

When the War was over and the bitter struggle for rehabilitation was begun, Ilona, then aged eight, was sent to Holland where some of the good people had offered to take in and feed the small starvelings of the War. Holland and Switzerland were, Ilona told me, the two countries who volunteered to let little children come unto them. And so Ilona, ticketed *Jacob Boss*, was sent to Holland, Jacob Boss being the name of the good man to whose family care she was consigned.

For a year-and-a-half Ilona lived with the good Boss and his family and she grew rosy and sturdy; she sang again. Then back to her parents who did not know her when they met her at the train, so well had she grown, and so beautiful.

She went back to Jacob Boss and his family for another few months and they offered to take her for their own, to adopt her, to leave her a part of their inheritance, along with their own children. That, of course, she could not do. She must be about her own business. Her sister was married, it would now be for her to work, to help the mother and the father. The small family of three moved to Budapest, lived in a one-room apartment and the mother sent Ilona to a small sewing-school. She should learn to be a seamstress.

In good time she would marry. Ilona tried then to tell her mother something of her dream . . . "look, Mother, it is like this with me . . . I want to be in the theatre, it is my way, it is my life. . . ." She said to me: "I told the mother because, you know, mothers are softer. I did not dare to tell this to my father."

THEN, one day: "I saw a sign on a theatre. It read that *Student Love* would open in two weeks time. And so, then, would I. I said to my girl friend: 'We will go in and ask de directeur to make me an actress.' My friend thought I was crazy but I pulled her in with me. We saw the directeur and he said to me, 'Can you sing?' I said, 'No.' He said to me then, 'Can you dance?' I said, 'No.' He said to me, 'Can you act?' I said, 'No.' Then he became wery angry and he asked me why do I take his time, what *can* I do? He ask me to go away, please. Then I beg him. I get down on my knees. I cry. I tell him I can do this, *I can be an actress. I must be an actress. He cannot send me away.* Finally he tell me to come back tomorrow. He can do nothing but give me a job in his chorus but that he will do, yes. So I go back the next day and he gives me that chorus job."

SO ILONA took her first, pre-planned step toward Hollywood. For nearly two years she was in the chorus, dancing "wery badly," but learning "wery" much. And her beauty became the talk of Budapest. Men fell in love with her, madly, "excitingly, as they do in my country" and there were flowers and jewels and offers of marriage and broken hearts.

But it was not toward such a goal Ilona was dancing. And well she knew it, and still knows it. She said to me: "I like pretty gowns and furs, yes, simple plain things for the daytime, lovely things for the evening. I like jewels and flowers, of course. I love romance, to be in love, to be loved . . . but not too much, not *the most*. It is the work I am in love with; it is the work I care for, only the work."

Then Ilona went to Vienna. Straight from the chorus she climbed into opera. Secretly, she had been taking singing lessons the while she was in the chorus. She went to Vienna and, first, to one of the smaller opera com-

panies. The manager gave her an audition. The voice was there, yes. And the beauty was there, too. Golden beauty with rich brown eyes, lovely lines of body.

Tosca, said the manager, was to be sung in two weeks. Ilona sang *Tosca* for him. Again he commended the voice. But her German was deplorable. She could not sing *Tosca* unless she could sing it in German. Back to Budapest, then, and two weeks of furiously concentrated lessons in German. And then, in Vienna again, Ilona sang *Tosca*. Even in Hollywood, figured Ilona, the echoes of *Tosca* might be heard. . . .

In the audience the night she sang her *Tosca*, her first operatic role, was Felix von Weingartner, manager of the Vienna State Opera House. And with the fall of the first curtain Herr von Weingartner was backstage, a contract for Ilona Hajmassy in his hands.

THEN there were months of coaching, studying. And during all that time, Ilona tells me, she was thinking of Hollywood. And to prove that she was thinking of it, she took what money was left over from home requirements and paid it to an English girl to speak English with her. She went to American films in her spare time. Garbo was her idol, Gary Cooper, "Mister William Powell," among the others.

Then, at last a chance to sing, to star in *Empress Josephine*.

In the audience were M-G-M executives. The echoes of *Tosca* had, however circuitously, reached Hollywood. They arranged a test. A promise was given: "You will hear from us." Ilona told me: "I did not think so. Not so soon, I thought, will this happen. But it did. Within the week word came for me to fly to London to sign the contract. I fly at once. I look so ugly when I arrive in London. I have not sleep. I am too excited to sleep, to fix my hair. But the contract is signed and then I go back to Vienna to tell them I go to Hollywood. And they are kind and so glad for me. And so my married sister comes with me to take care of me and she has just now gone back home, and I am here. . . ."

AND so it was that Ilona came to Hollywood. The day she arrived she was given the role of *Brenda* in *Rosalie*. Now, great plans are afoot for her. She may make *Balalaika* with Nelson Eddy. She doesn't want to "just sing." She doesn't want to do only musical comedies. She says, still, "I must act." And she should. Warm and human roles should be given Ilona because her warmth of heart is as important as her beauty, as important as her voice. She doesn't see many pictures now; she doesn't study the methods of other players. She wants only to be "natural," to give her own gifts in her own way. She studies English and takes singing lessons every day. She has leased a comfortable home in Beverly Hills. She has arranged for her parents to go back to the land they loved and lost when the War came; back to the farm where she lived as a child. She is putting her life into the work she loves. It was rumored that Ilona was engaged, before she came to Hollywood . . . "not engaged," she told me with finality, "just a semi-official understanding, with the thought that we might marry some day. . . . But now, not yet, not soon. Perhaps in two years, perhaps in five years if he still feels the same, if I still feel the same, we can marry. Now it would not be right. When I marry it will be because I want the child, the children, that is what marriage is for, the babies . . . that would not be fair now, so I shall not marry yet. . . ."



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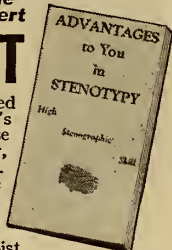
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You Can't Desert These Desserts

[Continued from page 84]

frostings and frozen desserts, marshmallows give two important qualities: smoothness and stand-up-ness. Use marshmallows in a frosting and see how much higher your cake topping will stand up and stay standing! Or include a small portion of marshmallows in the mixture which you plan to freeze in your automatic refrigerator, and see how velvety, uniform and free of annoying crystals will be the resulting dish.

Many recipes could have been included here for more typical marshmallow desserts, but this particular one is given as a sample of an uncooked meringue-type puff or wafer, very delicious to serve with the fresh berries just coming into season.

MARSHMALLOW FRUIT PUFFS

- 2 packets (32) marshmallows
- ½ cup canned crushed pineapple, drained
- ½ cup heavy cream, whipped stiff
- ½ cup walnuts, chopped
- ¾ cup graham cracker crumbs, rolled fine

Cut marshmallows in eighths, add to crushed pineapple, and stand ½ hour in refrigerator. Fold mixture into whipped cream and add nuts. Chill about 1 hour until mixture begins to set. Place small quantity cracker crumbs on waxed paper and drop marshmallow mixture by spoonfuls (one at a time) on crumbs. Cover completely with crumbs. Lift with spatula on to serving plate and chill 1 hour. Serve on lace paper doilies as accompaniment to fresh berry desserts. (Simply delicious with strawberries or raspberries.) (Makes about 10 puffs)

Space prevents discussing other equally helpful light desserts, but when you send for the free leaflet you will be able to get out into the spring sunshine and still supply your family with Happy Meal Endings.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 62]



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DESPITE hellan hiwater and Vanderbilt, Dick Cromwell is putting a lot of time and effort in on the Margaret Lindsay matter. Between Vanderbilt dates, the Lindsay isn't cold to Dick, either.

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Cupid aims, lets fly, and—BING!
—Frances Robinson and Johnny King.

UNLESS they're so-and-so darned liars, Pinky Tomlin and Joanne Alcorn of Ponca City, Oklahoma, will be mrandmrs



Judy Garland in Russian toggery and steppes (no pun intended) wowed them with her torchy voice on her recent tour

by the time you read this. She's college sweetie, one-time "Miss Oklahoma," and long time object of Pinky's affections.



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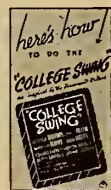
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Motion Picture

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Robert Taylor

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Joan Crawford, Don Ameche, Margaret Sullivan



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ANN: "Hello, Jane. Well, the laugh's on me—there's a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush. What do I do now?"

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maybe it's nothing serious!"

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Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" ruin your smile

WHEN you see "pink tooth brush" see your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is merely another case of neglected gums. Because so many modern foods are creamy and soft, they fail to give our gums the exercise they need. That's why so many dentists today advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

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MOTION PICTURE

Incorporating

**Movie
CLASSIC**

LAURENCE REID

Editor

Volume LV, No. 5

JUNE, 1933

Twenty-seventh Year



THE SANE IRENE DUNNE

When it comes to some view-point on life and living o some existence in that mod town Hollywood you hove to hond it to Irene Dunne. So in the July MOTION PICTURE you'll be reading about the star. The issue will corry other sporkling stories of top-ranking stors—to say nothing of some new discoveries. And the livest and most scintillating gossip of Hollywood stars and what they're doing will be o feature as usual. The issue will also be crammed with the newest art of your favorites. Better be ordering your July copy now from your newsdealer.

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"Dainty Girls Win Out"

says
**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

**DAINTINESS IS A
CHARM THAT
ALWAYS WINS. NO
SMART GIRL
NEGLECTS IT**

**A LUX TOILET SOAP
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THE BEST WAY I
KNOW TO INSURE
DAINTINESS**

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—DELICATELY
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 10]



Some say that Tyrone and Janet are not so keen for each other. But they were all smiles at the Academy dinner

accustomed to such gossip that we are now surprised only when there are no such rumors."



JUST to explode the overworked Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward romance tattle:—the fact is that Ida and Looie are (a) NOT romancing, (b) but good pals, and even (c) second cousins. . . . Louis' ma and Ida's pa are first cousins. . . . Of course, neither Ida nor Hayward object to all the romance-chatter. Publicity is welcome.



HAS something cooled the Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor romance? From white-heat, it has dropped to a mere glow. At least, that's the situation as this is written, and most bets that they will marry are now at big odds—AGAINST. . . . Only a month or so ago, your ol' Tattle-taler would have laid this month's pay-check against a
[Continued on page 14]



Before Paulette Goddard went down to Palm Beach for a vacation she went to previews with Andy Lawler

PRIZE LETTERS TOW READERS RATE THEM!

OLD-FASHION BUNK \$5 Prize Letter

I CONSIDER the recent dispute over Mae West's radio broadcast a lot of good old-fashioned bunk. The sooner the whole thing is forgotten the better off everyone will be. The only reason I am writing this letter is to let Miss West know that everyone is not against her. Mae West in *Every Day's a Holiday* was shown recently in Indianapolis and was the first West picture not held over for a second or third week. It is very unfortunate that the protest, resulting from the broadcast, had to happen, for surely that is what kept so many of the patrons from the theatre. I did my part for my favorite movie actress for I saw the picture three times downtown and intend to see it again when it comes to the neighborhood theatres. I hope the picture does well at the box-office in other cities for the longer Miss West is on the screen the happier all of her loyal fans will be.—*Harold R. Daringer, 276 South Sherman Drive, Indianapolis, Ind.*



Mae West

...realism, and idealism. Shall I try to tell you why this *Jessie* is Joan's most successful part in years? It is because Joan Crawford has grown during these years. Even as *Jessie* in *Monnquin* struggled valiantly, often blindly, but, always purposefully, to gain freedom, escape from her sordid surroundings, so Joan has been fighting obstacles to win through to a permanent place in the sun. Maybe she has been giving us some pretty bad pictures but it was all a kind of university course leading on and on to her ideal. Now she has graduated and *Jessie* is one of the first results of that course.—*J. D. Boyne, 901 Hornby St., Vancouver, Canada.*

LIFE CAN END BEFORE DEATH \$10 Prize Letter

ALTHOUGH in direction, the Hollywood product has more snap, the stodgy English film often scores by knowing when to finish. American films are always passing their logical conclusion and petering out in tame anti-climax. Take for example *Conquest*, the story ends when *Napoleon* tells *Walevsko* that he must make a political marriage. The story ends, but the film goes on—to Elba and Waterloo. All fine cinematic situations, but wasted on a story that needed no spectacular or dramatic padding. On the other hand, take our own *Victorio the Great*. The film ends with her Diamond Jubilee, the peak of a great reign, and the natural conclusion for a great film. Had an American company produced this story, I am sure that they would have lingered on for an historic death-bed scene. They have spoilt many films that way. Hollywood should realize that cinematically a life can end before death.—*Robert Wood, 30 Warwick St., Worthing, Sussex, England.*

A SYMPHONY, SHE \$1 Prize Letter

IS GARBO through? Some answer yes, others (her eternal fans) answer an emphatic no. But no matter on which side we stand let us join in paying her a tribute, for she is a great star. The complete harmony of a symphony is, to me, the best description of Garbo's acting. A symphony within herself, she gives each note proper accent and pitch. I like to think that when Garbo accepts a part she puts her finger unflinchingly on the keynote to that character, making

it the dominating note in her symphonic interpretation of the role. The rhythm of the character and the rhythm of her own self she weaves into an harmonious whole which becomes *Anno*, *Comille* or *Countess Wolevaska*. For Garbo, who provided our senses and souls with beauty, the over-done superlatives of today seem not out of place.—*Louise C. Horton, 835 W. Farnum, Royal Oak, Mich.*

BORN TO THE PURPLE \$1 Prize Letter

MANY years ago, playgoers delighted in the antics of a comedian named John Barrymore. Some years later he startled them by proving himself supreme in tragedy as well as the greatest *Hamlet* of his age. And then motion pictures showed his famous profile on a million screens and he became *The Great Lover*. Later Radio emerged from its infancy and he thrilled millions more. Now, in *True Confession*, he steals the show from screen-dom's glamorous comedienne in her field—farce—and people speak not of Carole Lombard's dizzy authoress, but John Barrymore's screwloose blackmailer. When a man can pull down a slouch hat and outplay the best of them, or don a mantle and look as though he had been born to the purple, he's an actor. And while John Barrymore is around, my cup is raised and my hat is off to the king of them all!—*Ralph Nelson, 1748 Orchid Ave., Hollywood, Calif.*



John Barrymore

A NEW FAVORITE \$1 Prize Letter

IN *Lost Horizon* I was thrilled with the wonderful performances given by Ronald Colman, Edward Everett Horton, Jane Wyatt and Isabel Jewell, but I also noticed an actor who gave a most convincing performance that added to my enjoyment of the film. What I admired in the four mentioned above, I expected, but this newcomer provided something more real to the plot of this fantastic story. Then in *The Hurricane* I noticed him again and proceeded to find out who he was. I learned that he was Thomas Mitchell and with this bit of knowledge, I added a new name to my list of favorite stars. And on Rudy Vallee's February 10th program, in the role of Abraham Lincoln, I heard Mitchell again, and I knew then that a great actor had found Hollywood and Hollywood a great actor. Let's see more of Thomas Mitchell.—*Douglas A. Snow, 95 Bronson Terrace, Springfield, Mass.*



Thomas Mitchell

Prizes For Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—\$15, \$10 and \$5—with \$1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Lee Bowman and Lucille Ball, appearing in RKO-Radio's "Having Wonderful Time."

Having Wonderful TIME

THANKS TO CROTON

The Watch Hit of Hollywood and All America . . .

Everything about a Croton is expensive but the price. You can't buy smarter, richer watch style. Regardless of price, your Croton keeps accurate time because it is made, jeweled and "timed" as expertly as the finest watches. Start "Having Wonderful TIME" with Croton, the greatest watch value in America! From \$12.75 to \$350 . . . At Good Jewelers Everywhere.



- A. "MIAMI"—17 Jewels, 14k solid gold, 2 brilliant diamonds . . . \$29.95
- B. "MAJOR"—Handsome Curved model. 7 Jewels, \$18.50; 17 Jewels, \$24.95
- C. "LUCILLE"—Yellow Round model, matching bracelet. 7 Jewels . . . \$12.75
17 Jewels . . . \$19.95

CROTON
WATCHES

"For All Time"

Croton Watch Co., Maiden Lane, New York

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 12]

casting-director's promise, that Janet'd become Mrs. Power. But now she'll hang on to the pay-check, while Tyrone hangs onto bachelorhood.

"There's no room for matrimony in my 1938 schedule," Ty told an intimate just the other day. "I'm at the formative period of my career and I've got enough readjustments to make without that one," he added. And that, dear readers, is a parallel paraphrase of what his mother, Patia Power, told your Tattler months ago. Evidently Ty has decided that "mother knows best."

UNLESS he's a blankety-blank-blank liar, you can discount all romance-reports involving David Niven on the altar-bound path. That goes for either Merle Oberon or Simone Simon or anybody else, take it from Davie. . . . "I'm sticking to bachelorhood," Davie told me on the set at 20th-Fox the other day. "I'm used to it, and, besides, I enjoy it no end."

[Continued on page 82]

Come now youse boys, can't you see that Margot Grahame is holding a toy Charlie McCarthy on her lap?



Arline Judge and her two sons, Wesley Ruggles, Jr., now five years old, and Daniel Reed Topping, 2nd., who, at three months, is facing the camera for the first time

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

I'VE seen the flower-garden hat to END ALL flower hats! And on—of all people—one of Hollywood's main contenders for the best-dressed-woman title, Joan Crawford. . . The hat was one of those large-brimmed, peaked-crown affairs, made of navy blue and white plaid taffeta. Around the base of the crown was a wreath of artificial flowers—red poppies, blue cornflowers and green ferns! When I accused Joan of trying to drive fashion writers goofy, she confessed that the hat was a little gay. But told me that she saw it on one of those idiotically brilliant spring days, and just couldn't resist it. To make up for the shock I got, Joan invited me to have lunch at the Brown Derby the next day, and promised to show me something really new. . . And I wasn't disappointed. . . Because Joan was wearing a spring ensemble of blue angora wool—slim-fitting, high-necked dress, 16 inches from the floor. And believe me, you have to have legs that are in the Crawford category to wear 'em way up there. That hat was a twisted cone-shaped turban in the same blue wool intertwined with a rich wine color.

OF course Walt Disney and his Seven Dwarfs are really responsible for the peaked, or cone-shaped turban. It is being adapted by all the movie gals in a wide range of materials. The most popular being the soft pastel shades of suede that go so well with informal sports things. . . While Joan and I were deep in the discussion of the Seven Dwarfs and their turbans, Annabella entered the Derby wearing a dashing-looking red pigskin hat. She joined us at the table and told us she had gotten her idea for the high-peaked crown from the same little men, but because she didn't care for off-the-face hats, had added a medium-sized vagabond brim. Annabella's gloves were of the same red pigskin and made a grand splash of color against the *gendarme blue* (that's a new one) of her sport suit.

OF course I know that Rochelle Hudson had on something else besides a hat when she stopped at our table on her way out of the cafe. But I couldn't tell you what it was. I was too busy in noting for you that the crown of her black straw hat was composed of one large artificial flower—a pink lotus blossom, whose petals fastened down to the brim. . . And for the same reason, I don't remember much detail about the costume Rosalind Russell wore—though she was having luncheon with Joan and me. All I do remember is that the cleverest things about her slate-grey flannel suit were the suspenders of flat links of amber that upheld her skirt.

It still amazes—and delights me—that an otherwise ordinary outfit can be made so striking-looking just with the addition of gadgets like Roz' suspenders, or trick belts.

NAN GREY, lunching with a bunch of the younger set, wore a beige chiffon dress with full-pleated skirt and tight waist line, that, but for the belt she wore with it, would have looked like any \$6.95 pick-up. But the wide, black patent-leather belt, trimmed in front with two large beige-colored leaves of kidskin, and tied together with thongs of the same skin, made her one of the best-dressed gals at her table. . . Patent leather—you better take note—is more popular this spring than it has ever been. They are even using it for sew-on trimmings. Lynn Bari, who was in Nan's party, wore a red-and-grey plaid ensemble, that was girdled with double bands of patent at the waist, and had patent cut designs on the pockets.

MAYBE you don't think it makes you swear faithfully to do your bends fifteen minutes a day when you see these new tight-fitting waist lines the younger crowd can wear. . . Especially when Rosalind—who designs her own clothes—told me just as she left: "Tell that gal friend of yours that she'll be wearing bright, peasant type dresses this summer, with full skirts, tight waists and romantic, peek-a-boo blouses." You're going to have to do without a lot of those chocolate chews I saw you sneak up to your room last.

Mlle. Chic

I'M TEACHING GIRLS
A LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Cashmere
Bouquet

I LOVE BATHING WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET...
THE EXQUISITE, PERFUMED
SOAP THAT
KEEPS A GIRL
FRAGRANTLY
DAINTY!

FIRST, THE DEEP-CLEANSING
LATHER OF THIS LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP
REMOVES EVERY
TRACE OF
BODY ODOR..

THEN, CASHMERE BOUQUET'S
LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS
TO YOUR SKIN! LONG
AFTER YOUR BATH
IT GUARDS YOUR
DAINTINESS IN
SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!



ONLY 10¢ at drug, department,
and ten-cent stores

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

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that
Movie Stars Prefer!



* Patented Suction Band
Keeps Water Out



U. S. HOWLAND SWIM CAP

*The one cap that REALLY
keeps your hair dry*

Screen stars know a dip in the deep can't harm a hair of the head that wears a U. S. Howland Swim Cap. With the watertight protection* of the one cap that really keeps the hair dry, they can dash straight from the salty sea to the eye of the camera, without an in-between trip to the hair-dresser. This year's smart coiffures, with their upward swirls and curls, just demand the protection that only this truly watertight* cap can give. You, too, will want several for your various beach ensembles!

OTHER U. S. SWIM CAPS—in wide range of styles and colors—a choice for every taste, every mood, every type of face. Cap shown is No. 1841.

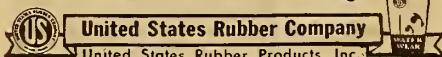


U. S. STROLLERS—SMARTEST, MOST COMFORTABLE beach shoes that ever walked across the sand. Use them for sports and all around play shoes as well. No. 852 is shown here.

U. S. SWIM SUITS—WITH A BEAUTY OF TEXTURE exclusive to U. S. Sea-Net, and U. S. Krepe-Tex. You'll adore their new high bust lines and clever adjustable straps. U. S. Sea-Net No. 1874.



U. S. WATER TOYS make the water and beach more fun for young and old.



United States Rubber Company
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PICTURE PARADE

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST—AAA½—



The girl of the golden voice—Jeanette MacDonald, and the man with the golden voice—Nelson Eddy, are co-starred again—in the fourth time—in the screen version of David Belasco's old play *The Girl of the Golden West*. Its age detracts nothing from its magic spell for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have never been presented more happily than in this lyrical romance of the West. It has been brought up to date with romantic ballads by Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn, a gorgeous dance sequence staged by Albertina Rasch, elegant costuming by Adrian and a very handsome production. Supplementing the modern musical numbers are two classics—Gounod's *Ava Maria* and Liszt's *Liebestraum*. The stars are at their best, both vocally and histrionically and are excellently supported by Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Buddy Ehsen, Leonard Penn, Priscilla Lawson and others too numerous to mention. The story for those of you who are too young to remember, is the romance of a girl owner of a saloon in a California mining camp and an illusive handit. It's an old tale but the romantic mood still finds appeal.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC —AAA½—



From what we read in the papers you are all mad about Deanna Durbin. So here she is again as natural and charming as ever in *Mad About Music* together with Herbert Marshall, Gail Patrick, Arthur Treacher, William Frawley, Marcia Mae Jones, Christian Rub, Helen Parrish and Jackie Moran, among others. Like *Three Smart Girls* and *100 Men and a Girl*, *Mad About Music* is a comedy and it seems to have retained all the wholesome appeal of its predecessors without following their patterns. Its gay and warm and although it's the youngsters picture it has irresistible appeal for young and old alike. The music, while only incidental, is light and happy and there's only one classic number, Gounod's *Ava Maria*. Deanna delivers them all in excellent voice and style. The story is a sympathetic study of adolescence. Deanna in school in Switzerland is unhappy because of her lack of parental interest. Her mother, a Hollywood actress, can't admit motherhood of a growing girl and her father is dead. So Deanna dreams up a father—a big game hunter—and that's where Herbert Marshall fits in.—Universal.

[Continued on page 70]

Hollywood's Trick Parties

BIRTHDAY party of the month was Edgar Bergen's—and this time, Charlie McCarthy did NOT steal the show. . . . It was all Edgar's. . . . Edgar was 35 years old. And Charlie was just another guest. . . . Of course, it was a surprise party. Arranged by Ken Murray and Edgar's mother, charming little grey-haired Mrs. Nellie Bergen. . . . As usual, Edgar went to work at the studio that day. As usual, he worked hard. As usual, he was tired at the end of the day. And, trusting lad that he is, he didn't suspect anything at all when Ken Murray and Shirley Ross invited themselves home with him. . . . They climbed into the Bergen car, drove toward Beverly. Of a sudden, Bergen bethought himself of the day. . . . "Ah—er—hum," he began, in that ultra-diffident way of his: "today is—well, kind of my birthday. Maybe I ought to do a little celebrating." . . . "Sure, sure," agreed Ken. "But let's have dinner at your house first and then we'll celebrate. . . ." Unsuspicious, Edgar drove on. He rounded the corner of Santa Monica boulevard and Maple Drive, and up the street he beheld the glare of a battery of floodlights. . . . "H'm," he h'mmed, "isn't that Hollywood for you? Look; there's some damfool neighbor of mine having a party and making a public exhibition of it. . . ." Ken Murray giggled. Shirley did, too. Because by this time, they were in front of Edgar's own house—and that's where the floodlights were. They were concentrated on a stooge, hired for the occasion, dressed a la Charlie McCarthy in top hat, full dress and even made up to look like the little wooden dummy. He paraded up and down in front of the Bergen house, carrying sandwich boards which read: **AFTER MUCH DELAY, BERGEN FINALLY KICKS THRU WITH A PARTY!**

THEN, and not until then, did Edgar Bergen stumble to the fact that he was being the recipient of one of Hollywood's surprise parties. . . . Inside the house was a list of who's who in movies. The Don Ameches, Dorothy Lamour, W. C. Fields, Francis Langford and Jon Hall, Lum and Abner, the Groucho Marxes, Bert Lahr, Claire Dodd, Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, Lew Ayres—any number of others. . . . As Edgar entered, practically pushed out of his characteristic embarrassment by Murray and Shirley shoving from behind, Groucho parked at the piano and banged out: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU" while the guests all joined in the chorus, and Edgar just stood and grinned and blushed. . . .! Then the fun began.

IN came the birthday cake. It was Dorothy Lamour's gift. Edgar tried to cut it, but failed miserably. Then W. C. Fields produced an axe, and chopped it up—it was made of wood! . . . Bergen got two boxes of cigars—one for himself, the other for Charlie McCarthy. Charlie's were rubber ones. . . . Gift of the evening was a beautifully bound book. Its title: **HOW TO BECOME A VENTRILOQUIST**. . . . Edgar's mother, more excited than he'd ever seen her in his life, bustled all over the place. . . . Buffet supper was served. They made Edgar get up and give a speech. Said he. . . . "This—ah, uh—is—ahem—the grandest tribute—ahem, ahem—I've ever had in my—uh, where's Charlie?—my life. It's also the swellest birthday party I've ever had. . . .!" One of the most excited persons present was Edgar's cook, who'd never seen so many movie stars in one place, and spent most of the evening chasing Don Ameche for his autograph. . . . Pay-off of the evening was the appearance of Charlie McCarthy himself, who sat on Bergen's knee, looked dazedly around at the 80 guests, and cracked out with: . . . "I'd like to stay—but I have to go upstairs now, and say my prayers!"

HOLLYWOOD Birthday-Party-to-End-All-Hollywood-Birthday-Parties: . . . It was one of those on-the-set parties. On the Shirley Temple set, at 20th Century-Fox, the other day. . . . Guest of honor was NOT Shirley. It was the penguin which appears in the story. . . . It was the penguin's fourth birthday. . . . So, instead of a cake, the piece de resistance at the party feast was a huge, mellow fish—with four candles stuck in it. . . . The penguin ate the fish—candles and all.

GIGGLIEST Party-of-the-Month: . . . The "My Divorce Is Final After All" party that Stan Laurel and Iliana gave at his home the other night. . . . One of those who talked to Iliana—a newspaperman, by the way—insisted that he asked, right out loud: . . . "Is it true that Stan beats you?" . . . He was kidding, he admits. But he insists he does NOT know whether Iliana was kidding, too, or just playing straight when she replied: . . . "Why—don't YOU beat the woman YOU love?"

GAG-GIFTS of the month went to Jerry Gose when they threw a birthday party on the set for his bride, Jayne Regan, during making of *Walking Down Broadway*. . . . The gifts were such as can-openers, egg-beaters, kitchen spoons and such. . . . Reason Jerry instead of Jayne got them was because while Jayne has been working, Jerry's been staying home, doing the cooking.

NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART



**She doesn't dream that
underarm odor is the reason
men pass her by!**

Mary is pretty, vivacious, and young—she *should* be as popular as any girl around. Yet the men that she meets always seem to avoid her. Through glorious summer evenings she sits home alone, while men take other girls out on good times!

Too bad Mary doesn't realize that it takes more than a bath to prevent underarm odor—that underarms must have *special* care to keep a girl dainty and fresh, safe from offending.

Wise girls use Mum! They know that a bath takes care only of *past perspira-*

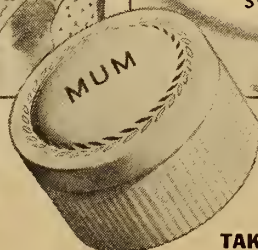
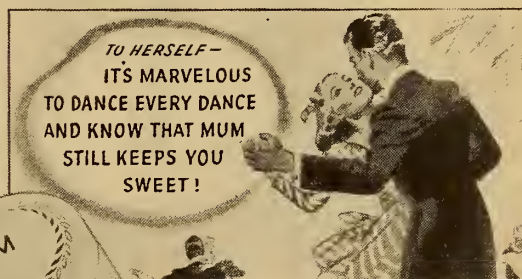
tion, but Mum prevents odor *before it starts*. To avoid all risk of offending friends—use Mum every day and after every bath. With Mum, you'll be *sure* your charm is lasting, you'll be a girl that men always find *attractive!*

MUM IS QUICK! One-half minute is all it takes to smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin, harmless to every fabric. You can use it right after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum's sure protection lasts all day or all evening long. No worries, then, about unpleasant odor. For Mum makes underarm odor *impossible!*

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM



For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrassment when you use Mum this way. Thousands do, because it's SAFE and SURE.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

IT'S FUN O'CLOCK, MOUNTAIN TIME!
... and how the fun keeps mountin' up!

Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off'n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!



...and there's romance
in them thar hills!

Tony Martin as the singing radio talent scout "discovers" cute little Marjorie Weaver in Coma, Ky....and they've been in a coma of love ever since!

The **RITZ BROTHERS** *in* **KENTUCKY MOONSHINE**

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

TONY MARJORIE
MARTIN • WEAVER
Slim Summerville • John
Carradine • Wally Vernon
Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and
M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr.
Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Songs!
Pollack and Mitchell's
tunefullest, swingin'-
est, best!



OUR OWN NEWS CAMERA

CANDID SHOTS OF THESE HERE HOLLYWOOD STARS



Across the top, Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone dressed for circus party... Bob Montgomery lunches in dressingroom... Doug Jr. steps out with Marlene... Left to right, Margot Grahame in slumberland... Clara Bow tests salad dressing at "It" cafe



After the recent Santa Anita Handicap they had a Handicap Ball—and in the gay throng were Allan and Irene Hervey Jones. Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks (top) were also among the guests at the Ball. At right Errol Flynn and Lili Damita (note new coiffure) were partied recently at Pacific Writers Yacht Club Dinner. Below, left to right, Norma Shearer wears a dinner gown of classic Grecian lines—and Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland—who are still so pally-wally





Down and around our candid cameraman catches a bit of partying in this here Hollywood. First is Edward Arnold and the Bob Montgomerys at Academy Awards . . . Edgar Bergen tells Dorothy Lamour to put just a teeny-weeny bit of wine in that big goblet . . . Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan (the Missus) also at the Awards . . . And there stands Luise Rainer, the winnah . . . Wayne Morris is taking Priscilla Lane and sisters, Lola and Rosemary, places





A cameraman, candid or sly, would have to be blind not to notice Jacqueline Laurent—whose charms are displayed in a zebra-striped swimsuit. She is M-G-M's newcomer from Paris. Top left, is Sigrid Gurie, Sam Goldwyn's discovery, who's not a native Norwegian but a Brooklyn gal. Above, Jon ("Body Beautiful") Hall displaying Hollywood's best physique. Below, left to right, Sally Eilers goes down on all fours when she bowls—and Marie Wilson, who uses her trailer as a cabana when she goes to the sea





Ginger Rogers, above, is one of Hollywood's tennis enthusiasts—and plays a middlin' good game. Top right, Evalyn Knapp studies her "Galley Guide" to become proficient in navigation when she goes a-cruising with her husband, Dr. George A. Snyder on their yacht. At right are Randy Scott and Archie, his Sealyham pal, taking the sun at their beach home. Below, left to right, Joan Woodbury goes through her exercises—a daily routine. And Marion Davies and Lloyd Pantages at Santa Anita





Left, Tony Martin and Alice Faye dance cheek to cheek, thus showing the world that divorce rumors are a lotta hooley . . . Top left, Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane give you Hollywood's hot romance . . . The candid of John Barrymore as Louis XV, above, was taken by Anita Louise on the *Marie Antoinette* set . . . Speaking of Anita, she and Wendy Barrie at top right, are "performers" at the Borzage circus party . . . Right, Bob Taylor finds Bob Young's vest far too tight for comfort—to keep that formal date with Margaret Sullavan in *Three Comrades*. Below, left to right, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt visits Shirley Temple on the *Little Miss Broadway* set (a recent trip) . . . Bette Davis is about to be decorated with a lei while dining at the Waikiki





KAY FRANCIS

If "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," Kay, it's because your thoughts have turned to real romance—with the report of your engagement to Baron Raven Eric Barnekow, a German aviation tycoon whom you are seeing in Hollywood. Meanwhile your public will see you in *Women Are Like That*



MARIE ANTOINETTE



Top, left to right, Madame de Polignac (Ruth Hussey); Marie Antoinette (Norma Shearer) and Count Axel de Fersen (Tyrone Power); Marie Therese, Empress of Austria and mother of Marie (Alma Kruger). Bottom, left to right, King Louis XVI (Robert Morley); the Princess (Marilyn Knowlden); King Louis XV (John Barrymore)



Norma Shearer as
Marie Antoinette
brings reality to
reel life. A queen
plays the Queen

THE WINNERS

LUISE
RAINER



You have to be GOOD to win the Academy Award two years in a row. After winning the Oscar the previous year for her acting in *The Great Ziegfeld*, Luise Rainer takes it away for giving the best performance by an actress in 1937—that of the tragic O'Lady in *The Good Earth*. Which places her in a class by herself



Spencer Tracy finally made it. After threatening to win the Academy's Oscar for many years they couldn't keep it away from him for 1937—not after the memorable study of *Manuel* in *Captains Courageous*. So he wins the highest honors of Moviedom for the best performance of the year. No other actor approached the cameo quality of his Gloucester fisherman. In a season of fine acting he easily stood out in the crowd

SPENCER TRACY





GOOD WILL GIRL

By ANN MENNER

WITH FILMS, STAGE, MATRIMONY WELL IN HAND, MADELEINE CARROLL PLOTS THE FUTURE. SHE WANTS TO DO MISSIONARY WORK IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES AS A GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR

THERE are few beauteous blondes, eyes the color of gentians, holding Bachelor of Arts degrees, on the Hollywood roster. Marie Madeleine Carroll is one. She got hers in Britain's Birmingham University at a fantastically early age.

As a matter of record, there are few Hollywood glamour maidens, either brunette, Titian-haired, or ash-blond as is *La* Carroll, whose lives have achieved the fictional contours that Madeleine's has. Hers is Graustarkian: Commoner meets Royalty. Professor's Daughter marries Old Family. Hobnobs with Nabobs and Titles.

Furthermore, there are few Hollywood Loreleis who have planned their lives so skillfully. First, and in England where she was born, there was Madeleine's Ten Year Plan for Achieving Theatrical Success. It worked so well, avenues opened so obligingly, that in no time at all Helene Tuillon's daughter was an established English stage and film favorite.

"It took only a few years," she said. "Two, really, to give it a good start. Then there was my marriage. That happened so favorably and has progressed so smoothly, despite our fairly long separations—Captain Astley, of course, continues to make his home in England—that I was grateful. But being grateful doesn't make a woman stop thinking. On my vacation, in the Fall and Winter of last year, my husband and I spent about four months in Europe. We divided our time between Italy,

France and their Riviéras, and we took the opportunity, one that we have long ignored, to do the social thing among the diplomatic set.

"Contacts with envoys and ambassadors gave me an idea," continued *La* Carroll. "Why didn't I do a little missionary work for America, the country which has done so much for me, and to which I am so grateful, while I was among these people? After all, I reasoned, nations are like people. Small squabbles can cause big fights, so why shouldn't I try to give a clear picture of America and Americans, even if I am an English woman? Of course I

have no illusions about averting a war, should a war eventually come about, but I do think my small amount of good will, administered socially as it was at teas and dinners, might have its effect in bringing about better understanding between nations. Anyway—I'm a militant pacifist. I don't like war. I hate it.

"Meeting these people, talking with them, gave me the idea that film people, traveling about as we do, could be powerful influences for better understanding between peoples. There's a chance for ambassadorial work. It gave me a thought for my future. It might lead into something very interesting for me when my film work is over, and I know that is not going to last forever. Furthermore, I hope that I am going to be the first person to know it when [Continued on page 65]

A sight you'll always see on any beach in the good old summertime is that of a sweetie-pie using his lambie-pie's lap for a pillow. Here s. p. Bob Taylor just loves to have l. p. Margaret Sullivan stroke his hair—a bit of nice necking that the tide respects by staying out. They are sweethearts in *Three Comrades*, adapted from Erich M. Remarque's post-war romance. Though three's a crowd, others are Franchot Tone, Robert Young



NOT A PROBLEM CHILD!

MR. AND MRS. HOLLYWOOD AND ALL THE LITTLE HOLLYWOODS HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD MARGARET SULLAVAN BECAUSE SHE RUNS HER OWN LIFE IN HER OWN WAY. HERE ARE THE ANSWERS IN HER FIRST INTERVIEW IN FOUR YEARS. THEY'LL SET YOU AND HOLLYWOOD STRAIGHT ABOUT HER

PEGGY said: "she's so darned regular, that's what I like about her. She doesn't fuss, know what I mean? Never knew a star to fuss less over her looks. No to-do over her hair, it's what's under her hair that counts with her. The less time she has to take fixing herself the better she likes it. When the day's work is done she's dressed and off the set in five minutes, home to the kids, I guess—"

Peggy is Margaret Sullavan's hairdresser on the set of M-G-M's *Three Comrades*. Peggy was Jean Harlow's hairdresser and close friend. Peggy knows her stars as they are when their hair is snarled, when they let down their dispositions, when they scrub the grease-paint off. Peggy is a respecter of persons, not phonies.

Director Frank Borzage, who four years ago directed Maggie in *Little Man, What Now?* and is directing her now in *Three Comrades*, said to me: "Maggie's changed. She's quieter. She's tamed down. You know, she's really very shy. She covers the shyness with wise-cracks. She's one of the shyest people I have ever known."

For goodness sakes, I thought.

"Maggie isn't an actress at home," said Maggie's husband, Leland Heyward, "that's the best compliment I can pay her."

"Isn't she difficult to work with?" I asked Bob Taylor, one of the *Three Comrades*...

"Heck, no, a pipe," said Robert, with enthusiasm.

"Isn't she demanding?" I asked Franchot Tone, another of the *Three Comrades*.

"I don't know what you mean," said Franchot honestly, and honestly didn't.

"Isn't she a prima donna?" I asked Bob Young, third of the *Three Comrades*.

"Who, *Maggie*?" asked Bob, and his tone implied that maybe I can't read or write either and I added, hastily, "maybe I'm wrong..."

"She's the same to everyone," contributed Guy Kibbee, "extras, directors, all of us, never been in a picture that went so smoothly..."

Her friends call her Maggie; the gang on the set call her Maggie, which should have told me the story. You don't call a girl Maggie if that girl is a snobby little so-and-so apt to give you the razzle-ditz, now do you?

She chews gum constantly and with gusto. She sits on the hat she is about to wear on the set. She has a quicksilver quality, can be kidding one minute and in the tears of the part she is playing the next.

Then I overheard a conversation between Maggie and Robert Taylor whom Maggie had [Continued on page 71]



By GLADYS HALL



By IDA ZEITLIN

"I HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET!"

LUISE ("DOESN'T GIVE A DIME") RAINER BELIEVES SHE'LL BE STARTING SOON THE THINGS SHE WANTS TO DO—SHOW 'EM SHE CAN ACT

LUISE RAINER lives in a three-room apartment at the top of a modern construction that climbs up the slope of a hill in Westwood. Her domestic staff consists of Hortense, who comes in the morning and leaves at night. The only other member of the household is Johnny, her beloved pooch.

She lives in an apartment because she doesn't want to be bothered with twenty-two rooms and a retinue. She lives in *this* apartment, because it brings to her the outdoors she loves. Her piano, her flowers, her shelves of books and the records of great musicians, her blue- and gold-covered chairs and couches make the living-room a pleasant place. What sends your spirit soaring, though, are the sky and hills, the church-spires and scudding clouds seen through a wall of clear glass—an ever-changing

vista of natural beauty and as integral a part of the room as anything it holds.

Not only in Hollywood but everywhere, people are prone to measure by a pattern. It's easier. Stars have grand establishments. Rainer has no grand establishment. Stars go to the "Troc." Rainer doesn't go to the "Troc." The logical conclusion would be, Rainer is no star. Since Rainer *is* undeniably a star, one must get round the problem somehow. Aha—we have it. Rainer's a poseur. Rainer's got to be different. That's why she lives in an apartment, that's why she doesn't dance at the "Troc." Clear as a mud fence, and now we can all go happily on to the ball.

You wouldn't have to seek far below the surface to realize that this is as fair as most snap judgments. You needn't do more than watch without prejudice the small eager face, dark eyes glowing



Luise and her playwright spouse, Clifford Odets, have been married two years, and are planning to start a home. Up to now it has been a case of one visiting the other

with an earnestness that can't be feigned; you needn't do more than listen with your mind as well as your ears, to recognize the passionate honesty that lies at her core.

Rainer is first, always and ardently, an individualist. She does what she does, not in bravado, not to make an impression, but because for her it's the right thing to do. She would rather not live than live contrary to the law of her nature. By both instinct and intense conviction she acts on the counsel of Polonius: "To thine own self be true." All the king's horses, all the mumbo-jumbo of Hollywood, all hell and high-water couldn't swerve her.

A small figure [Continued on page 87]



Doug has been in films 15 years
and here is how he looks today

UNTOLD TALE OF DOUG JR. WHO
BEGAN HIS CAREER AS A 14-YEAR-
OLD CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

By MARIAN RHEA

HE WAS a dashing young man, the tall, blue-eyed, sandy-haired chap who talked so big to the visiting screen executive that day in Paris, fifteen years ago . . . Well turned-out, poised, quite unmistakably a young man of the world. He admitted in passing that he was not quite twenty—well, going on nineteen, to be exact, but his beautiful aplomb dismissed this as the merest bagatelles. "Sure, I can play the part," he told the screen executive, who was from Paramount. "I'm just the one for it." He might as well have added: "I'm the only one for it." His manner conveyed the idea.

KNOCKING OFF THE JUNIOR

Doug got his start when only
14 by passing himself off as 18

"But what do you know about acting?" the executive asked.
"Heavens, man, I know all about it. Don't you think any son of my father would?"

The other hastened to mollify him. There was that in his manner that bespoke affront. "Yeh," he said, "I guess Doug Fairbanks' son should be something of an actor. I keep wondering if you are old enough for the part. . . . Eighteen is pretty young. . . . But—well, okay, I'll give it to you because your name is worth the gamble. 'Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.' will draw at the box-office. Although I warn you, if you flop, that same name will be mud. Kids of famous people must get by, once they start out in this business, or else. . . ."

They sealed the deal with a firm, man-to-man handshake and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. had his first job.

"You'll never regret it," he declared with fine heartiness.
But after he had left his new "boss" and was walking alone down the Bois de Boulogne, he





R I T A HAYWORTH

Rita Hayworth—Columbia's Gem of the Ocean—is a newcomer who hails from a theatrical family. She is part Spanish and knows her Spanish dances—including the tango and rumba. But would gladly give up dancing to demonstrate an emotional talent. Meanwhile she strikes a summer-girl pose in a playsuit of black and white—contrasting colors which set off her dazzling personality

PLEASE PASS THE KETCHUP!

ALAN MOWBRAY makes another sly hit in *Merrily We Live*. But Alan wouldn't know about that. He hasn't seen the picture yet. He may never see it. He has a phobia about pictures that he adorns. Other people can't stay away from Mowbray pictures. He can't be dragged to them.

Mrs. Hal Roach—the wife of his contract-holder—just found this out. She wondered why she didn't see him at the preview of the picture. Bumping into him a few days later, she told him so. She went farther. She asked where he had been. (*Some catastrophe must have happened, to make him miss all that applause.*)

He had been home in bed, sleeping like a man with a clear conscience. Glibly, he confessed.

Who ever heard of any Hollywood actor sleeping during one of his own previews? Yet—about Alan's glibness there was a disarming candor. It taunted doubt.

Lunching with him a day or two later, I asked him if this dodging of his own previews *was* just another Mowbray gag—something that appealed to his quaint sense of humor. “No,” he quipped, with a spoonful of lentil soup poised in mid-air, “—my sense of justice.”

He swallowed the soup and added, “Why *should* I go to my own picture? It isn't in my contract that I have to go. If I've done all right, I'll hear about it. And if I haven't done all right, I'll damned soon hear about that, too.

“Suppose I weren't an actor. Suppose I earned my living, going around to ladies' luncheon clubs, giving illustrated lectures on flannel underwear. Suppose people kept taking shots of me with home-movie cameras. I wouldn't want to see the shots afterward. They might haunt me. They might make me self-conscious.

“Why should anybody expect an actor to go to see his own pictures? Nobody expects a man in any other line of business to look up the scene of his work—or his crimes—when he wants to relax. Why should we make an exception in the single instance of an actor?” He wasn't pugnacious about it. Just genially cynical. The man of the world who may kid everybody else in sight, but doesn't [Continued on page 69]

By JAMES REID

DID YOU EVER SLEEP THREE MONTHS IN THE PARK OR GRAB DISCARDED BUNS OR MAKE YOUR OWN SOUP IN RESTAURANTS BY DOSING KETCHUP IN A CUP OF HOT WATER? THESE ARE SOME OF THE AMAZING HIGHLIGHTS (BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MR. RIPLEY) IN THE CAREER OF ALAN MOWBRAY

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF



IN PRYING INTO DON'S LIFE YOU'LL FIND HIM A FAMILY MAN WHO KEEPS HIS FEET ON THE GROUND DESPITE SUCCESS AND POPULARITY

DON was banging away on a red-and-gold piano, and Tyrone Power led the sizzling orchestra swishing the bow of his fiddle. Among the players, I noticed Jack Haley's sad comedic mugg. He was the drummer, Chick Chandler was a trombonist. They just went through the movements, and the professional musicians in the orchestra did the real playing. The set represented a toney joint in San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the good old days before the World War. Magnificent crystal chandeliers, gorgeous palms, decorative dames.

It was *Alexander's Ragtime Band* going to town in a cavalcade of Irving Berlin music, a \$2,000,000 production at the 20th Century-Fox plant.

I waited for Don before his trailer, which serves him as portable dressing-room on and off the sets. Next to it was Alice Faye's, who is the eye-filling torchist in the picture. We got to talking about Don. "He is the meanest ribber on the set," she complained. She showed me a luscious arm. "Just look at this blue spot." She was on the verge of tears.

"He pinched you, eh?" I asked her, sympathetic

By
**LEON
SURMELIAN**

DON AMECHE



Way over on the opposite page is Don with his wife, Honore, relaxing with his Irish setter and riding horseback. Above is a view of the Ameche menage. At right, you find Don keeps in condition by playing golf, pushing a lawnmower. And he gets a suntan on a bike

and indignant. She nodded. At this moment Don had finished his syncopated pianology and came bouncing toward us like an angry *maitre d'hotel*. "Leon," he warned me, "If you talk to Alice, I'm out. Through!" He turned on his heel and started going back. Alice ran after him, and dragged him in my direction. "You stay out of this interview," he cautioned her, "and don't tell him any lies about me." That blue spot on her arm wasn't made by Don, but la belle Faye will never admit it. These two, with Tyrone, form a merry band of three musketeers, always razzing and ribbing one another.

Don led me into his trailer. I told him a studio executive had just informed me he was getting more fan mail than any other male player on the lot, and had come to give him the third degree. I have called this story the Private Life of Don Ameche, and not of the Don Ameches, because you read about his domestic life in *MOTION PICTURE* some time ago, and indeed, the marriage of no other hot shot has been so thoroughly exploited by Hollywood's typewriter brigade. But com-

[Continued on page 96]



DEEP SEA-SONALS



Max Factor who has an eye for beauty, lends Mary Maguire a hand in adjusting her U. S. Rubber "Howland" bathing cap. Give this deep thought if you want to keep your "glory" safe from the sea

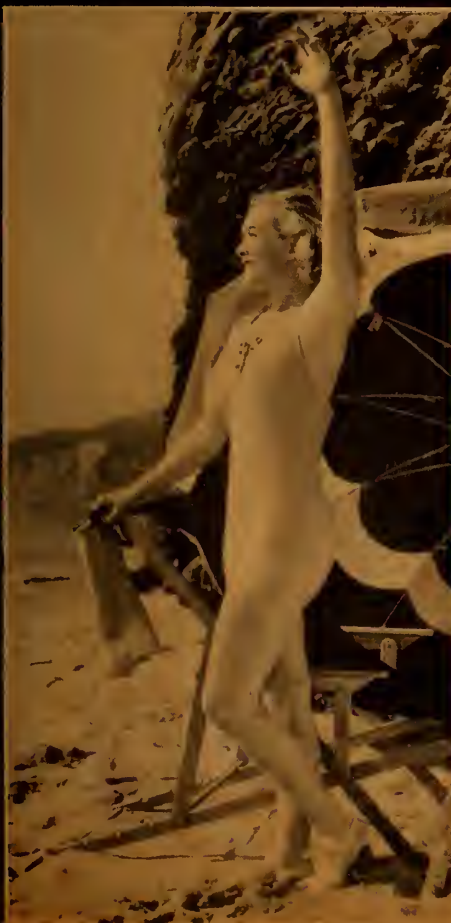
Below, Jinx Falkenberg, at both ends, and Grace Bradley, center, take to the deep in Gantner and Mattern one-piece swim suits. Jinx shows a preference for gay prints while Grace prefers a solid color wool. Stop foolin' around, girls, and get in the deep, the water won't hurt you



THESE SEA-GOING HOLLYWOOD GIRLS STYLE THE LATEST SWIM SUITS



Evalyn Knapp, both ends, meets the sea to cool her tootsies off, while Rita Hayworth limbers up on the sand with a medicine ball. Both these lovelies show a preference for Hollywood swim suits because they're tidy and tide-y. All three suits are of Matletex



Eadie Adams' bathing ensemble, left, is a BVD yellow and blue crochet. Lynne Carver, right, also takes to a BVD one-piece blue and white stripe





DOROTHY LAMOUR

Dorothy left her sarong on the beach in *Her Jungle Love* and has put up her hair and let down her skirts—contrary to fashion decree—for *Tropic Holiday*. And Ray Milland will whisper l'amour, l'amour señorita to her

WHY

ERROL FLYNN RUNS OUT ON HOLLYWOOD

THE Burbank Brothers Warner have a large variety of male stars under contract. The most unpredictable is Errol Thomson-Flynn, officially known by the tail-end of his Old Irish moniker. The Thomson comes from the male side of the family, and is English. Fletcher Christian, hero of the much-filmed disturbance on HMS *Bounty*, is a forefather.

If you believe in heredity, you know what relationship with this ancient mariner has done for Flynn. It has given him a bad case of *wanderlust*; a distinct soul urge for sea travel.

As said, the Brothers Warner (Harry, Jack, Albert) have under contract tall, dark and taciturn George Brent; blond, beaming Wayne Morris; ageless Richard "Dick" Powell, song-plugger de-luxe; James Cagney, Edward Robinson, Ian Hunter, Patric Knowles, Pat O'Brien, Paul Muni, plus others, but the galoot that causes them more forehead wrinkles (and belly laughs) is tall Irish Flynn.

He's always coming to them with the doggonedest ideas and requests. Like this: He has a pearl-diving outfit in the South Seas that he must look in on, personally. Or he wants to take a quick trip over to Spain to get a first-hand glimpse of the war. And so forth. (P. S. He accomplished the latter.) Jack L. Warner, Vice-President in Charge of Production, always has the same answer for Flynn, and anyone who happens to be standing near. "He's nuts!" he says of the twenty-eight year old, tossing up his executive hands in refusal—and dismay.

"I hear he always calls me that," says Flynn. "A couple of times he has called me crazy, too." Most men thrive on normalcy and security.

Flynn is that rare breed that wants none of it. To conform is to stagnate. To get up early every morning, rush to the studio, work all day, come home too tired to relax, that's the life of a conformist and a movie actor. "I'm lucky if I get time enough to wash behind the ears," he says with frank audacity.

"Monotony is something I could never stand," Flynn continues. "And film making is full of it. There is the deadliness of doing the same scene over and over and over again, the reporting to the same studio every day during production. A clerk's job, any job, gets monotonous, that I know, but the cost of production and the responsibility placed on an actor in Hollywood puts him in a spot from which it is impossible to duck out when the necessity for change of scene strikes him.

"My 'short-term life contract,'" said the Irishman, letting a grin slide over his face at his little joke, "with the studio gives me forty-two working weeks, and ten weeks for vacationing. It sounds great to the layman that an actor gets two and one-half months to spend in traveling about the country, but actually it's not all gravy. If you make three or four films during those forty-two working weeks, you will probably have a couple of weeks between each picture and you can't get very far away from your 'phone or the studio because there are costume fittings, portraits, interviews, all a part of the picture just made or to be made, and all a very necessary part of film-making and selling.

"About the best thing an actor can do is to sneak off to Palm Springs in the Winter and 'get away from it all' at Malibu Beach in the Summer, but as far as killing the monotony attached to Hollywood and films by taking a real [Continued on page 60]



By
**DOROTHY
SPENSLEY**

IT'S CHEMICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR AN ADVENTUROUS IRISHMAN LIKE FLYNN TO STAY LONG IN ONE PLACE

JOAN ANSWERS ALL RUMORS

WHATEVER JOAN CRAWFORD
SAYS OR DOES MAKES NEWS—
AND NEWS BUILDS RUMORS

THE day I interviewed Joan Crawford she was wearing her hair straight, in an English page-boy bob. And for those who always ask: "How was she dressed?" I will tell you that she wore a navy wool frock, 15 inches from the floor in length, full blouse effect, full skirt back and front, tailored white pique at the throat, intriguing navy straw hat—an Empress Eugenie in model—with all of summer flowering on the crown, a wisp of pale green veil lending pallor to the tragic contours of her face; blue kid gloves, sandals, purse, a sable cape over her shoulders. This was Joan. And I've never seen her yet that I haven't wanted to rip (and you, too, probably) what she was wearing right off her back and make off with it. The little navy *tour de force* was no exception to the impulse.

Joan has changed and yet she is unchanged. Which wouldn't make sense about anybody else but does make sense about Joan because it is the basis upon which her colorful, furiously ambitious character is built. The changing and at the same time unchangeable part of her is that she is forever developing new fields to conquer and conquering them, forever grasping at new interests and reaching them; constantly making two careers grow where one grew before.

It has been said: "Can't anybody write anything about Joan Crawford except her ambitions?" The answer is, no, we can't. Because Joan writes her life in terms of ambitions and aspirations. You never see Joan that her eyes are not fixed on distant horizons. She's like that and when she ceases to be like that then there will be different things written about her and they will be headlines.

Now it is Opera. Joan is training for the Metropolitan.

YOU can always come straight to the point when you are talking with Joan. She hasn't time for shilly-shallying. So I said: "There have been so many rumors, Joan, but for want of a better—I mean, *are* you and Franchot going to adopt a baby? It's also been rumored that you are planning to adopt your little niece,

Joan and Franchot are not adopting a baby—thus squelching one rumor. And as for a break-up of marriage she won't talk about it

Joan's greatest ambition is to sing at the Metropolitan, and looks forward to making her debut in 5 years. Meanwhile she has no idea of giving up pictures



taking voice lessons, coaching with Arthur Rosenstein here at the studio, studying languages, running my home, I have no spare time at all. You haven't any right to adopt a baby unless you have time, and plenty of it. Besides, I would be afraid to adopt a baby, the potentialities being unknown. If a child is your own flesh and blood you have some understanding of what its characteristics may be and some understanding of how to handle them. No, we are not planning, have never even discussed the possibility of adopting a baby.

"Nor has there ever been any talk or thought of adopting my brother's baby, little Joan. The child has two perfectly good parents of her own, a father who dotes on her, a charming mother who adores her and is bringing her up beautifully. She is not my baby and it would be presumptuous of me to even talk about 'making plans' for her, let alone adopting her. She does stay with me quite often. I have had a nursery built in my house for her so that she will be comfortable when she is with us. I've had a lot of fun buying furniture and toys and books for the nursery.

"And it's fun," said Joan, (was it wistfully?) "to have a nursery in the house and a three-year-old in it now and again. I adore the baby and she seems to reciprocate. When she is with us I come home from the studio at night and make a mad dash for the stairs to see her. She always [Continued on page 76]

Joan Le Seur—is this so? *Are* you going to sign a new contract with M-G-M when the old contract expires in July, or not? Are you planning to do a stage play on Broadway? Are you really studying for grand opera? What is all this about you and Franchot getting ready to divide the books?"

Joan smiled. You can't daunt Joan with the fluttery-cluttery intangibles of rumors.

She said: "Shall I take them in the order presented?"

"Uh-huh," I replied.

"We are NOT going to adopt a baby," said Joan then, definitely. But *very* definitely. "It wouldn't be fair to a baby. We are both too busy. When I am making a picture,





JOAN BLONDELL

DICK POWELL

There's Always a Woman who loves a *Cowboy from Brooklyn*, and here screen titles prove it. For who can be more in love than Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, Mr. and Mrs. to you? Their love seems born anew now that they're expecting a tiny bundle of happiness

ARLEEN WHELAN OFFERS
A CINDERELLA STORY
THAT TOPS THEM ALL

Arleen was kidnapped from a manicurist's table for movies. She's a startling redhead—the prettiest of the newcomers

LAST month we promised you a story on Paulette Goddard, but as Paulette suddenly became unavailable by taking a vacation in Palm Beach we offer the story of Arleen Whelan as a substitute. It is the most amazing Untold Story in Hollywood today—the story of the girl who was definitely chosen to play Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind*. Less than a year ago she was a Hollywood unknown, but such a gorgeous titian eyed could not stay long in obscurity. The movies called—and Arleen, who had never acted a day in her life, was chosen—kidnapped from obscurity to play in *Kidnapped* opposite Warner Baxter. The girl is definitely going places. Chosen months ago to play *Scarlett*—the most coveted role in Hollywood history, Selznick-International, producing *Gone with the Wind*, offered 20th Century-Fox \$50,000 for her contract—and was refused. Why? Because 20th-Fox have big plans of their own for their new find. Now go on with the story.—EDITOR.

WALTER WINCHELL is right. Arleen Whelan might have been Vicki Lester in *A Star Is Born*—if only they had known about her a little sooner. Vicki was a creature of make-believe. The epitome of all the Cinderellas of all Hollywood fiction. No one like her had ever existed . . . pretty, but self-conscious . . .

were offered for her contract—and refused. How did things like these happen to this girl, when such things have never happened before to any girl? I went around to find out—from Arleen, herself. And MOTION PICTURE, as usual, was the first on [Continued on page 62]



naive . . . the kind who would never get a break in a million years in fast-talking, hard-headed Hollywood . . . except by the luckiest of accidents. Such an accident happened. That was what made *A Star Is Born* a glorified Cinderella story.

But Arleen Whelan's story—which is true—tops it by a mile. Less than twelve months ago, she was a Hollywood unknown who had never acted in her life, never even thought of trying to get into the movies. Today she is playing the feminine lead, opposite Warner Baxter, in one of the year's big pictures, *Kidnapped*.

She is the girl who was chosen, months ago, to play *Scarlett O'Hara* in *Gone with the Wind*. And the only reason why she won't be playing *Scarlett* is that the studio to which she is signed (20th Century-Fox) won't sell her contract to the studio producing the picture (Selznick-International). Fifty thousand dollars

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Shirley Goes Gogglewood

■ Yeah—Shirley Temple has gone Hollywood . . . Know what she does, now?—she wears her hair slicked back, a la Garbo, and dark glasses over her eyes, when she goes out in crowds. It's the favorite stars' disguise—idea of said disguise reputed to be to make it impossible for fans to MISS their favorite stars . . . Shirley insists, however, that her dark glasses DO keep the autograph fans away, so she can watch a polo game without interruption.

Colored Print?

■ Madge Evans says she thinks the fan who wanted a picture of her SO badly really deserved better than this:

He rigged up, it seems, his candid camera outside a hedge near Madge's front door; cut a peephole for the lens, right through the hedge, attached a long wire to trip the shutter—then walked up to the door and rang the bell, all ready to snap a candid shot of himself talking with Madge. Only trouble was that Madge's colored maid opened the door!

Having a gorgeous figure as well as dancing, acting talent, Vera (Goldwyn Follies) Zorina looks like the find of the year

Mashed Potatoes With Chocolate Sauce

■ Clark Gable scores twice in the month's gag-summaries: First Gable-gag: he rounded up M-G-M's newlywedded Lynne Carver, Betty Furness, Virginia Bruce and Priscilla Lawson. Told 'em there was a special preview in Projection Room No. 1 for them. Gullibly, they rushed in—to see the rushes on Pete Smith's *How to Cook*.

Second Gable-gag: guest at Clark's luncheon-table, Spencer Tracy ordered his favorite marshmallow-chocolate sundae dessert. By pre-arrangement, the waitress brought him one—made with cold mashed potatoes instead of ice cream . . . ! And if you've never eaten chawklit goo on cold mashed potatoes, try it . . . Hero on the occasion was Tracy; without a change of expression, without so much as a grin or a growl, he ate the whole darn mess . . . ! ! !



First requirements for movie cowhands is a voice and guitar. So Dick Powell sings in *Cowboy from Brooklyn*

The open season for Hollywood to go hulawood is on. Joan Woodbury out-natives a native Hawaiian with her act

Canned Commish

■ Most tongue-in-the-cheek gag of the month was the one Peter Lorre pulled on his agent. Peter did a radio broadcast for a canned-goods firm. The company sent him a whole case of canned goods. Meticulously, Peter sent one can out of ten to his agent!—regular ten percent fee! !

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Ribbing It In!

■ Most grisly gag of the month was the one on W. C. Fields. Bill was dining out at one of the pet niteries of the town, when an ambulance clanged up to the door, and out popped two white-coated internes.

"Where's Mr. Fields?" they cried, bursting in.

Seems some clown had phoned the ambulance to come and get him. Fields didn't think it was funny. Well, Bill, they'll do anything for a laugh.

Carved His Way To Fame

■ Also honored from afar, this month, was Errol Flynn. From Belfast, Ireland, where he used to go to school, Warners' roving star just got a letter from an old-time school chum . . . It revealed that on the back of one of the desks in the school, they discovered the inscription "Errol Flynn 1926" which the star, himself, had carved there.

So what?—well, so they've made it an honor seat. The pupil with the week's best marks may sit at this desk for a week!



The girl pleased over Dick's "Git along little doggie" is Priscilla Lane—the romance in his picture

Don't crowd men! Let the fish have a look. They don't see such a tide(y) girl as Jane Hamilton every day

Pots And Pans

■ Joan Crawford upset all precedent in a truly amazing manner the other day. Coming back from an Eastern trip, she brought several big trunks with her. "Aha! New Fifth Avenue duds," thought Hollywood, of course. But they were wrong: trunks were packed with new pots, pans, kitchen equipment.



Joy Hodges, Hollywood player supporting George M. Cohan in *I'd Rather Be Right* told him opening night: "Don't be frightened"

With Engine Running?

■ Scared to death of earthquakes is Danielle Darrieux. Somewhere, she overheard the truism that when you're riding in an automobile, you can't feel an earthquake . . . So, ever since then, Danielle has kept her roadster parked just outside her front door.

Or Foo Young Dan

■ So full is the M-G-M lot of foreign imports that there's a special luncheon table in the studio commissary for them . . . The table is called "The International Settlement." There are two strictly-enforced rules:

1—Any player caught speaking his or her native tongue, instead of English, must pay a \$10 fine.

2—Waitresses are all instructed to bring no order unless it is given in English.

—wonder what that's going to do if somebody wants a slice of sauerbraten, or maybe some risotto a la milanaise?



Please pass the coconuts, say these hulawood dancers who are not brown-skins but white *Gold-diggers in Paris* from the Warner lot. They "go off to Buffalo" while Rudy Vallee sings

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

Rib

■ Gagsters' Paradise is Hollywood.

Count that day lost whose end sees no star thoroughly ribbed by his—or her—palsy-walsies . . . ! Clowning, no matter what the cost, is one of the No. 1 avocations of filmdom's great. And so, herewith, some gags-of-the-month: —personal-appearancing back east, Eleanor Powell got an envelope containing a bunch of news clippings. Among them was one showing a "candid camera" photo of the back door of her Hollywood home —COMPLETELY INUNDATED UNDER BOTTLES OF MILK AND CREAM! Horrified, Eleanor believed she'd forgotten to order milk-deliveries stopped while she was absent, telegraphed the order at once. And not until a few days later did she learn that it was all a gag. That her pals at the studio had gone to the work and expense of rigging up the scene at her house, photographing it, having a cut made, and printing a whole fake newspaper page just to put the stunt over! Eleanor suspects George Murphy.

Helping Out A Pal

■ How swell a guy Edgar Bergen really is take note of this: the other day, little Andrea Leeds was told she had to make her first personal appearance. She was terrified. Never on the stage in her life, she was certain that she'd die of stage fright. To Bergen, one of her best friends, she jittered her fears.

"Don't worry," Edgar told her. "I'll go right up there with you—and so will Charlie McCarthy—and help you out."

And what's more, they did. And just to show you what a gesture that was, you must realize that Bergen gets big, big money for his own personal appearances, and for Andrea, he did it for nothing.

Raising Own Pancakes?

■ New hedge at Fay Wray's home is of buckwheat plants! Fay insists it's because buckwheat blossom is so pretty.

But Fay's friends insist that she's just going economical, and raising her own pancakes.

Card Sharps

■ When I listed the month's crop of

Hollywood practical jokes for you, I forgot the one Chester Morris played on Neil Hamilton . . . Seems that Neil, old-time vaudeville magician, can handle a deck of cards like nobody's business. One of his pet gags is to deal a hand of thirteen cards of one suit, to some unsuspecting player at the Hamilton's weekly bridge parties. The other night, the Chester Morris were Neil's bridge guests. Neil picked up a hand Chet had dealt—discovered all thirteen spades! Never realizing his own leg was being pulled, he seriously played it, bid and made a grand slam, and began calling up his press-agent. And just then, Chet Morris reminded Neil: "Say, Neil, remember I used to be a vaudeville magician, too!" [Continued on page 67]

As the sheriff, *Jack Rance* in *The Girl of the Golden West*, Walter Pidgeon has the most colorful role in his career



With a spot of tea by the beautiful sea Ann Sheridan hides her "dietrichs" in a convertible cape and wrap-around



Chicago's Civic Opera gift to movies is Florence George whose beauty and voice are captured in *College Swing*



Miss Hollywood, summer 1938, will be togged out in cool sports costumes as worn by Jackie Wells, Virginia Dale



That old tease, Spence Tracy, refuses to scam and leave Clark and Myrna alone to make love in *Test Pilot*



Note to C. B. If you're looking for Franciska Gaal she's up a tree—one left standing by your recent dew



All set with bag and baggage to conquer Hollywood is Janet Shaw, a charming bit of baggage herself. She displays dandy "dietrichs" in *Gold-diggers in Paris*

By
VIRGINIA
T. LANE



RUDY...ROMANCE

...AND

RHAP—SO—DIES!

RUDY VALLEE, BUSINESS MAN, BANDSMAN, ACTOR, DISCOVERER, SPEAKS UP ABOUT MATRIMONY AND GIRLS. AND HIS TIME IS STILL THEIR TIME



That Rudy-Gloria Youngblood romance for a time had the gossips in a dither



Rudy wants to marry again some day. Hollywood wonders if it'll be Barbara Weeks



Judy Stewart is the favorite among the girls Rudy's squirmed around Hollywood

DREAM LOVER—*huh!* You couldn't fool me. All crooners, even ex-crooners, are conceited. Yes indeed. Virulent cases of *ego-ego*. . . I remembered the first time I had seen this Rudy Vallee. It was at a cocktail party for the press over the heads of thirty million people. He looked tired (how was I to know he had played at three benefits the night before?)—and bored. A blond, tall young man (six feet in his socks), with eyes that were much too blue for his own good. And now I was to lunch with this gentleman, courtesy of Warner Brothers Studio.

The driver of the studio car—you rate a special one when you interview Rudy—was a pleasant, talkative soul. Something he said made me prick up my ears. "We aren't *paid* to like the stars, see? Like the publicity department. And we get to know them pretty well driving 'em around at all hours on locations and such. Now you take this fellow Vallee, for instance. . . ."

I wanted to say, "No *you* take him," but the driver didn't give me time. "There's a *real* guy," he said, carefully ducking a mud puddle. "I thought he'd be hi-hat. But he opens up

and talks to me just like we were pals. 'This is the first time I ever had *fun* in California, Bud,' he says. 'Three years ago when I was

out here doing my last picture I had to dodge process-servers all over the place.' Imagine him saying that right out! Like we'd been old friends. He was having a lot of marriage trouble then, remember? I guess dames have always taken Rudy for a ride. . . .

"You thought he'd have his personal liveried-chauffeur and limousine right along with him? Ha-ha, that's good! Why lady, that guy is too regular to put on swank. You know something? He drove out here himself in four days. "That," with profound respect, "is *driving*. He's got just an ordinary car. Good, you know, but nothing fancy."

Well by the time we reached Warner Brothers' little two hundred acre domain my opinion of Rudy had undergone a swift change of gears and stepped into high. He is making *Golddiggers in Paris*, maybe you've heard. And he doesn't lead a single band throughout the whole 542 pages of script. He *acts*. Dratted good acting, too, from the rushes I saw later. But to get back to that luncheon— [Continued on page 79]

HOLLYWOOD'S FLAIR

FOR FLARES

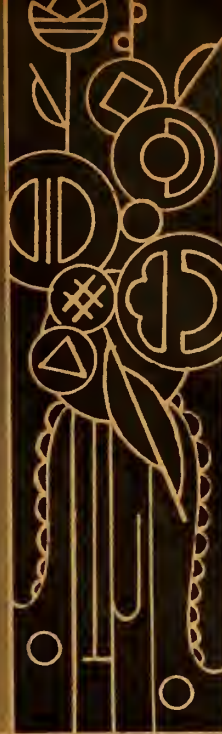


Marjorie Weaver has flairs and flares. Besides a flair for acting, she also has a flair for color. Her flared evening dress, left, is of tangerine chiffon. Marjorie's lounging robe, above, is made of shell-pink satin

HOLLYWOOD HAS ALWAYS HAD A FLAIR FOR FASHIONS AND WHEN THEY DECREE A FLARE IN FASHIONS, WE AGREE. AND SO WILL YOU AND YOU

As sweet as the nosegays of the pattern is Marjorie Weaver's pleated black print crepe frock, right. Her large leghorn ties on with black taffeta streamers and has matching nosegays inset on the brim. For spectator sports, Joan Fontaine, below, chooses one of the new pastel tweed jackets in rose pink and blue. A flared skirt matches the blue in the jacket. Patricia Ellis shows her flair for flares, bottom. It's a new summer coat made of navy blue alpaca





You'll be getting flashes of light and dark in the new wardrobes. Marjorie Weaver, left, prefers as contrast to her black street dress, Sierra-beige accessories. Although Marjorie's picture is *Kentucky Moonshine* she has to prepare for days when even the sun doesn't shine. Below, one of those days and Marjorie in a white cellophane coat and umbrella and white rubber galoshes. Bottom, Marjorie looking sunny in a navy blue daisy chain print flared frock



17...HOLLYWOOD... AND NEVER BEEN KISSED!

By E. J. SMITHSON

YOU WOULD NEVER THINK THE TITLE ABOVE COULD APPLY TO ANY HOLLYWOOD GIRL, BUT THEN YOU DON'T KNOW OLYMPE BRADNA

WHEN Director Andrew Stone began preparations for shooting the kissing sequence in *Stolen Heaven* he did so with more than his customary care. In a few minutes he was going to capture on celluloid the first and only kiss in the picture registered by the co-stars, Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna.

Now ordinarily, filming a kiss is all in the day's work for a director. More often than not he is able to give a "print it" order on the very first take. Stone had lensed dozen of embraces in the course of his directorial life and he had come to class them as "routine stuff."

But he wasn't so sure about this one . . . In the first place he wasn't sure about

Olympe . . . And in the second place he knew that Olympe wasn't, either!

So far as the charming and talented 17-year-old French girl was concerned, the scene about to be filmed could not, by any stretch of her fertile imagination, come under the classification of routine stuff. She was about to receive her very first screen kiss, which was important, of course, carrying as it did, a very definite promise of thrills. But there [Continued on page 90]



Olympe plays Gene Raymond's Big Moment in *Stolen Heaven*



I SEE STARS

By
**DENISE
CAINE**

If you glance upward you'll see stars, too. In the galaxy are Danielle Darrieux, Dorothy Lamour, Sonja Henie, Anita Louise and Claudette Colbert

MY JOB is so much fun that I sometimes think I should be sending my boss paychecks. I believe you'll agree with me that it is no hardship to interview movie stars. I love to talk to them at tea parties and cocktail parties, to chat with them across the luncheon table . . . To loll around their bedrooms and watch them make up and manicure their nails . . . To bowl across town with them in taxis, or tag along on shopping trips. . .

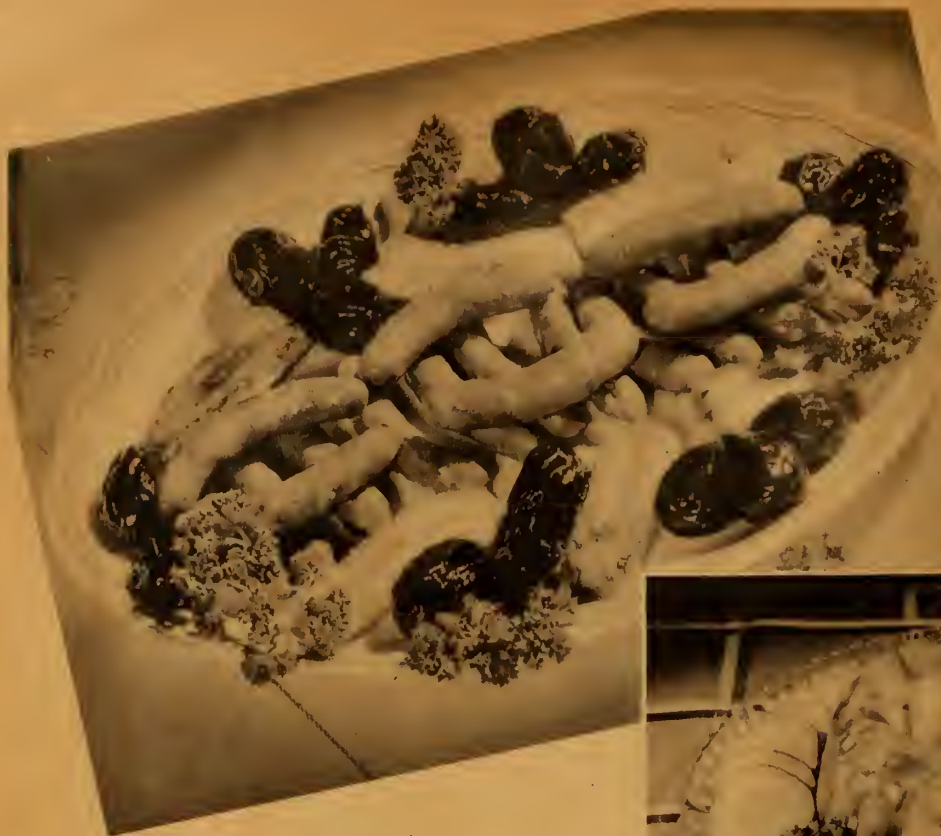
Of course, my little notebook always goes along with me, and I never get so enraptured by the stars that I forget to jot down their pet beauty secrets. And just to prove to you that I haven't been loafing, here are some miscellaneous hints that I've picked up in the last month. I hope you'll find them as interesting as I did—and as helpful.

Margot Grahame received me in her flower-filled hotel suite where she was in bed catching up on her rest. But even in bed Margot's make-up was flawless. Hollywood gals, she confided to me, must look their best under all circumstances. They never can tell when some photographer will step out of a crowd, and rapidly take a candid shot. And it would never

do to have those shots *too* candid! To insure a perfect face at all times, Margot uses a set of camel's hair brushes—a tiny round one to dust on the cake rouge, a slightly larger one to whisk away powder that might cling around the eyes or in the crevices at the sides of the nose. She doesn't like that crepey look excess powder produces—and she's found that the camera doesn't either!

Powder, Anita Louise told me, should never be noticeable as such. And she certainly practices what she preaches. Her skin has a dewy, un-made-up look that defies even the sharp-eyed beauty editor. That, she explained in her charming, unaffected way, is because she is as careful in choosing her powder as in applying it. To meet her standards, a powder must be light in texture, closely matched to skin tones, and without a particle of shininess about it. This is important for screen stars who must face the glare of Klieg lamps, the brilliance of the sun, the flashlight at a premiere.

I sat with Danielle Darrieux at a cocktail party that was given in her honor, and marvelled at her poise and her perfect grooming. The air around us was [Continued on page 74]



THERE ARE MORE THAN 57 VARIETIES OF SAUSAGES. HERE'S HOW TO CHOOSE AND USE 'EM

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

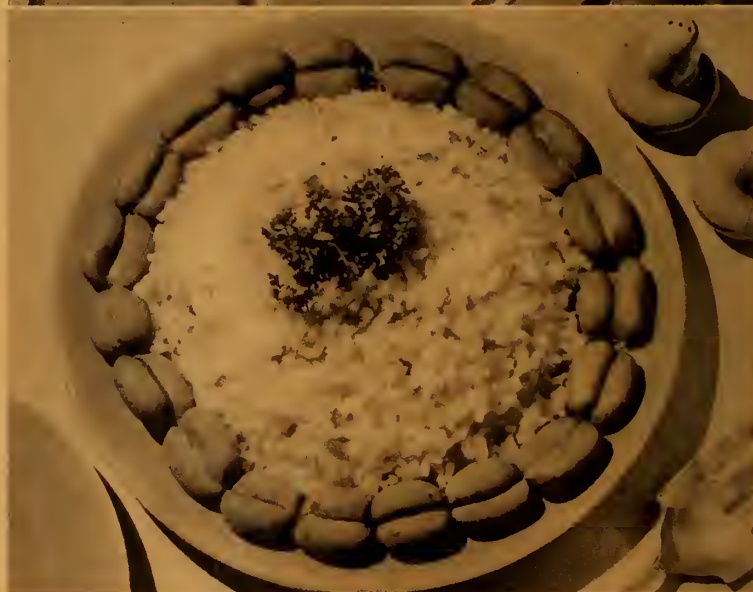
DO YOU know your sausages? Have you passed your final test in sausage education? Have you inquired of the salesman in charge of the meat or delicatessen display cases, in order to find out all that they may tell you of sausage history, sausage ingredients and sausage names?

Do you know that sausages, like states, may be very dry or very wet, or possess every degree of moisture in between? And that there are more than twice as many varieties to choose from as there are states in the Union?

If not, with the summer season approaching, now is the time for every housewife to begin to say it with sausages.

The term "sausage" is given to any mixture of meat and spices, stuffed into a protecting envelope called the "casing." This casing may be so large that a slice cut from the sausage will cover a plate, or so small that the entire sausage may be served on a toothpick. Again, the meat and spice mixture may be freshly packed into the casing, with no follow-up treatment, in which case it is spoken of as "fresh" sausage. This is the soft fresh link sausage served often in winter, and familiar in "sausage and wheat cakes" and similar dishes. Or, the same mixture may be packed into the casing and subjected to long slow *smoking*, as is practiced with hams and bacon, in which case we have the second main type known as "dry" sausage.

Both types have their value in meal planning. Indeed of all sausage it may be said that the advantages are: 1—*compact form*, with a great deal of nourishment compressed into small bulk; 2—*economy*, since there is no waste due to gristle, bone, etc., and sausages are 100% edible; 3—*good storage* and keeping qualities; 4—*easy and safe carrying*; 5—*convenient use*.



Putting on the dog with a savory sausage grill, top; a jellied Vienna sausage salad, center; and cocktail sausages and rice Creole, bottom

Not every sausage is made from the same kind of meat either. In some varieties the meat is chopped beef, in others ground pork, while in still others veal or a combination of meats are used, just as the home-maker herself may combine two or more [Continued on page 88]

It helps their Skin more directly!

THE NEW CREAM WITH "Skin-Vitamin"



FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

A NEW CREAM that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—"Keeps my skin better than ever"—"Gives better color"—"Keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin . . .

Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.

"A great advance . . .

"Pond's new Cold Cream is a really scientific beauty care. I'll never be afraid of sports or travel drying my skin, with this new cream to put the 'skin-vitamin' back into it."

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

"Helps skin more . . .

"I've always been devoted to Pond's. Now with the 'skin-vitamin,' it helps my skin more than ever. Keeps it bright and fresh looking all through the gayest season."

FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB
now MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, Jr.

"Gets skin really clean . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream gets my skin really clean. Now it nourishes, too, and keeps my skin so much softer."

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into your skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your

MRS. HENRY LATROBE ROOSEVELT, JR.

regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Pat it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!

TEST IT IN
9 TREATMENTS

Pond's, Dept. 6-CT, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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GANTNER

Floating Bra SWIM SUITS



DAMASK DAISY, knit
Lastex-and-wool . . glam-
orously flowered . . \$6.95

JUNGLE LEAF knit Lastex.
Worn by Jinx Falkenberg,
Hollywood favorite . . \$6.95

FLOATING BRA'S amazing inner uplift . . a semi-detached bra . . glamorizes your every line! It creates smart-hip, slim-waist illusions by raising surplus inches to accent your beautiful, high-pointed bust!

For true girdle and bust control . . **FLOATING BRA**, exclusive with Gantner! At smarter shops everywhere! (Write for style book.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N. Y.

CALIFORNIA, HERE



It won't be long now before you go motoring or stepping or shopping on Hollywood Boulevard—which is shown at the left. And if you take Tour No. 3 you will be the guests of Bob Burns and his wife, right. And Bob will play his bazooka for you and Mrs. Bob may play her guitar

IT'S only a matter of days now, before the first of the three Movieland Tours sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., leave Chicago for Hollywood. Boiled down into a very few words, this means that if you are to be a member of the first summer vacation group you'll have to send in your reservation **TODAY!**

Since 1935, when these unique and glorious vacations on wheels were initiated, the Tours have become the most-talked-of trips in America! So popular have they become, that this year, in order to accommodate all who want to go, three Tours have been arranged, and, judging from the way the reservations have been coming in, another may have to be added before the summer is over.

The Tours, as always, leave from Chicago. This year the departure dates are July 3, July 24, and August 14. All follow the same route. The trans-continental train de luxe takes you through long cool stretches of the northern woods of Minnesota, past the sky-blue, glittering 10,000 lakes, through the great park regions of the Northwest, over the Great Divide and across the Rockies to Puget Sound where a delightful cruise has been arranged. The next port of call is San Francisco. A stop-over gives each member time enough to view the famous bridges, Chinatown, the Presidio and the World's Fair grounds now nearing completion in waters of the Golden Gate.

Sunday morning you arrive in

HOLLYWOOD, the Glamor City of the World. Representatives of **MOTION PICTURE Magazine** will meet you upon your arrival bearing with them "the key to the city." From then on the town is yours! You will see the world-famous motion pictures really from the inside, you will have a chance to hobnob with your favorite stars, you will see how pictures are made, you will have the opportunity of dining in a major studio restaurant, you will—

WELL, fantastic as it may sound, here are some of the highlights of the entertainment schedule already made up for your sole enjoyment.

First comes a trip through the residential districts where the palatial homes of the stars are located.

Next on the entertainment bill-of-fare is a cocktail party given by Warren William and his wife in honor of guests who come on Tour No. 1. Harold Lloyd and his wife will give a similar party for guests of Tour No. 2 and Bob (Bazooka) Burns and his wife will preside over a cocktail party at their home for members of Tour No. 3. Scores of famous actors and actresses will attend those events and you will have an opportunity seldom accorded Hollywood visitors of meeting the celebrities of the screen.

Next comes a top-ranking radio broadcast to which you are invited; then a trip through Max Factor's Make-up Studio.

And then, as a gala farewell party you are invited to a

MOVIELAND TOURS
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
360 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

WE COME!

A MOVIELAND TOUR MEANS A VACATION YOU'LL NEVER FORGET. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GO TO HOLLYWOOD THIS SUMMER—BE AT HOME AMONG THE STARS. SO MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW



supper-dance at the Wilshire Bowl, long the favorite rendezvous of the movie colony. Last year such screen notables as Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Mischa Auer, Wayne Morris, Nan Grey, Judy Garland, Hugh Herbert—just to list a few—were in attendance at the supper-dance and this year even more have gladly promised to come.

Time enough has been allotted for side trips during your Hollywood stay and you will have an opportunity to shop on Hollywood Boulevard or take trips to Lake Arrowhead, Catalina Island, Mt. Wilson and numerous other playground districts frequented by picture people.

With all this planned for your entertainment while in Hollywood your stay on the West Coast as a member of the Tours will surely be a memorable one.

AND here's another thing—All entertainment is absolutely FREE. When you pay for your two week's vacation you merely buy your railroad ticket in Chicago—and Fawcett Publications, Inc., does the rest! That it may serve as a reminder we're printing below the Movieland Tours schedules:

Tour No. 1 leaves Chicago July 3rd, and arrives in Hollywood July 10th.

Tour No. 2 leaves Chicago July 24th, and reaches Hollywood July 31st.

Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14th, and arrives in Hollywood August 21st.

And as a further reminder we are adding a coupon. Send it in at once to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., for a FREE, illustrated booklet that will give you a complete, detailed itinerary, pictures of the country you will journey through—and most important of all—the exact amount of money you will have to spend to enjoy the most thrilling two weeks' of vacation travel you'll ever get a chance to experience!



Two Little Play Suits Climbed the Hill...

Two little play suits climbed the hill—

One on Jack, and one on Jill.

Look at Jill's—so bright and gay!

But Jack's is full of tattle-tale gray.

For Jill's mom knows what Jack's does not—

That lazy soap just hasn't got

The pep to wash clothes really clean.

And that's why Jack's things look so mean.

If Jack's mom were as wise as Jill's,

She'd quickly cure her washday ills.

She'd get the *golden* bar today

That chases pesky tattle-tale gray.

Fels-Naptha Soap is what she'd buy—

So full of naptha, dirt *must* fly!

Then white as Jill's, Jack's clothes would be,

And as for mom, she'd shout with glee.

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

(NEW! Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!)

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE MOTION PICTURE

"YOUR LIPS ARE
MADE TO BE KISSED"

Why Errol Flynn Runs Out on Hollywood

[Continued from page 41]



Men will Hunger...

for your kisses when you use the lipstick that gives alluring natural color to your lips. Tangee contains no paint—never coats the lips with ugly red grease. Instead, it brings out your own individual color—whether you are blonde, brunette or red head.

In the stick, Tangee looks orange...on your lips it changes like magic to a blush-rose. Only Tangee has this famous Tangee magic color-change principle. Its special cream base keeps lips soft—smooth. Try Tangee. 39¢ and \$1.10. For a natural matched appearance use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge.

Untouched—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded, parched look.

Greasy, painted lips—Don't risk that painted look. Men don't like it.

Tangee lovable lips—Intensifies natural color, ends that painted look.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4 PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET and TANGEE CHARM TEST

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.) Also please send Tangee Charm Test. Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light ☐ Rachel Powder Desired

Name _____ (Please Print)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ F68

trip, it can't be done," said Flynn. "Two weeks between four pictures equals eight weeks and that leaves you exactly two weeks out of your salary-less ten. You can't go to New Guinea in two weeks' time," continued the Irishman, and there was genuine homesickness in his voice as he said it.

"That's why I've always tried to have my time off between films limited to week-ends, if possible; and I've always requested that my production schedule be arranged, again if possible, so that I could take not less than a month's continuous vacation completely away from Hollywood. It's the only way I can stick it out and stay tied down to my seven-year contract, which will be four years old in November."

OF COURSE the trouble with the six-foot-two, slim-hipped, square-shouldered Flynn, who walks easily, freely, like a man who readily accustoms himself to slanting decks beneath his feet, is that he is spoiled. For seven years, from the ages of eighteen to twenty-five, at which time Hollywood caught him, he had himself a time with Adventure, the siren. Before that time he was the typical school lad, in the best academies and out of them. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University, and in the *Lycee Louis le Grand* in Paris.

Flynn is a North Irishman, not big and black, according to legend, but slim with chestnut lights in his brown hair, eyes that are both tan and green, a short upper lip, a classic profile, ears that curve back small and flat against the head, square hands and blunt finger tips that show strength—and labor, a perverse good humor that prompts him to many a joke. Today it took the form of addressing ladies as "ma'm." "Right you are, ma'm," he responded, face as solemn as a churchman's.

"Antrim County, ma'm, was where I was born," he said, falling easily into some obscure characterization that was in his mind as he sipped a lunch of to-mah-to juice into which had gone two teaspoonsful of Worcestershire sauce and forked a watercress and endive salad. "It's in the North of Ireland. My father, ma'm, didn't care much about the sea, nor my mother. I think I get my liking for it from my grandfather. He was a clipper ship captain, rounding the Horn with cargo, taking months to get to his destination on the other side of the world."

To some people Adventure and Errol Flynn are synonymous, and it gets devilishly tiresome. He has been oversold on his adventures. Those who complain are probably the stay-at-homes who get their thrills straight from travel books. Flynn doesn't. Instead, he writes them: one on pearl fishing, two novels, numerous magazine articles. Some people have all the luck. After talking with him one feels that he is honest in his craving for adventure, as honest as any true Irishman with his Blarney Stone and his steadfast belief in leprecauns and "wee folk" who dance in the moonlight. There is undoubtedly a very genuine need for Flynn to flee Hollywood, as he does, in order to refill some deep reservoir in his spiritual being. You could no more divorce Flynn from Adventure than you could separate *Tristan* from *Isolde* and still have great Wagnerian opera.

"There's no thrill in the world like anticipation," says Flynn. "I'm always hard put to bring the facts of realization up to the fever-heat of anticipation. For instance, to

me there is no more fun in the world than looking over my nautical maps and finding a name like 'San Pedro de Macoris' somewhere down in the West Indies. Then I begin to wonder about it. What's it like? What goes on down there? What would it hold for me?"

"I live in a pleasant glow of anticipation thinking about San Pedro de Macoris and getting ready to shove off to visit it in my boat. We load the boat, the crew boards it, and then we sail off over endless miles of water. The high point of emotion comes as you look through your binoculars and first sight the island in the finder. It grows bigger, palms begin to show, and the mountains, and then you sail nearer, into the harbor, where you drop anchor, climb into one of the little boats and pull away to the shore.

"You step onto the sandy beach or whatever is there, and you still wonder what is going to happen to you ashore. Sometimes—it's not always San Pedro de Macoris—there is only desolation, a jungle; other times there is a trading store and a bar and natives. You pull your belt a notch tighter and wade in to what you are going to meet. And you always meet something. You know, ma'm, the thing that worries me most about growing older is that I might lose that desire to get out in the world and see and do things."

THERE were compensations, we suggested, in growing older. The security of money, the power of his starring position, domesticity and his wife—the French actress, Lili Damita, whom he married three years ago, children. He shook his head:

"But I never plan for the future. It isn't part of the System," he said. It seems there is an Errol Flynn System For Getting the Most Out of Life. Its founder continued: "I live for the present. The future takes care of itself. It always has, hasn't it? For today is yesterday's future and today is all right. I can't tie myself down to saying 'I want to be a director after I finish as an actor.' How do I know what I will want to be? It's a goodly time off, anyway. I haven't any use for annuities, either. My tastes are simple..." A smile broadened his face as humor took him over. "You might say that I'm a man of simple tastes who's only extravagance is yachts."

His current boat, his fourth, is a trim little seventy-eight foot number, two masted, ketch-rigged, built in 1933 of solid mahogany painted white. It has teawood decks, is named Sirocco—literally "Hot Wind." For this sailing vessel he paid \$25,000, and he is turning its stern on Hollywood and its glamor factories as he sails Southern waters in his month-long escape from man-made monotony. There will be a crew of four, one guest, a diving helmet, paraphernalia for measuring ocean currents and their relations to weather conditions. (Flynn promised a scientist friend he'd do a little research for him.)

To Hollywood, and perhaps to Mr. Flynn, the most amazing cargo on the Sirocco is Mrs. Flynn. And she will be there in dungeons, in shorts as stylish as the Paris she so loved, in natty nautical suits. The main idea is that she will be there. It has taken the *chic* Continental who has made her home in all European lands, but mostly in the midst of the brightest life of the capitals, three years to adjust herself to sharing life

with Flynn. They have been difficult years, punctuated with misgivings, misunderstandings and the bliss of making up. Half the time the cinema colony, always interested in such things, wouldn't give you two-cents for the matrimonial chances of Lili and Errol. Now they would. Love, obviously, has Triumphed again. It's hard to tame the eagle; harder to manage a man with freedom on his mind. The answer to how it is done lies in Flynn's words: "Lili has adapted herself to a life like mine very well."

THE life commenced, full speed, when at eighteen Flynn decided to become an actor. He played in stock in Birmingham and Northampton, England. When an English film company made its version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Flynn was chosen to interpret the part of his famous ancestor, Fletcher Christian. The film was made in the natural locale and when time came for Flynn and the troupe to quit the South Seas Flynn found that he couldn't leave. Blame it on ancestral influence if you want. He bought a little boat, called it *Sirocco*, loaded it with a native crew and went pearl fishing; started a small industry.

Flynn found the going good and then heard there was gold in New Guinea. There was. He found some of it. "That's wonderful country," he says over his endive, his tan-green eyes lighting. "Virgin country still. You can go only so far inland, then you're driven back." But there was more gold in London and it was better to have had a taste of adventure in the hinterland than to be forfeited with it. Better to look back and long for it, than to wallow in it and curse.

The Irishman returned to the English stage; appeared in *Another Language*; appeared in other plays; made more films. Between stints, then as now, he managed to see far places. South America, Mexico—these are among the few places that he has missed, so far. On one tour he found himself in Hollywood. And Hollywood found him. Result: a part in *Don't Bet on Blondes*. Because his voice has subtlety and conviction and he knows how to use it, because of his passing fair physique, and other reasons, all good, the Brothers Warner saw him as a potential romantic hero of the costume variety, and he was shunted into the lead of Sabatini's *Captain Blood*. It was an instant success. So was Flynn. With that came costume parts in *Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Adventures of Robin Hood*. Conversely, the last thing in life that Flynn wants to be is an "heroic figure." Other films, not in costume, were *Another Dawn*, *Green Light*, *Perfect Specimen* and the current *Four's a Crowd*.

There is practically no chance of Flynn turning out to be a pampered *chaise longue*-warmer. Not when the whiff of a bit of frangipani blossom, sent from Honolulu, sends his thoughts racing with memories of dressing for dinner in Tahiti and his native valet chasing him down the street with a bit of the exotic flower for his buttonhole. Or when letters, like the one from Sumatra that came the other day, remind him courteously that "in the rush of departure in your boat, the *Maski*, in 1932, you forgot to pay me for six drums of fuel oil. Would you kindly remit now?"

No, there's been too much in the past and there is too much in the future, even if he doesn't plan for it, for Errol Flynn to become permanently attached to Hollywood. You can see why, without squinting, the Irishman with his high fancy has to escape Hollywood, every once in a while, to maintain his stance.

HELP WANTED...WOMEN!



"Lysol" gives greater assurance of intimate cleanliness

WOMEN... any woman... YOU... are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet so many women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, sweetly nice. People may notice; your husband surely will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use the wholesome, efficient method many

doctors and nurses recommend—"Lysol" in the proper dilution with water.

You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

Six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

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Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol."

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LIKE *Swimming* IN YOUR SKIN

Join the Hollywood stars who have taken to their hearts this new swim suit of Matletex...the revolutionary elastic fabric which fits and flatters any figure.

Matletex is as light as a breeze... and dries on the body in a jiffy! Available in colorful cottonprints...richly toned satins. Fast colors...in striped and floral patterns.

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If your local store does not carry Matletex, order direct, giving your size and color preference.

Hollywood
SWIM SUITS
2615 Fruitland Road
Los Angeles, California

Hollywood's Champion Cinderella

[Continued from page 45]

the interview scene. But a parade of interviewers will be forming right behind.

There hasn't been much publicity—yet—about Arleen. Her shrewd boss, Darryl Zanuck, doesn't intend to have the public expecting too much of a beginner, even a super-promising one. He'd like to have the public discover her by itself and challenge him to do something about it. Give her starring roles immediately, for example.

Only the insiders have known, up to this point, that she was definitely selected as *Scarlett*—until Mr. Zanuck suggested to Mr. Selznick that he take his \$50,000 and spend it on trying to find an Arleen Whelan of his own. Only the insiders have had even an inkling of the amazing story behind Arleen. Very few people have actually seen her in person. She has been kept that much under cover.

You don't know what to expect, approaching your first meeting with her. Somebody has told you that she is "a combination of Janet Gaynor and Clara Bow." Somebody else has described her as "very like the early Ethel Barrymore." Another finds a resemblance to Loretta Young—"except for the auburn hair." Another—thinking chiefly of the hair—"Myrna Loy." Another—conscious of her youthful curvaciousness—"Lana Turner."

And, suddenly, there she is, in front of you—in a chic, snug black silk dress, a black hat with a saucy veil, long white gloves. She tosses back the veil, and you see: a girl who reminds you of no one else, as soon as you look at her twice. (Which is easy enough to do.) This feature or that may remind you of someone. But the ensemble of features is new. She isn't a carbon copy. She is an original. She is herself.

Her face is oval, Irish, high-cheek-boned, animated! Her eyes, set wide apart, are grayish-green, and sparkling—when they aren't dreamy. Her lips are shapely, full, quick to smile. Her chin is pert. She has freckles—very Irish, very provocative freckles. A high, wide forehead. Her hair, deep titian, is parted in the center, worn in a long, casual, semi-windblown bob. Thick hair, dazzling in sunlight. It is fully half of the secret of her attractiveness. Not that it blinds you, however, to her other attributes. Her youthful vitality. Her trim, silk-clad figure. Her small, slender hands. Her shapely legs below her short skirt. Her feminine neatness. Her soft, low voice. She's five feet four and a half and weighs about 112 pounds.

HER story—?

She was born (about twenty years ago, I should say) in Salt Lake City—"across the street from the Mormon Temple." That doesn't make her a Mormon. She started school in a convent.

"Mother wept when I was born. She didn't like red hair, and she wanted a boy. She even had a name picked out—'John.' My father's name is Arthur. My mother's name is Kathleen. My name is a combination of theirs. My grandmother—my father's mother, and a darling—thought of it. I've always had it, though I was confirmed as 'Kathleen.'"

When she was born, Arthur Whelan was earning his living, playing minor-league baseball. He caught for the Salt Lake City club a few seasons, then moved on to Twin Falls in the Idaho league. Then Portland, Oregon—where Arleen started school. Then

Pueblo, Colorado, his home-town. They stayed there "until six or seven years ago," when they moved to Los Angeles. They didn't like California. "It didn't seem like home." They went back to Pueblo, which did seem like home—"and still does." (Pueblo papers, please copy.)

But Fate—Arleen is a great believer in Fate, and with some reason—decreed a bitter winter in Colorado that year. The Whelans decided that maybe they should make another try at liking California. They trekked Southwest again. This time they stayed. Arthur Whelan hung up his catcher's mitt and opened a small electrical contracting shop. They lived in southeast Los Angeles—where the rents, like the houses, were minor-league. They had a roof over their heads, and enough to eat. They had few spare clothes and no fancy ones, few spare pennies, few spare moments away from home. But they were "happy enough." It never occurred to any of them to go searching for a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow, only an hour away.

Hollywood—all the way across Los Angeles, on the northwest side—didn't seem near to Arleen. It was a long trip there, by bus or trolley. She never made the trip, even in imagination, until two years ago. And, then, it wasn't to knock at a studio gate. She never saw a studio gate before the day she was whisked inside one for a movie test.

"I went to the movies—yes. But they didn't give me ideas about trying to get in them, myself. In the first place, I didn't know anyone connected with the movies. You have to know *someone* connected with the movies before you get ideas like that.

"Besides that, I was horribly self-conscious. I still am—but I keep people from finding out about it a little better now. I hated my hair. The one thing that could always make me angry was to have somebody call me 'Redhead.' I used to come home crying, and say to Mother, 'Why did I have to have red hair?' And I had freckles, too."

She smiled—self-consciously.

"I HAD never acted in my life, even in high-school. At Manual Arts High, I took stenographic work. And piano, on the side. And I belonged to the Glee Club and sang in a church choir. I didn't know what I wanted to be. A singer, I thought. Mother wanted me to be a pianist—but I knew that would take too long and cost too much. So I favored singing. But not with the movies in mind. My ambition—now, don't laugh—was to sing with a band. I guess Alice Faye was my inspiration. She used to sing with Rudy Vallee's band... I took the stenographic work, just in case Fate didn't like my voice..."

"After I finished school, I went back to Colorado to visit my grandmother for a month and a half—before I faced the fact that I had graduated right in the middle of a depression. I had a marvelous time, mountain-climbing, swimming, fishing up above the timberline. I said to my grandmother: 'I wish I could stay forever.'

"But that wasn't in the cards. I had to find work, if I could. But I couldn't. Singing was hopeless. I didn't know anybody, and I was a beginner, anyway. I couldn't even get stenographic work. Los Angeles was full of unemployed stenographers. I wanted to do something, desperately. I wanted to help out at home. Mother and

Daddy had been so good to me—given me piano lessons, seen me through school, and all. A friend of mine interested me in beauty culture. I started going to a beauty school. I took the whole six months' course. And, even then, I couldn't get a job.

"But I had left my name with the school. And one day they called up and said Mr. Pierre, of the Hotel Roosevelt beauty salon in Hollywood, was looking for a girl and I might go up and see him. I went up, shaking. I wanted that job so badly, and I was so afraid I wouldn't get it. And so happy, and proud, when I did get it—without any help from anybody. I didn't mind its being so far away from home. I didn't mind getting up so early, to be at work on time, and getting home so late, and being on my feet all day. It was a job. I didn't do just ordinary finger-waving, manicuring, things like that. I modeled for Mr. Pierre, too, and won cups for him. One was for a 'natural permanent wave.' I'll never forget how thrilled I was for him, and how embarrassed I was for myself, standing up in front of all those people.

"ALL the time I was with Mr. Pierre—about a year and a half—I was preparing for a screen career, without knowing it. Learning a little about acting natural, with people watching me. Learning a little about poise. Learning how to meet people. Things like that. I'm grateful for that experience...

"Yes, some of the customers were movie stars—but most of them were guests at the hotel. Ida Lupino and her mother came in regularly. And Pert Kelton. And Simone Simon, when she lived at the hotel. Ida would say to me. 'You should certainly try to get in the movies!' Mrs. Lupino, too. Simone Simon thought I should, too. I always shook my head, embarrassed—self-conscious. Ida and her mother were so thrilled when this contract happened. And Simone said to me, 'See, I told you!'...

"I knew a Mr. Regan, who operated a big barber shop a couple of blocks down Hollywood Boulevard. He had wanted me to come to work in his shop for a long time, as a manicurist. And, one day, I decided to go. He offered me more money—eighteen dollars a week, plus tips. A change appealed to me. Especially the chance to sit down. In the beauty salon I stood up for hours at a stretch, and some nights I couldn't sleep, my back ached so."

She smiled at that unglamorous revelation, and continued: "I was at the barber shop just two weeks when—the movie test happened. I hated every minute of those two weeks. The work was easy. What was hard was keeping the customers in their place."

She looked embarrassed, even recollecting that difficulty.

"Mr. Regan didn't like it, any more than I did. He appointed himself my 'protector.' He told me, 'There are a lot of men connected with the movies who come into this shop—agents, and directors, and writers. Some of them will probably tell you that you ought to be in the movies, and offer to put you there. Don't pay any attention to any of them, but if H. Bruce Humberstone—he's a director at 20th Century-Fox—should offer you a movie test, take him up on it. He'll be on the level.'

"I HAD been there just two weeks when Mr. Humberstone came in for a haircut. The other girl was about to give him a manicure, when he asked for 'the new girl over there.' Meaning me. I took my tray over to his chair, trying not to look self-conscious. He kept looking at me; I could feel him looking at me as I worked. He

[Continued on page 64]

I'M IN LOVE AGAIN — *and this time it won't be spoiled by Misfit Makeup*

"It's the real thing. I'm mad about him, but I'm so afraid it will end like the last time."

"It doesn't have to. But watch out for misfit makeup—that's one thing men don't like."

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THE PRICE IS LOW. Start now to build *your* matched set. Buy a lipstick... or rouge, face powder, eye shadow, or mascara... in Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup... only 55¢ each (Canada 65¢) in standard full sizes. *Your* drug or department store recommends this makeup, advises:

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BROWN... wear PARISIAN type
HAZEL... wear CONTINENTAL type

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PEPSODENT
ANTISEPTIC
keeps your
MOUTH and BREATH
SWEETER
HOURS LONGER

Hollywood's Champion Cinderella

[Continued from page 63]

asked me if I had ever had a movie test. I said, 'No.' He asked, 'Would you like to have one?' There was a terrible lump in my throat. But I managed to get a 'Yes' past it. 'I'd love it,' I said. It was the first time I had said that. Several agents had suggested tests, and I had said, 'No—I'm not interested.'

"He set the test for the next day, and Mr. Regan gave me the day off. I came out to 20th Century-Fox, my heart pounding. I hadn't slept a wink all night. I spent most of the night, praying. "My test was silent. First I had to come out in a bathing-suit on a make-believe beach, in front of a lot of people, all men. I nearly died. I thought, 'My goodness, does it take all these men to make a test?' I didn't know then that each had his own special technical job to do. It's lucky I had grease-paint on. Otherwise, my face would have looked like a beet or a tomato. I was blushing that much, my cheeks burned.

"They photographed me next in different kinds of dresses and furs, walking and sitting down. I felt happier; I felt dressed... They photographed me in several different hair styles... One shot had me playing the piano, dreaming... We worked till eleven-thirty that night. The last thing I had to do was to 'laugh through tears,' with wind blowing my hair. I haven't seen it, but they tell me that was the best thing in my test. Mr. Humberstone saved it till last, deliberately—till I was almost hysterical, I was so tired.

"Bright and early the next morning—that was May 27th last year—I was back at work in the barber shop. They called at noon, and said, 'Throw your manicure basket out of the window. You're in the movies.' And—here I am."

IT DOESN'T sound phenomenal, the way Arleen tells it. But it was phenomenal. Untrained unknowns seldom get movie tests these days. And if they do get tests, they seldom pass them. She had been close enough to the movies to know that. She was properly overwhelmed by what had happened to her. "Thrilled beyond words. And scared beyond words. When I tried to talk, my voice was 'way up here." She raised her voice an octave, thinned it to a whisper. "I didn't dare think a movie career was in the cards for me. I didn't see how I was ever going to face a camera and live..."

"I started going to school to Florence Enright, the studio dramatic coach. I'd take scripts home and memorize parts, and she'd correct my diction and expression next day. She taught me to keep my toes out—I was inclined to toe in. She taught me how to answer the phone. How to close a door gracefully without turning my back to the camera. How to pick up things. How to strike a match, even. Did you know there's a correct way to strike a match? How to sit down—straight. How to be poised and natural at the same time.

"I studied eight months before I played my first part—this part in *Kidnapped*. I didn't have any preliminary training for it, playing 'bits.' I spoke to Mr. Zanuck once for some 'bit' parts, and he said, 'No—we want to start you in a lead, no matter how long it takes to prepare you.' Of course, they sent me around to different sets to watch, and I learned a lot that way. The most valuable thing I learned? 'Just be natural.'

The strangest thing—I've found that very easy. I don't know how to be anything but myself. I talk as I'd normally talk, do things as I'd normally do them, in a given situation. The hardest scene in *Kidnapped*, for me, was one in which I had to pretend to be somebody else, not *Jeanie MacDonald*.

"And Warner Baxter gave me some good advice. He told me, 'Listen carefully to what people say to you, and no one will ever have to tell you what to answer—not if you think straight.'"

How did the Selznick-International people become interested in her—an untried newcomer at another studio?

"Sidney Howard, who wrote the script for *Gone with the Wind*, saw me in the Brown Derby. He thought I 'looked like *Scarlett*,' and he said he knew I was an actress 'by the way I ate.' I've been self-conscious about eating ever since. They arranged with Mr. Zanuck to test me. Then they set me to studying a Southern accent, learning how to wear those grand old Southern clothes. I've never enjoyed any experience so much as that. I'm still studying with the coach I had there—Gertrude Fogler."

She isn't breaking her heart over the impasse that prevents her from playing that other unpredictable Irish girl, *Scarlett O'Hara*. She told me, with a warm smile, "Everything always happens for the best."

Her greatest thrill has been: "Seeing my family so happy. Daddy's popping the buttons right off his chest. Mother has a scrapbook of pictures of me—already. And my brother Bobby—he's fifteen, and blond—has a scrapbook of clippings. I hope I can send him to college. And Tommy, my younger brother—he's four. I hope I can do a lot of things for my family. They deserve them."

She doesn't think her life has changed much. "Only working in the movies isn't like working. There's something new and different to do every day... I have so much more than I ever had before—that's the main difference. And nicer clothes. That's a thrill, to a girl... I've lost so much of my self-consciousness, too. I feel as if someone had taken a great worry off my mind.

"We lived in the same house until about two months ago. Then, when the picture started, I had to be nearer. We're only about fifteen minutes away now... I still have to do the dishes; I can't seem to get out of that. I still make my own bed. Definitely. My brothers still treat me like a sister. Mother and Daddy still treat me like a daughter, not somebody in the movies. I still shampoo and wave Mother's hair every week. And I'm happy it's that way with the Whelans."

She denies having the temper usually associated with titans. "I don't get upset. But sometimes I upset other people. It bothers Mother and Daddy no end that I 'never sit still.'"

In high-school, she confesses, she had a large assortment of boy-friends. "But I never went with any one steady—not more than two weeks, anyway. It's still that way. I don't have any theories about dodging romance. I'm a fatalist about that, too. But I think it *would* be a good idea, if I could escape it for a while."

Thus, Arleen Whelan—Hollywood's champion Cinderella, kidnapped from obscurity. The prettiest and most provocative of all the newcomers—for whom everything seems to be happening for the best.

Good Will Girl

[Continued from page 29]

my popularity fades," said Miss Carroll, thereby establishing a record for intelligence.

"I want to have something to do when my acting days are over," she continued. "As a career-woman I could not think of leading an idle life. I have always been too busy. Marriage, alone, could not satisfy my desire to do something. Therefore, I thought how fine it would be if I could start now and become a sort of *liaison officer*, an ambassador of good will, and help to cement friendly relationships between nations.

"IN A personal way," continued Roving Ambassadors Carroll, "I can show you how misunderstandings arise between people. And nations are nothing but people in the aggregate. My husband and I have an old castle in Spain, of which you have doubtless heard. We have never lived in it, but bought it to rehabilitate it and use it as a vacation place when we wanted to travel out of England. The Spanish War came along, of course, and we never used it.

"The castle is located at Palamos, which is in Northern Spain, in the province of Catalonia. That part of the country is held by the Loyalists. When we got to Rome there was considerable buzzing about our political affiliations. The Fascist government there thought that we were Red sympathizers because by chance we owned property within the boundaries of the opposing forces. We quickly dispelled that idea by saying that we were neutral. And we are. Politically, my conscience is a blank. I have only one thought, and that is for peace. But you can see how false impressions are created, and how they can pile up and lead to catastrophe unless they are explained.

In the Hollywood annals actresses with strong social consciences are rare. So rare that many people, listening to Madeleine Carroll, watching her talk—her eyes bright, her classic beauty charged with zeal—might think that she was merely a pretty actress off on a new hobby. In view of her rearing, her associations, her intelligence, chances are that Walter Wanger's feminine star is very much in earnest.

America has had several Good Will ambassadors, official and unofficial, including Colonel Charles Lindbergh and Hollywood's late Will Rogers. There's no reason why a woman plentifully equipped with American "ummmph," plus wit, and what her French ancestors call a "soignée appearance," should not go far in smoothing things over in her social-diplomatic way. And she's part Irish, too, don't forget. That helps where "ummmph" and Paris *chic* fail.

"My Limerick County Grandmother Carroll was a very 'fey' creature," she says. "She used to read tea leaves. And as children, we were quite sure she cast spells, too. It frightened my sister and myself horribly when we were little girls." But don't give *La Carroll's* statement too much credence. All the Irish are hand-in-glove with the supernatural. It is an intuitive race and Grandmother Carroll was no exception to its heritage. Even dilution with French blood (Madeleine's professor-father married a French woman) and birth in a prosaic English town like West Bromwich, near Birmingham, England, has not lost Father Carroll's colleen her rich Irish luster.

Of course she was meant to have things happen to her. Nature doesn't combine a figure, hair, gentian-colored eyes

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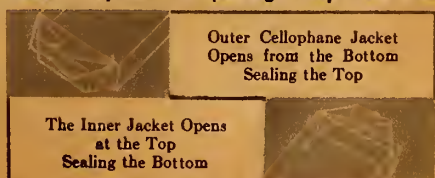
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like Carroll's unless there is a reason. The result has been that Marie Madeleine's life has always surged with the incredible, the coincidental. She was born to the household of a professor of the Romance Languages. A clever student, she was out of college with a degree when most children are getting out their freshman books and looking up the curriculum. At her father's insistence, she then taught French for a time, but she knew that it was only a means toward an end. All effort in life has been that to Carroll. Her ambition, she once told me, is to be "remembered, importantly, when I die; not necessarily as an actress, but as a woman who has done something worthwhile."

"I saved enough money," Miss Carroll said, "to take me to London. It amounted to about twenty pounds, something like a hundred dollars, American. That was from tutoring. The theatre was no stranger to me. I had played the lead in a school play; turned down a stock company contract in Birmingham because my father didn't want me to become an actress. I knew that I wanted to be in the theatre, that there was some reason behind my intense desire, so I went ahead with my career."

In London, of course, when her money was spent, she almost starved. She joined a touring company; modeled hats. Her professional debut came with this company in 1929. Circumstances, shifting like quicksands, forced her into play rehearsals, out of them, into films where she found herself in a leading role in *Guns of Loos*. But with the release of this, her first film, she was idle for four months. She made another film. It was a failure. *The First Born*, a British film, was the turning point of her career.

WHILE her professional life was gathering sheen, it is not surprising that Miss Carroll's romantic life was keeping pace with it. It is unthinkable that a girl with the classic chassis and the personal charm of Marie Madeleine would be without romantic interludes. The most important was climaxed at Lake Como, Italy, on August 26, 1931, when she married Captain Phillip Astley, late of His Majesty's Life Guards. It was the Graustarkian touch, the fictional wand-waving, that added immeasurably to the dramatic *decor* of Madeleine's life. The religious ritual that bound her to the man she loved also brought her within the sacred walls of British tradition. Her husband, on his father's side, is related to Oliver Cromwell; on his mother's, Henry VII. Their home is Melton-Constable and two years ago a seven hundred year occupancy by the family was celebrated.

"In the six years of our marriage my husband and I have always sought to be away from crowds whenever we vacationed together," says the wife of the Captain. "We have so little time together now, a thing which we do not mind at all because we know that after this interlude of my professional life is over, we shall have years to share... Anyway, seeing so little of each other we always chose remote spots for our vacations. Last year, for example, we had planned to tour the rivers of France."

"But I had done six films in eighteen months and I was worn out. My weight was only one hundred ten instead of ten pounds more and I looked really exhausted. Worse than that, I didn't want to leave Hollywood and yet I didn't want to go to the parties that we were invited to. I was nothing more than a mass of nerves. When my husband arrived, he changed all our plans. 'Madeleine, I think we shall do just the things we have been avoiding,' he said, and I was only too glad to listen. 'We shall go to all the places that we have stayed away from and do the things that we haven't done. We shall go

to Monte Carlo and you shall eat and drink without thinking of how you will look in the morning, because there will be no studio call. We shall go to the Casino, and we shall dance.' And that is just what we did."

In Europe, Coincidence, with its long arm, did not fail Madeleine. It seldom has. One evening she was dining with several acquaintances, among them Russia's Grand Duke Dmitri and Prince Christopher, brother of Greece's king... it was the aftermath of a tea at which there had been present Mussolini's son-in-law, Count Ciano, Italy's air hero Balbo, plus others, and where Madeleine's social conscience, long nagging her, had received her official recognition. Prince Christopher, now married to the former Marquise de Paris, turned to Madeleine:

"What are you wearing? That little watch?" he asked, as Madeleine put her hand to her throat and remembered the little enameled pendant watch, circled with diamonds, bearing two initials so entwined that she had never been able to decipher them. She had worn it as *Princess Flavia* in *Prisoner of Zenda*, with Ronald Colman. "That?" she answered. "Oh, that's a little watch I picked up in Hollywood when I was having some paste jewelry made for a film. I fell in love with it and bought it."

"May I see it, Madeleine?" the prince asked, and Madeleine handed it to him. "As I thought," he said, opening the back and looking gravely at the inner workings. "This is a watch that I gave to my first wife, at least twenty years ago."

THERE is every chance that Madeleine will have similar experiences as time goes on, for she loves antique jewelry, odd and baroque ornamentation. The buttons on the military gown that she was wearing for her appearance as heroine of *The Adventuress* with Henry Fonda, made under her long-term contract with Walter Wanger, were copies of the Russian double eagle, and copied from some that she owned. Also in the film, to give substance and realism to her characterization, she carries a lovely old Russian cigarette case that once belonged to a Romanoff. Did she say Nicholas the First?

"Another time and this was in Paris," said Madeleine, "this ring caused a Russian woman who had brought my *lingerie* for a fitting, to gasp." La Carroll slipped off the ring that she had been wearing on the third finger of her right hand. It was of dull gray metal, lined with gold, with a half dozen initials carved in the precious metal. "Please, where did you get that?" the woman asked me. 'You must know someone who was of the Czar's personal guard. This is steel from Russian guns, and given only to guardsmen close to His Majesty.' The woman paused for a moment, and then added 'My husband was a general in the corps.' Madeleine answered, 'The man who gave me this ring was also a member.'

So much for Coincidence and Carroll. "I don't see why," said the actress, swerving the subject around to our original theme, "I can't do some missionary work. For instance, when I go abroad there are always reporters. They ask me questions. They talk. Why, instead of telling them what kind of cereal I eat for breakfast and what I think of their men, can't I tell them about the America that I know and love and about the Americans who have opened their hospitable arms to me? It seems to me that all of us actors who travel are missing an opportunity to do yeoman's service in a great cause if we are not conscious of the fact that every second we are in a foreign country we are ambassadors—potential ambassadors of good will!"

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 48]

Butcher Had Straw Hat Cleaned, Too

■ Went to a newly-improved market the other day; complimented the proprietor; heard him say in return: "Oh yes, we have a nice market here now. We had to fix it up. Dick Powell's wife shops here now."

Little Girl-Big Hearted

■ Nowhere in Hollywood is there a bigger heart than beats in tiny Shirley Temple's breast. Rare is the month when Shirley doesn't see to it that some youngster is lifted from woe. Hardly ever is one of the tiny honey's acts of kindness publicized; it's only by accident that I learned about this one—

To Shirley came a letter the other day from a little boy in Boston. "I am," he wrote, "in a hospital. I can not get out of bed, so I can not see movies. That makes me very sad because I like to see your movies."

"It makes me most sad of all because the doctor says I am going to die very soon and I will never be able to see your pictures again..."

Shirley cried over that note. She asked her mother if something couldn't be done for the little boy. Mrs. Temple investigated, learned the lad's letter was true—he lies, hopelessly awaiting death, in a Boston ward. But before he goes, he'll see all the Shirley Temple movies—and others—he wants. For Shirley has arranged for a portable projection-machine to be rigged up, to show whatever films the child asks to see right there in the hospital where he waits for the end.

Happy Home Recipe

■ "Happy-Home" recipe, as practiced by Dr. Joel Pressman and his wife (Claudette Colbert, to you!): Two nights a week, they have a house-rule against talking about medicine. Two nights a week, they do not talk about movies... The other three nights are free-for-all!

Half Of Bill's Heart Lies Buried There

■ Remember the old pinto pony, on which Two-Gun William S. Hart came riding gloriously into many a heroic film-fight in the days when you could only see the gun-play, not hear it?

Well, the old pinto is gone, at last. "Old Fritz"—that was his name—died the other day, at the age of 31. For the last ten years, he, like his master, has been in retirement.

"Old Fritz's" body did not go to the bone-yard. Under a giant eucalyptus tree, on the Ranch of the Four Winds where Hart lives in his hilltop loneliness these days, the old two-gun cowboy star had a grave dug for Old Fritz.

What About The Net?

■ Strangest use for a tennis court is Warner Baxter's. His home is atop a high hill, and his favorite exercise is bicycling but he does NOT like to pedal uphill.

So he uses his tennis court as a cycle track.

Corset On Cutting-Room Floor

■ Silliest censorship-story of the year!—just learned that Walt Disney had to kill out a scene in which the nasty old witch laces Snow White in a tight corset. Because the censorship code forbids showing a lady in corsets!!!



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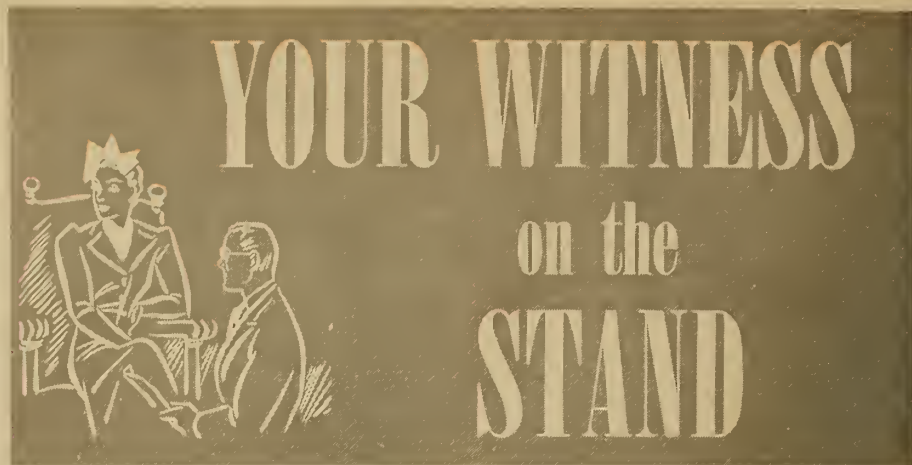
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WITH WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

who gives the answers to who's who and what's what in Hollywood

Q. How many stars has Warner Brothers under contract?

A. That studio has twenty-seven stars, and seventy-seven featured players.

Q. Are screen actresses human? If they are, why don't they ever slip and fall on those highly polished floors seen on the screen that would lay most of us ordinary mortals low?

A. Watch Irene Dunne race across the glass-like floor of a broadcasting station in *The Joy of Living*. I did, as they shot the scene time and time again, and I wondered, until a prop man told me the secret. He made sure she wouldn't slip by glueing strips of rubber to her shoes!

Q. Has a list been made yet of 1938's most promising young starlets?

A. I have seen one list, compiled by Max Factor, Bradshaw Crandall, George White, Rodney Pantages and Robert Kalloch. They chose twelve young actresses and named them the "New Year-lings." They are: Virginia Dale, Lynn Bari, Rita Hayworth, Wyn Cahoon, Betty Grable, Barbara Pepper, Jane Wyman, Ann Rutherford, Jane Hamilton, Ann Sheridan, Ruth Hussey and Mary Russell.

Q. Please tell me in what pictures John Litel has appeared.

A. In *Black Legion*, *Marked Woman* and *Midnight Court*.

Q. Who was the first well-known star to wear slacks? What was the year? Who was the first well-known star ever to wear men's clothes in public? When and where?

What actress first smoked cigarettes, on the screen and in private life?

A. Marlene Dietrich was the first screen star to wear tailored masculine clothes in public. This occurred in 1931 in Hollywood, and the style for slacks followed immediately. Everyone wore them on the studio lots and the public went and did likewise.

We know that Theda Bara smoked a cigarette on the screen in 1916. Many well-known stars smoked off the screen, in public, during that period, including Barbara LaMarr, Clara Bow and Mabel Normand. I cannot find a record of the first picture and first star to smoke a cigarette on the screen, but Mabel Normand smoked on and off the screen, so would say that she and Theda Bara were two of the first to do so.

Q. Who was the first western star?

A. Tom Mix was in the first of the westerns, in 1909.

Q. Will you please print a brief biography of Mary Brian?

A. She was born in Dallas, Texas, thirty years ago. Her parents are living. She dances and swims and her hobby is drawing. She entered pictures by accident when one of her friends sent her photograph in to a personality contest and she won.



Helen Jepson was born in Titusville, Pa.; graduated from high school in Akron, O. She studied voice at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute

Q. Is Helen Jepson American born and American trained?

A. Yes, to both questions. She was born on a certain November 28th in Titusville, Pennsylvania, and graduated from an Akron, Ohio, high school. She first studied singing at the Curtis Institute, Philadelphia.

Please Pass The Ketchup!

[Continued from page 35]

kid himself. A man who, despite his British accent and his British upbringing, can't take life too seriously.

On the screen, his roles are varied. Off the screen, he consistently plays the genial—nay, ribald—cynic. And, in real life, he looks the part. Somebody once described his eyes as "soft-boiled English blue." The description was something short of adequate. They are large and pale. But they also have an eloquent gleam—playful, even fiendish. Like the eyes of a problem child who has ants in his knickerbockers and is physically incapable of doing or saying anything but the unexpected. The kind of eyes that undress people and their shams.

Those eyes help to explain why he is so successful on the screen, caricaturing the stuffed-shirts of the world. His build, of course, is another factor. He is tall, comfortably filled out, with a backbone as rigid as a major-general's. He has a strong chin, a strong nose, a high brow—the profile of a dictator. With another kind of mind, he would probably be suspected, at first glance, of stuffy dignity and no humor whatsoever. But, as I say, his eyes are a giveaway of the lampoonist. His eyes and his mouth. Off-screen, his mouth has a habit of constantly ascending at the corners, in a ribald arc. Mephistopheles is sometimes pictured with just such a leer.

AND his vocabulary tops off everything. He punctuates his sentences not only with commas, semicolons and periods, but with robust Elizabethan monosyllables. If your eye should by any chance delude you into thinking that here is a very proper person, your tingling ears would soon alter your impression. And, after a bit, unless you were hopelessly prim and prissy, you would probably enjoy the sensation. Such is the charm of Mowbray.

He was born in London, in 1896. "Put down the date," he says. "People have got to know sooner or later. And put down August 18th, too. Maybe I'll get a couple of birthday presents." There wasn't any theatrical blood in the family—"until now. I have two children."

For present publication, he is a bit reticent about the first eighteen years of his life. The reason: he has written the story of those years, himself, and might some day be able to sell it. Acting, he does admit, never entered his mind—which must have been more serious in those days. He had ideas of becoming a doctor.

But somewhere somebody shot an archduke, and there came a war. Alan, with headstrong British idealism, enlisted immediately. On his eighteenth birthday, August 18, 1914, he landed in France—and spent the next four and a half years there. He denies today that the war killed his dreams of becoming a doctor. "It just killed my dreams," he quips. He was in the thick of it from beginning to end, except for time out for five wounds. One bullet went through the bottom of his right leg, "which doesn't feel so good now on occasion." But even that didn't earn him a rest in Blighty. They patched him behind the lines, got him walking again, and sent him back in.

You have the impression that some of the Hollywood boys who served in the War were generals, at least. Alan was a corporal most of the time. Somebody had to be a corporal.

[Continued on page 81]

PORE-POCKED NOSE!



Watch the Pores on Your Nose! Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

Gorgeous figure—lovely face—but the whole effect *ruined* by Pore-Pocked Nose! All because she carelessly permitted those large nose pores to fill up with dirt and waste matter and become coarse and unsightly!

You must keep these pores C-L-E-A-N! Not merely *surface* clean. You need that deep *under-layer* cleansing that penetrates the mouths of your pores and lifts out hidden dirt that may have accumulated for *months*. It is *this* dirt that causes trouble. It becomes embedded and grimy—may breed tiny skin infections or result in blackheads, bumps and coarse, rough skin!

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Let me prove, at my expense, that Lady Esther Cream will cleanse and soften your skin better than any method you have ever used. Just mail the coupon below and I'll send you a generous sample of Lady Esther Face Cream, *free and postpaid*. I'll also send all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Mail the coupon now.

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PICTURE PARADE

MERRILY WE LIVE —AAA½—



You've known people who collect stamps—we have, too—but we've never known anyone who collects tramps. And, we bet you haven't either. But, leave it to the movies to think up an idea like that. They have and the result is *Merrily We Live*, a hilarious farce. We must admit it's a funny idea and you will, too, when you see it. To this plot they added the talents of Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Clarence Kolb, Patsy Kelly, Tom Brown and Bonita Granville, among others, and director Norman Z. McLeod, who's deft handling of this screwball comedy assures you a lot of merriment. Like *My Man Godfrey*, incidentally the first and best of its kind, this also has a daffy family and their crazy antics together with clever repartee adds up to a lot of fun. Mrs. Kilbourne, Billie Burke, has a passion for tramps and when Brian Aherne looking like a tramp pops up and asks for the use of the phone, Mrs. Kilbourne gets that feeling again and gets to work on reforming him by getting him to work as chauffeur for the family. They're agin it, but finally succumb to his charming personality—particularly Jerry Kilbourne, Miss Bennett. The happy ending comes when it is discovered that Mr. Aherne isn't a tramp at all but a w. k. novelist.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—AAA—



The only resemblance this has to Kate Douglas Wiggin's story is the title and a few of its characters. But this isn't a criticism for the screen version of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* has its virtues and its own particular appeal. It's a sweet and sympathetic story and as it was built for Shirley Temple certain changes were desirable to display the talents and personality of America's young sweetheart. And we must admit that little Miss Temple's talents are remarkable for this young star seems to grow more interesting with each performance. Besides Miss Temple there's Randolph Scott, Jack Haley, Gloria Stuart, Phyllis Brooks, Helen Westley, Slim Summerville, Bill Robinson, and J. Edward Bromberg, among others. There are also some delightful tunes, some of which are sure fire hits, by Lew Pollack and Sidney Mitchell, Mack Gordon and Harry Revel and Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen. Also entertaining dance numbers skillfully executed by Shirley alone and in company with Bill Robinson. It has a radio background with Shirley an angel of the airwaves but through stupid complications she fails to get across and is dumped at *Sunnybrook Farm*. There she wins the hearts of all, particularly Randolph Scott, a radio man, and she is rediscovered.—20th Century-Fox.

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Not a Problem Child

[Continued from page 31]

just "married" under the tender Kliegs. And when I later said to Maggie: "think of the thousands of girls who would give their hopes of heaven to be married to Robert Taylor even on a sound stage," she said, "I can understand it. He's a terribly swell person, real, nice simplicity, unspoiled, *really* swell." Anyway, Maggie was saying to Bob—"d'you know, this is the nicest set I've ever worked on. There hasn't been one cross word spoken, not even to the extras. It always gives me shivers down the back of my neck when I hear extras spoken to harshly."

For goo'ness sakes, I thought, what is this, I thought? Preparedness is everything, even in an interview, and I wasn't prepared for a Miss Sullavan dispensing milk and honey even unto the least of these...

BECAUSE Maggie, in the eyes of Hollywood, has always been shaped like a question mark. Maggie has been one of the picture colony's "problem children." Hollywood has catalogued Maggie with the Unknown Quantities, along the Hepburns, Garbos, Dietrichs, ladies you have to handle with extra thick kid gloves or run the risk of getting scratched. Maggie avoids the Press like a pestilence. Maggie is said to have walk-outitis. Maggie got married, got unmarried, got married again three times in her brief span of years and no to-do about it, either. She keeps her head high, her mouth

shut and her heart wherever she chooses. Stern stuff in this little daughter of the Old (Norfolk, Virginia) South, suh.

Maggie has run her own life in her own way instead of letting Mister and Missus Hollywood and all the little Hollywoods, producers, press-agents, directors and Fanny Public run it for her. Maggie has just never seemed to Care.

"Naughty-naughty," said Hollywood of Maggie, the renegade, but said it with a come-home-all-is-forgiven wistful invitation in its voice; said it with opened arms and contracts dripping hopefully for the Sullavan signature. Now Maggie has signed a seven year contract with Leo, the Lion; has married Leland Heyward (whom she calls Leo) has bought a home in Brentwood, has had a baby—

So I thought, has Maggie changed? If so, why? Love? Motherhood? Softening of the heart which has seemed to be more anti-Hollywood than pro-Hollywood? Is she, I thought, about to come over to me, her heart my notebook? Is she going to tell me that it sends shivers down her neck when she sees interviewers slink away defeated, their tales between their legs?

Uh-uh. Nope. Maggie hasn't changed *that much*. She hasn't changed in looks either, since she Became A Mother. Except that she looks five years younger than she looked five years ago, in May of 1933 when she came to Hollywood to make her first

picture, *Only Yesterday*. Her waist is so slender that Snow White could span it with one of her tiny hands. Her bright, tan hair is as soft as a baby's hair. And she wears her mantle of indifference, of independence as clothing for a shyness, a sensitiveness, a fear of being hurt though she would scoff, I'm sure, at the idea.

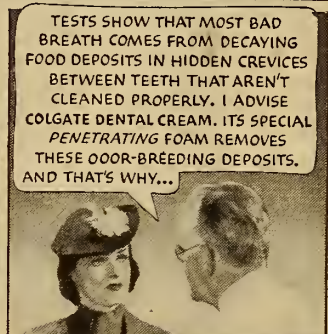
Maggie still thinks interviews are pretty silly. She says that they scare her to death. She doesn't know what to say. You see, Maggie isn't easy to know. It takes her more than an hour to spread her personality before comparative strangers, like a deck of cards, on the table. She hasn't given an interview until this one for four years. And is giving occasional interviews now only because the studio tells her that it's "part of the business" and maybe it is and how should she know...

SHE doesn't know whether Hollywood has "misunderstood" her, or not. She points to the cases of Garbo and Katy Hepburn whom Hollywood is supposed to "misunderstand" and remarks "they do pretty well..." She sort of acts as though she doesn't care whether she is misunderstood or seen through like a pane of glass and maybe she doesn't, but I... don't... know. I got the idea that Maggie cares about a lot of things she doesn't let on she cares about. Proud youngsters are often like this, you

[Continued on page 73]



Lovely TO LOOK AT ...BUT NO FUN TO KNOW!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

SORRY TO BREAK THIS UP, PHIL, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MONOPOLIZE A POPULAR GIRL LIKE RUTH!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND RUTH'S SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
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TO CLEANSE YOUR SKIN



*"Ambrosia
is so convenient to use---
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says **BINNIE BARNES**

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Liquid Ambrosia gives you a *double* benefit. It goes into your pores to clean out clogging dirt and make-up; and, because Ambrosia is the liquid cleanser, it *cannot* clog your pores with wax or grease.

Ambrosia helps fight blackheads and enlarged pores—enemies of beauty that follow "half-way" methods of cleaning. See how it leaves your skin feeling refreshed and radiant!

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THE BABY POWDER
THAT'S ANTISEPTIC**



MENNEN
BORATED POWDER
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Recommended by more doctors
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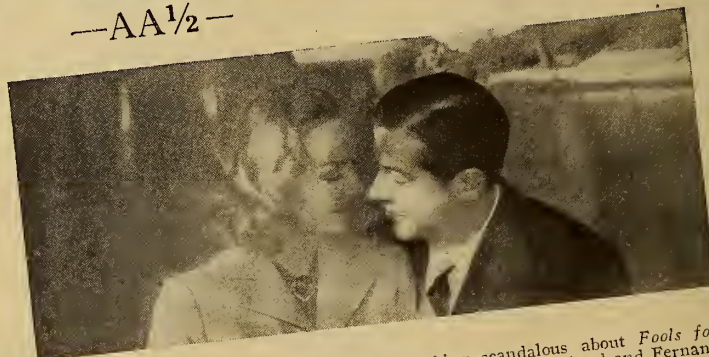
PICTURE PARADE

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—AAA—



While Paramount may be the last to join the mad cycle, this is not the least in the current rage for hilarious farce. How can it be with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert heading the cast and with Ernst Lubitsch at the directorial helm. So if you're looking for laughs, we recommend *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. It has its high moments but it also has its low when it slips to slapstick. But when you sum it all up the total spells entertainment. Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper are at their best and they are handsomely supported by Edward Everett Horton, David Niven, Elizabeth Patterson and a host of others. Gary Cooper, an American tycoon, meets Mlle. Colbert, an impoverished but proud lady of the French nobility, in a men's shop where they get into a deep discussion on the relative value of wearing the uppers or lowers of pajamas. He gets a crush on her and from this hectic point on pursues her and won't take no for an answer. Miss Colbert finally says yes, her French practicality getting the better of her. But she expects to get the best of him by divorcing him for a handsome alimony. But their love gets the best of them.—Paramount.

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL —AA½—



This title is just a teaser for there's nothing scandalous about *Fools for Scandal*, excepting perhaps that it's scandalous for Carole Lombard and Fernand Gravet to waste their talents on a rather dull piece. This is just another of those silly romantic comedies very much in vogue this season but it is far from being one of the best. Even with Mervyn LeRoy as producer-director and Lombard and Gravet at their best they can't seem to raise the spark necessary to vitalize this romantic farce. It has its witty dialogue and comedy devices and even some musical arrangements but as a whole its forced and false. Miss Lombard and Monsieur Gravet render the Richard Rogers-Lorenz song numbers pleasantly enough but while there's rhyme there doesn't seem to be any reason for them. There's also Ralph Bellamy, Miss Lombard's (an American screen actress) persistent lover who follows her around Paris where she is vacationing. There she encounters Fernand Gravet, an impoverished Marquis, and the fun begins. Adding to the fun are Allen Jenkins, Marie Wilson, Isabel Jeans and Marcia Ralston.—Warners.

Not a Problem Child

[Continued from page 71]

know, they hide their funny little hearts underneath all kinds of funny little defenses...

When I asked her to tell me what she thinks she is really like I thought she was going to vanish from my sight, a small exploding rocket. She said: "how do I know what I'm like? I haven't the least idea. Complex like most people, I guess, I'm one person one hour and someone else the next hour. I'm the Young Mother," Maggie gave a wicked grin, "I'm The Actress. I'm the so-and-so. I don't understand myself so how can anyone else be expected to?"

Maggie thinks she got off to a bad start when she first came to Hollywood so far as publicity was concerned. She was told to give interviews and at first, even as Garbo, she did give interviews and some of the results made her squirm and feel a fool. She said: "I didn't mind being made into another character. I didn't care what they said about me. I did object to the quotes attributed to me. I got the reputation for being temperamental and once I got the reputation every time I opened my mouth I was 'being temperamental.'"

I DIDN'T try to fool Maggie. She already knew the worst, that I had come for an interview. So I plunged in where many an angel of the inkwell has feared to tread and said that I wanted to know about her plans; I wanted her to say something about the baby; I wanted to know whether she was

interested in playing *Scarlett O'Hara*; I wanted to know whether she has "changed."

With the air of one who says: "if I gotta do it I gotta do it," she said, "I'm happy now. I'm happily married. I'm happier than I've ever been in my life. Contentment does things to all of us, of course. I'm not nervous now. I'm at peace with myself, with the world. I'm superstitious about it, having had other failures in happiness. It's too good to be true, that's the way I feel about it. There's one thing in life I want more than anything else in the world—to have my marriage stay as it is. Insanely undomestic, would go barefoot if I had to darn a sock, don't know how to train servants so we have an endless procession, coming and going, still my home comes first with me."

Maggie delivered herself of these sentiments with the air of one who says, "Now, you wanted to ask me personal questions and I've answered them until it hurts and that's that." As if to corroborate my suspicion of the way she felt about it she said, "I always ask people the most intimate questions. I say to them, 'Are you happily married? Why?' Things like that. Of course, I don't ask the questions professionally..."

I said, blandly, feeling that some of the finer shades of feeling are better ignored if the work in hand is to go on, I said, "what do you consider the outstanding quality you bring to your work on the screen?"

"Blest if I know," said Maggie, "I'm

not pretty, not glamorous. Better on the stage, the footlights help me to create an illusion. I've only done one thing on the screen I've really liked—my first picture, *Only Yesterday*.

"I DON'T know why I'm on the screen except that I have to be doing something. No, it isn't fun to me. I don't get a kick out of it. It doesn't seem real to me when I'm doing it. When I see myself in the finished production I can't bear it," growled Maggie.

"What would you like to do?" I ventured.

"I'd like to sell things," said Maggie, "I'd like to sell things at I. Magnin's or in a bookshop. I hate to say it, though, it sounds so pixie. Once when I went back to New York I did try to land a job selling books at Brentano's but they wouldn't take me on."

"And probably not one word I've said is really true," grinned Maggie shamelessly, "I probably love working in pictures. I'd probably scream my lungs out if I was told to scam. I probably do get a kick out of it because I do know myself well enough to be pretty sure that if I didn't like what I'm doing I wouldn't be doing it. I'm always fooling myself by saying things that are not true, not deeply true."

"Were you," I again ventured valiantly, "always like this—I mean—"

"You mean 'difficult?'" said Maggie,

[Continued on page 95]

**COURSE I'M YOUNG
BUT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN
ALMOST GOT ME!**

READ THIS GIRL'S STORY!

WHERE'S BILL
THESE DAYS?
HAVE YOU TWO
HAD A SPAT?

NO, BUT HE HASN'T
TELEPHONED. AND
THE LAST TIME WE
WERE OUT TOGETHER,
HE DID NOTHING BUT
RAVE ABOUT JANE,
AND HER
"SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION!"

WELL, MEN ADORE LOVELY
COMPLEXIONS—AND YOURS IS SO
DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING
LATELY! REGULAR "MIDDLE-AGE"
SKIN! MAYBE IT'S THAT SOAP
YOU'RE USING... WHY NOT
CHANGE TO **PALMOLIVE**?

WHY WOULD
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MAKE SUCH A
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BECAUSE **PALMOLIVE** IS MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL...A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE
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BEAUTY AIDS! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD
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CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO...
LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

I'LL CHANGE TO
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RIGHT AWAY!

BILL RAVES ABOUT MY COMPLEXION,
NOW THAT I USE ONLY **PALMOLIVE**,
THE SOAP MADE WITH **OLIVE OIL** TO
KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

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2-purpose
lipstick**

**Want a lipstick
that's permanent?
... keeps your lips soft too?**



Then here is the lipstick for you... The color stays on, yet this new kind of lipstick keeps your lips smooth, youthfully moist.

ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA COLORS

WINE is a dark vibrant color for brunettes with dark skin. SPANISH is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing senorita. DESERT FLAME is a brilliant youthful color for blondes. CINEMA a new shade styled in Hollywood for wear under artificial light.

Large regular size for 60c at all Drug and Dept. Stores and 25c size at Dime Stores.

DUART lipstick

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SMART WOMEN ARE DOING**

*Call for
SOLO
Curlers*

RED TOP 5c EACH

SOLD AT NOTION COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

If it's hair beauty you're after, try Solo Curlers. They're lighter, stronger, easier-to-use. Beauty experts recommend them. Buy a few to-day.

MARIAN MARSH
A Schulberg-Paramount
Pictures Player

I See Stars

(Continued from page 55)

bright with flashlight bulbs, and the chatter of New York's film people—but Danielle was completely self-assured. I admired her new hairdress—the long hair of a movie queen had been brushed up to the top of her head, caught there in piquant curls, its chestnut red glinting. "You like eet?" she asked in her brand new English. "I feel very grande dame, tres chie, when I wear a high coiffure!"

She certainly looked tres chic, with her lovely throat and well-shaped head so accented.

Danielle is famous for her eyes. Big and soulful they are. And this little French girl knows enough to accent them subtly with make-up. A touch of shadow on the lids lends depth to the eyes. Brown mascara brings out the incredible length and sweep of her lashes. Like those of so many girls with reddish hair, Danielle's might otherwise fade out at the tips but for that mascara. In applying it, I discovered, she brushes the lashes sideways, to coat them completely, then takes a clean brush or a tiny eyelash comb and brushes them straight up to separate them, give them a sweeping curl.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is wearing her nails very long and bright, and so is Dorothy Lamour. Both of these glamour girls showed me their mandarin-like nails proudly, and were only too glad to tell me how they did it. The trick, it seems, is to let the nails grow out at the corners to protect them in their growing pains. Keeping the nails lubricated from the base out with nightly applications of good cuticle cream or oil, protecting them with a waxy liquid under the regular nail polish—these were methods that Sylvia and Dorothy followed.

I had to fight my way through a milling crowd of admirers and photographers to get to Sonja Henie. But it was well worth the bruises to feel her firm, jolly handshake, and watch her dimples chase each other around. She was just back from a quick trip to Florida, and her skin was tanned to a lovely golden color which blended well with her blonde curls, contrasted excitingly with those big brown eyes. While she was in Florida, she said, she'd been very careful to use a sun tan lotion that would induce tan, prevent her skin from burning.

I had to look twice to identify my favorite movie stars the last time I was at Santa Anita, on account of they were all wearing dark glasses. Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and all the gals—as well as their escorts. It wasn't a game of hide-and-seek—but a save-the-eyes movement. The stars have found that tinted glasses cut the glare of the sun, and the reflected glare from buildings, sidewalks, streets and beach. It would never do to have bloodshot eyes showing in a close-up! In Hollywood as elsewhere—an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

If you'd like to have that flawless make-up that characterizes a movie star, then why not experiment with make-up blending brushes a la Margot Grahame? A very old, well-known and reliable cosmetic house offers you a set of three grand brushes which ordinarily retails for \$1.25 for the small sum of 25 cents, if you send in your quarter with the box top or label from any one of the containers for their own cosmetics. Each item in this reputable line of powder, rouge, lipstick and creams sells for the amazingly low (especially when you consider their

quality) price of 55 cents. The brush set includes a complexion brush whose bristles are just stiff enough to give your skin a stimulating scrub, but soft enough to be truly gentle about it. There's also a powder blending brush to remove excess powder and give the skin a smooth, creamy look, and a smaller rouge blending brush. This last you use almost as a rouge puff—dusting on the rouge, then brushing off the extra. The bristles of each brush are firmly set in a blue composition base which cannot fade, chip or lose its lustre. I'd love to give you the name of the manufacturer who is making this offer.

CAN you face the spotlight—or the candlelight for that matter—without being afraid your nose will do a headlight on you? A face powder I found the other day is a sure cure for gleaming noses, cheek bones or chins. It's specially refined by a new process which breaks down the powder in



An antiseptic liquid to induce golden tan, a mascara to accent the eyes and a fine powder that resists light helps the stars through personal appearances

such a way that each tiny particle absorbs the light which comes its way, instead of reflecting it into the eyes of the beholder. Four flattering shades—flesh, rachel, rose rachel, and rachel No. 2, comprise the line. A generous supply comes smartly packaged in an iridescent green square box, sells for 55 cents. There's a ten cent size too. Do write me for the name.

To attract attention to your eyes, to make them appear deeper, larger and more brilliant, there's nothing better than eye make-up. Darken those lashes of yours, bring out their length (most lashes are pale-tipped) with a few strokes of the mascara brush. A well-known manufacturer offers a reliable, harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting mascara in both cream and cake form. Use brown if you're blonde, black if brunette.

Blue eyes will look immense if you carry out that color to your lashes. Seventy-five cents is the price of the large sizes of either of these forms of mascara, and you can buy purse sizes for 10 cents. They come in red and gold containers.

To go with the mascara, select a creamy eye shadow from the same manufacturer. You can choose it in blue, blue-gray, brown, green and violet. For a really exotic effect, try applying two shadows. Spread a light film of blue over the entire eyelid. Then over that, just along the rim above the lashes, a soft line of lavender. Green over a base of brown would make another grand combination! I am *agin* pencil on the lower lids—but some gals achieve a glamorous effect with a bit of shadow on the lower lid—but just a suspicion! Cost of the shadows is 10 cents.

Eye make-up isn't really complete, if your eyebrows are quite pale, unless you use an eyebrow pencil to darken and accent them. If you pencil over your eyebrow with short, quick strokes, not too heavy, you'll achieve a much more natural appearance than if you try to make one hard, uncompromising line with the pencil. This particular manufacturer has pencils in shades to harmonize with his mascara—blue, brown and black. Incidentally, the blue pencil doubles very nicely indeed for eye shadow. Use it to draw a line just above the rim of the lashes, then blend it into a shadow with your fingertips.) Ten cents buys any of these pencils. Want the manufacturer's name?

Mandarin nails are not the exclusive property of Park Avenue heiresses who have time and not much else on their hands . . . Even though your fingers hover

over a typewriter or a kitchen stove during most of your waking hours they can be tipped with long and tapering nails. From Hollywood comes news of a grand waxy polish base that actually helps nails grow to new lengths, protects them while growing, and after they reach the new long. It's a creamy liquid which you apply in two coats (allowing each one to dry thoroughly for about 10 minutes) covering the entire nail, moon, tip and all. Over this base you apply two coats of one of the six bright enamels put out by the same manufacturer. They're grand shades for spring and summer. Then, if you wish, you can seal the enamel and wax to the nail with a single coat of a clear, protective finishing liquid which coats the nails with a cellophane-like shield. It dries to a mirror hard, sparkling finish which discourages chipping of the wax and the enamel. An introductory set containing a bottle of the wax, the enamel, and a generous supply of polish remover costs \$2.25. The sealing liquid costs \$1.50. Want the name?

IT ISN'T too early to think about your summer tan, so pay attention! To prevent and relieve painful sun burn there's a grand, golden-brown liquid that filters out the burning rays of the sun, permits the healthful rays to enter the body, gives you a smooth, natural tan. You'll find this simple, oil-less liquid invaluable in acquiring a smart tan painlessly. Apply it as a quick drying, non-sticky protector when your skin begins to get warm. Pat it on again, with a bit of cotton, after your swim. Not the least nice thing about it is its invisibility! If you've already acquired a painful burn, you will find the tannic derivative (which, by the way, is

widely used in hospitals for treatment of all types of burns) in this antiseptic very soothing, cooling and healing. You'll want to have this flask-like bottle for use in the home as well as at the beaches this summer. The cost is infinitesimal. Write me for the name.

To give your eyes as well as your skin some protection, wear dark glasses. The other day I discovered some grand new ones. They do not distort natural colors, yet they are scientifically treated to keep out harmful infra-red rays. When you wear these you'll find that your days of squinting (the beginning of crows feet!) and eyestrain from glare are at an end. They come in several different shapes and colors of frames. You'll find one that will flatter your face, harmonize beautifully with your favorite costumes. Each pair of these sun glasses comes in an attractively colored, simulated-leather case. The prices range from 50 cents to \$2.50. I'd love to give you the name.

Do you find romance coming your way as you star gaze of a moonlit June night? If not, then perhaps your make-up is at fault—or your method of applying it. Or maybe you need a new hairstyle, a new perfume to help you make the most of your opportunities. If so, why not write to Denise Caine for help with those special beauty problems of yours? Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3 cents in U. S. postage) envelope when you write to her c/o MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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Now—with the active “*Skin-Vitamin*” it NOURISHES Skin, too

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"DON'T forget the most important step in eye make-up... clear, white eyes," says Genevieve Tobin, popular film star. Dull, tired eyes can ruin the effect of the most careful eye make-up. That's why thousands begin eye make-up with two drops of Eye-Gene, an eye specialist's formula. It makes eyes that were reddened, veined, dulled by late hours, reading, fatigue, exposure, so clear and sparkling white... and therefore larger looking! Try Eye-Gene. Double eye beauty! Purse size at all 5 and 10c stores. Economy size at all drug stores.

EYE-GENE

Approved by the American Medical Association
 Good Housekeeping Bureau
 The National Eye Institute

Joan Answers All Rumors

[Continued from page 43]

helps me dress when we are going out in the evening." (Joan and Franchot have been going out, of late, a great deal more than they ever have before; they've been going to parties with their friends, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Ray Milland and his wife and others; they go to the races, dining and dancing.)

"She loves to sit on my lap and watch pictures with us in the projection-room at home, and it was interesting to follow her little mind as she made the mental adjustment to seeing two of me, one on the screen, one holding her on my lap. She finally pointed to the shadow me and murmured 'you' and then pointed to me and murmured 'you' and seemed satisfied that somehow there are two of me who are one. . . . Of course, I want to do everything for her that my brother and sister-in-law will allow me to do. If, when she grows up, she wants to have a career I'd like to save her some of the struggles I have known."

There were some amusing repercussions following the printed rumor that Joan and Franchot were planning to adopt a baby. One night about ten o'clock the phone rang in Joan's Brentwood home. A voice said: "I understand that you are about to adopt a baby. I would like to apply for adoption. I have good habits, a pleasant disposition, am the type who would appreciate a mother's care, a father's guidance, have latent abilities which, given the right environment would—"

"Just a moment," said Joan, "how old are you, young man?"

"Twenty-four," said the young man, whimsically. Joan hung up. There were many of these.

MY GUESS is that the chances are a hundred to one that Joan will sign a new contract with M-G-M in July. Her business sense suggests that M-G-M is not only her home-lot but, for her, the best bet. Supposing that she should go to 20th Century-Fox as has been suggested. Whom would they have there to play opposite her? Tyrone Power. Don Ameche. Warner Baxter. Several teamings with each of these three and then a leading man or co-star would have to be "borrowed" for Miss C. Whereas M-G-M offers her a changing guard comprised of such names as Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Franchot, Robert Montgomery, Robert Young, Robert Taylor, Allen Jones, et cetera.

Suppose that she should free-lance . . . there is more than one tail to that kite. Joan does plan to do a stage play in New York. If the play should be successful, fine. Her stock as a free-lance would go up. But suppose, remembering the fate of Kate Hepburn and others, the play should die? Then her free-lance stock would drop. But if she were under contract to a major studio, with their money invested in her, they would not lose their investment, they would be more likely to try to cover over the stage flop with bigger and better Crawford pictures than ever before.

"Yes, I do want to do a play on Broadway," Joan was saying, "I need to do a play to help me get over the horrible fear of audiences I have always had. If ever I am to sing at the Met—and I shall sing at the Met if I have to break my heart and blood vessels to do it—I must get over this fear. Radio has helped me a great deal. I've always had to hang on to a chair when

I stand before the mike. But the last two times I broadcast I didn't hang on to it though it was there for me to use if I needed it. I think I'm convalescing slowly. If I can do a play on Broadway it will either kill or cure," laughed Joan.

I said: "You and Franchot . . .?"

"Why not be different," smiled Joan, "and just not mention this rumor at all? I won't say anything about it, one way or the other. Why should I? No one would believe me, whatever I said. So—I'm not saying. When I was questioned by newspaper reporters in New York I answered as sweetly as possible: 'Perhaps you gentlemen can help me select a birthday gift for Franchot?' The more questions they asked me about the state of my marriage the more I kept my eyes on the ceiling, my mind on other matters. Nevertheless, every recent newspaper and magazine article about us has mentioned this 'rumor' and where does it get anybody? So why don't you be unique in your article and say nothing about it?" Well, I'm saying nothing about it.

IT IS her ambition for grand opera which most concerns Joan now. And will continue to concern her until the day, perhaps five years hence, when we read the announcement that "Miss Joan Crawford will be heard in *La Boheme* at the Metropolitan on such and such a night—"

Joan told me, "I first began to sing in my bath and the 'singing' sounded like screeches, yells, dog fights. Only the fact that we have no very near neighbors saved me from being accused of disturbing the peace, I'm sure. Then as Franchot and I became more and more interested in music, studied, bought master records of the operas, had the opportunity to meet and talk with Mr. Stokowski, Tito Schipa and other giants of the music world, an ambition began to stir. . . . I gave attentive ear to my cat-calls and dog-fights and now and then, just now and then, a note came through . . . that was all I needed. I have been planning for a long time to work out another career. If it had not been singing it would have been ballet. I know that I can't keep on doing Crawford formula pictures forever. . . ."

"What," I asked, "are 'Crawford formula pictures'?"

Joan laughed at me. "You know as well as I do," she said, "the story of the poor little shop-girl who marries a rich man and wears a lot of very nice clothes, or the heiress who marries the poor reporter but takes her very nice clothes with her."

We both laughed then. I thought, a girl who has perspective even on her own so successful 'formula' is a very bright girl. . . .

I said, "Have you any story you'd like to make in mind?"

"Ethan Frome," said Joan instantly. "I want to do that story so badly. The Edith Wharton book, you know, done as a stage play in New York by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, Raymond Massey . . . I'd play the part on the screen Ruth Gordon did on the stage. It's sad and tragic and I want to make it more than anything I know. . . ."

I picked up the words "sad" and "tragic" and wondered, as I have often wondered, how come Joan has been cast as dancing daughters and dallying debs when her face in repose is a face containing sadness. . . .

"So," said Joan, "I heard a note . . . poor Joan-One-Note, then . . . and I began to study. For the past three years I've been

studying an hour-and-a-half in the mornings with Signor Morando, an hour in the afternoons with voice coach, Arthur Rosen-stein, here on the lot. Out of the three years, however, I've had about nine months of actual study, what with production inter-ruptions. When I began I was a mezzo contralto, now I am pure mezzo. . . ."

It was Arthur Rosenstein who told me that Joan has not only a good voice but "a magnificent voice." And she is "pure mezzo." She told her teachers: "I am going to get my high notes at any price." She got them. The highest note a mezzo needs is A. Joan is singing C.

"I began practicing, taking my lessons," said Joan, "in front of a mirror. I wanted to train my face as well as my voice so that I wouldn't show my teeth and tonsils when I sing. Ballet dancers practice in front of a mirror, why not singers? I had to learn to relax my face and diaphragm. I had to release the quality which has made me what-ever I am, got me wherever I am—my tense-ness. For tenseness is the one thing you cannot have when you are singing.

I SAID that Joan writes her life in terms of ambition and aspiration. How many girls in Joan Crawford's place in the sun would even think of re-making themselves? And when Joan sings at the Met (mark you, I do not say if Joan sings at the Metropoli-tan; there is no "if" in the Crawford voc-able) she will be a pioneer! For where-as many a singer has become an actress, Grace Moore, Lily Pons, Gladys Swarth-out, Jeanette MacDonald, no actress has ever become a singer. Joan is reversing the process. That is Joan, too.

"I'm not studying voice," Joan told me, "with the idea of doing musicals on the screen. I hope that I shall do them, too, one of these days but that is not my objective—my objective is, singly and solely now, the Metropolitan. For if I study voice with the screen in mind I will come out with only a little voice.

"It will take me at least five years to be ready for the Metropolitan. I have lan-guages to study, German, more Italian and better French. I have repertoire to learn and it must be extensive. And I have no idea of giving up my picture career, either now or later. I'd die," said Joan, "if I didn't make pictures. . . ." She added, "D'you know what I am going to do tomorrow?" I said that I had no idea but the awe in her voice, the light in her eyes prepared me for almost anything. "I'm going to meet Shirley Temple for the first time," said Joan, "and I'm so excited I can scarcely think of anything else. I've been wondering all day what I'd wear, what I'd say . . ."

"IT'S like the way I feel about Garbo," Joan went on, "It isn't that I admire Garbo, I worship her. Do you know what I consider my most valued possession?"

"No," I said weakly.
"The death-mask of Garbo made when she was doing *Camille*," said Joan trium-phantly. "Dick Cromwell made it and gave it to me. And last Christmas when Adrian told me that I'd have to wait a bit for my Christmas present—that he hadn't been able to get the old and valuable letters he picks up when he is abroad, letters written by Chopin, Beethoven and other immortals—I said to him: 'Don't bother to wait for the

letters from abroad or to get me one again when you go over. Get me a letter from Garbo."

This, too, is Joan. Like an eager child, a rapt, romancing child who almost believes in Santa Claus, who hero-worships at shrines . . . very self-explanatory, this facet of the Crawford character as, all unconsciously, she turned it to the light.

"So I am working very hard," said Joan. "I'm going to do both, pictures and my voice work. I had a complete physical examina-tion the other day just to make sure that I'm in condition to stand the strain of the pro-gram I've mapped out for myself. And I'm in A 1 condition. So I'm ready to go . . . I'm not going to allow production to inter-rupt my voice studies from now on. I'll take my lessons with Signor Morando in the mornings when I'm working in a pic-ture; I'll coach with Rosy late in the after-noon when they're finished with me on the set; I'll study languages in the evenings.

"I get up at 6:45 every morning now, have a glass of orange juice at home, then run a definite distance on my way to the studio, my car following me and picking me up when the course is run. When I get to the studio I cook my own breakfast on my little electric grill, six pieces of bacon, a piece of toast, the thermos of coffee I bring from home. Then I make up for the day's work . . ."

I have been asked, "Can't anybody write anything about Joan Crawford except her ambitions?"

The answer is, NO. A round, full-bodied NO. You never see Joan that she is not reaching out for new horizons.

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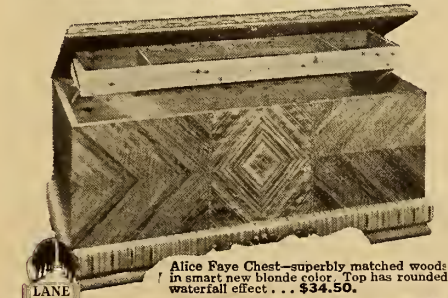


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**MEN behind
the STARS**

FRANK LLOYD
Director of "Wells Fargo"

AS THE only three-time winner of the Motion Picture Academy awards, Frank Lloyd, Paramount producer, today stands at the head of the film industry as a creator of both spectacle and romance. Long identified in Hollywood for the scope and sweep of his pictures, Lloyd won the directorial award for *Divine Lady* in 1928-29, and again for *Cavalcade* in 1932-33, while *Mutiny on the Bounty*, which he also directed, was chosen the best production of 1935.

These achievements are based on a solid knowledge of both stage and screen, Lloyd having become identified with the English theatre when only 15 years old. He has been in Hollywood for 25 years.

Lloyd was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in February, 1889, and was educated in the public schools of England. The theatre was an attraction for him from childhood, and except for a brief period spent in Canada, the dramatic world has been Lloyd's whole life. The future director of spectacles interrupted his theatrical work for a time to become a wire man for the Canadian government telephone company, but he soon tired of this, and in 1913 he came to Hollywood.

At this time Hollywood was little more than a sagebrush-covered subdivision on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and the film industry was in its swaddling clothes. Cecil B. DeMille had just made *The Squaw Man* in Hollywood, but most of the cinema companies were still centered in the east.

Lloyd entered screen production by writing and directing one-reel pictures for Universal, and as his talents became known he graduated to the direction of features for Moscoso-Pallas, Fox, Goldwyn, Joseph M. Schenck, Sol Lesser and First National.

Concentrating on his preference for dramatic stories, Lloyd directed many of Hollywood's most famous early-day successes. Wider recognition came to him in 1922 when *Oliver Twist*, which he directed, was named as one of the year's 10 best pictures. Lloyd won this distinction again in 1924 with *Sea Hawk*, in 1933 with *Cavalcade*, in 1934 with *Berkeley Square*, and, of course, with *Mutiny on the Bounty* in 1935.

THE son of a mechanical engineer, Lloyd is nearly six feet tall and bears little resemblance to the movie director of fiction. He is slow-spoken and never becomes riled, but few directors can equal him in extracting the maximum dramatic value from a scene.

Lloyd, his wife and their daughter, Alma, who recently began a career as an actress, live in Beverly Hills and they have a ranch home near Whittier, a suburb of Los Angeles. The 45-acre ranch is Lloyd's hobby. He confesses that there is no money to be made in the venture, but that it's lots of fun. Lloyd also raises blooded Irish terriers.

Lloyd reads detective stories and books on philosophy, and is superstitious about whistling. He has a distinct aversion to the song *Home Sweet Home*, although he doesn't know why. His early ambition was to become a sailor, much as other boys have wanted to become railroad engineers, but the theatre soon superseded this desire.

Always an active participant in affairs of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, Lloyd was at one time its treasurer and he is now a member of the board of directors.

Having made *The Maid of Salem* for Paramount, Lloyd has just completed *Wells Fargo* for the same organization, to which he is under contract. He went to San Francisco to make notes for the picture and he tells this anecdote of a pleasant little experience.

He was in the curio-room of the Wells Fargo Bank when an austere, well-dressed lady entered. She looked at the stage-coach, at



The central characters of the Frank Lloyd picture, *Wells Fargo*, were enacted by Joel McCrea-Frances Dee

the nuggets, the early mining tools, old prints, messengers' shot guns and other relics. Then she pored over a photograph album open under a glass case. A daguerreotype fascinated her. "Why, that's Grandfather!" she exclaimed. "I could tell his picture anywhere!"

She chatted animatedly with the guard, announced she was going to bring in her children to have a look at their ancestor. The guard told Lloyd he wished she wouldn't.

"That album is the kind Wells Fargo supplied to every driver, to warn them of the most terrible road-agents on the Hangtown route. And 'Grandfather,' you might say, was the worst of the lot."

Rudy . . . Romance and Rhap-so-dies!

[Continued from page 50]

EVERY chorus girl in the commissary craned her neck when he walked in. *Vallee*. The discoverer of Dorothy Lamour and Alice Faye. What if he would discover her . . . ?

A queer thought struck me then. It can't be much fun to have women see you primarily as Opportunity in person, to have them look beyond the real *you* and see only that aura of fame and wealth and position. For the man has everything. Was there anything more he could possibly want out of life?

"There's plenty," said Rudy. "You never stop dreaming—and that isn't only a line in a song. For eight years I have been producing a radio show. Now I'd like to get in the producing end of pictures. I would like to make my home in California."

"And marry?"

"Naturally I want to marry again some time but there is no immediate prospect of it. Once I bought a house out here trying to make someone happy. But I've sold it since. . . ." Just a simple statement but what tragedy lay behind it. That "house" of Rudy's was one of the most beautiful estates in the west. Not a "movie mansion"; something a little grander with a quiet elegance that ran to Italian marble pillars and Imperial gardens. He wanted it for his wife, Fay Webb, the exotically lovely girl from Santa Monica he had worshipped. He wanted "to make someone happy." They never lived in

it. Rudy never saw it again after the divorce. Fay, you remember, died about a year ago. And so the estate went under the hammer at a loss of \$63,000.

IT'S one of those mad little jumbles of fate that Vallee, the Dream Lover of millions, has never had much luck with women. His first marriage with a New York debutante was annulled while he was still at Yale. Then he fell in love with the face of a girl on a magazine cover. He may be a shrewd Yankee business man but when it comes to romance he has a streak of sentiment in him a mile wide. He managed to meet that girl of the cover, Fay Webb, courted her as if he'd been a chevalier out of a Tennyson poem instead of a king-pin crooner—but their marriage brought nothing but heart-break.

Here is the odd sequel to that, though. . . . The girls whose names have been linked with his recently have resembled Fay more than a little. . . . Gloria Youngblood has the same dark, fantastic beauty. She is the reason Rudy visited the *Goldwyn Folies* set so frequently. They had been introduced in the east and the little dancer is, as Rudy says, "a bit of all right!" Then the papers broke the news of their engagement, even had the wedding date set for them. It was slightly premature. Gloria dissolved into tears. Rudy told reporters, "Sorry. There is no foundation to the story." And a trick

little orchidaceous number by the name of Judy Stewart planed in from Florida in a hurry to see what it was all about.

Judy is Social Register with a capital S. R. She reminds me of Fay even more than Gloria does. She came into the commissary for a moment while we were lunching, to see Rudy. A slip of a girl in a halo hat and a Latinesque makeup. Pale glowy powder and pomegranate lips. I'd have given my new Easter bonnet to have been at the Trocadero the other night when she and Gloria met!

MARLENE DIETRICH seemed to like it, though. She was at the Trocadero, too, that night and Rudy told her how much he'd like to make a picture with her. Some light comedy-drama like the one she did with Gary Cooper. Wouldn't *that* be an item to put in the book! Marlene with her husky "blues" voice, and Rudy with his romantic overtones! After Judy had gone he said, "I've always been idealistic about women. I probably always will be. . . . But for ten years I've had to compete with a mental image. I think anyone on the radio does. People build up their own idea about you. That's why I think it is best to remain an illusion and if I had my way I'd have no pictures in magazines or papers." And this was the man I had thought conceited. . . .

"In the movies you're acting the part of somebody else so it doesn't matter. Picture

[Continued on page 94]



Most of the stars have pets. Left, Madge Evans offers Tinaling, Kuku and Mimi, an armful of pedigree Pikes. Top left, Katie Hepburn and her three pets, Peter and Michael, cockers, and Buttons, a French poodle. Right, Rudy Vallee's dog might be accompanying him on the jewsharp while he croons. Or is it the Bronx cheer? Top right, Luise Rainer's pal, next to her husband, is her pet Scottie.



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FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN also POWDER FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS



A "Paris street"—complete with shops, pavement, curb and sidewalk—provided a setting for *Fools for Scandal*. Mervyn LeRoy directs Fernand Gravet-Carole Lombard

ON-THE-set faux pas—of-the-month is chalked up to Tyrone Power... It was on M-G-M's *Marie Antoinette* stage. Tyrone and Norma Shearer had just gone through an impassioned love scene. It was warm work. Norma was thirsty, after the take. "I'd like," she mentioned to Tyrone, "a drink of water..." Tyrone turned to a prop man... "Please," he said, "bring Miss Gaynor a glass of water..."

BOB TAYLOR thought he'd rib director Woody VanDyke. It was during a *Marie Antoinette* mob scene... Unbeknownst to VanDyke, and with Gladys George's assistance, Taylor borrowed a costume from the extras' wardrobe, got into the mob that VanDyke was rehearsing. Taylor kept in the background, thought he'd have a grand laugh at the director next day, when the rushes were screened and he could point himself out in the crowd... VanDyke, blissfully unaware, went through rehearsal after rehearsal, and Bob, perspiring with hundreds of extras, went through them. Finally, VanDyke said: "... Now we'll take it. This is the take—and if Mister Robert Taylor will just step out of there, we'll get going..." Sheepfaced, Bob sneaked out, while extras, *et al*, giggled at him. "How'nell did he know me?" he asked an extra. "You forgot," giggled the extra, "to change your sport shoes!"

LET'S go out to the Columbia ranch, near Burbank, where they're shooting moonlight stuff—with huge arcs providing the moon—for *There's Always a Woman*. Production delays were tremendous. California's famous but loud mocking-birds, attracted by the lights' glare, swarmed in the set trees, made so much din that the mikes couldn't pick up Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas, speaking their lines. Finally, Director Al Hall had to hide prop men with long rods

behind the tree trunks, to keep the birds quiet while Joan and Mel made love.

MOST embarrassed man on the set was Jimmy Stewart, the day he did his stuff for *Vivacious Lady*, kicked a champagne bucket as directed by script, and then got his foot in it and couldn't get it out again... While Ginger Rogers and the rest of the cast howled, Jimmy had to stumble around with the bucket on his foot until they got an acetylene torch to cut it off!

FIRST production delay on Shirley Temple's *Little Miss Broadway* was due to Shirley herself... It was after that heavy rainstorm you read about, that production was to start. Happy to begin a new picture—it always delights her—Shirley showed up bright and early, only to find tragedy. The rain had flooded her dressing-room bungalow yard, drowned several of her newborn rabbits... Shirley cried so they had to re-apply the make-up. Even then, she was on time on the set. But she couldn't hold in. In the middle of the first take, she broke into tears again—and they took time out while the drowned bunnies were buried, with Shirley officiating at the services.

WOES of growing-up, as encountered by Jackie Cooper during shooting of *White Banners* at Warners... Script called for Claude Rains, as Jackie's dad, to give him a fatherly lecture, face to face. But when the stage was set, and Rains was facing young Jackie, it was discovered that the one-time top kid star of all has grown so much that he topped Rains by several inches!... So they had to hold up things until they provided a set of built-up shoes for Rains, to make him photograph taller than his screen "son"... And in the closeups, Rains stands on a box while lecturing "little" Jackie!

Please Pass The Ketchup!

[Continued from page 69]

He was in the infantry at first, later with the gunners, then with the air force—in which he finally got a commission.

HE CAME out of the War with a game leg, a military backbone, and the attitude: "Why be serious? Life's too short." He hadn't had a job before he went away, so he had none when he returned. Unemployment enjoying company, he was kicking around London with a pal who was also out of work. The pal was wondering what the theatre might have to offer. Alan wasn't even mildly curious.

One day he was to meet his pal at a theatrical agency. Outside, if it was clear. (This was Alan's stipulation.) Inside, if it was raining. (This was the pal's.) It was raining. Alan went inside, sat down in a big vestibule thronged with a motley collection of nervous hopefuls, all looking for work.

"Presently, a door opened. A man came out, looked the crowd over. He pointed at me. 'You—come inside.' The chap apparently mistook me for an actor. To me, that was a swell joke—something to tell my pal later. I decided to see how far I could carry it. I went inside. The man wanted to know my 'stage experience.' I thought fast; tried to remember all the plays I had ever seen or read, and all the parts I might have played. He ended by asking what salary I wanted, offering me half the amount, and giving me a part. After that, I couldn't wait indoors for my pal. I had to stand outside. Having a helluva chuckle to myself.

"The pal finally showed up. He said, 'Wait a jiff more—I'll be right out.' He went in, and was back out in five minutes. 'Some other—got the part!' he told me. I had got it. I told him what had happened. 'It was just a gag,' I said. 'I'm not going through with it.' Oh, yes I was, he said. A job was a job. That's how I became an actor. On a gamble. Practically everything I've ever done has been on a gamble.

"That first play was *The Cinderella Man*. The company was a very lousy touring company. That was all that saved me. My only assets were youthfulness, naivete, and a good memory. I couldn't have said my lines with any thespic art—but, I said them all."

He played with more touring companies, increasingly better ones, until eventually he "fooled enough people" to get on the London stage. But, once there, he didn't seem to be getting anywhere particularly. He decided to try New York—on a gamble. He landed in May, 1923, with thirty-five dollars in his pocket and no job. He checked into a hotel. Two weeks later, he smilingly asked the manager what usually happened to people in America when they didn't pay their hotel bills. The manager, smiling at the Mowbray jesting, said that usually the hotel asked the non-paying guest to pack his belongings, vacate his room, and leave his luggage in storage until his bill was paid. "I'm going up to pack," said Mowbray.

He was able to don two sets of underwear and two shirts, and to stuff a razor and some extra cravats in his coat pockets. Everything else went into the luggage, and the luggage went into storage, while Mowbray went out into the world, broke.

IT WAS a balmy Spring night. He bethought himself of Central Park. Why not? He had slept outdoors in France for four-and-a-half years, in all

[Continued on page 93]



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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 14]



Bob Burns moved his furniture to a high and dry spot when the recent flood swept into his Bel Air home

SURPRISE-of-the-YEAR for Hollywood skeptics: Mary Astor and Hubby Manuel del Campo observed their first marriage anniversary together.



LOOKS like another but definite ice age in the Glenda Farrell-Drew Eberson on-again-off-again romance. . . . Drew, far from carrying the torch since Glenda installed the cooling system, has been having plenty of nite-spot fun with RKO's so-cute Virginia Walker. . . . Not to be outdone in finding solace elsewhere, Glenda, herself, has been running a temperature with Phil Ormsby, ace racketeer (but legitimately, with tennis rackets) of the Palm Springs Tennis Club.

SECOND most-famous off-again-on-again-or-is-it romance of Hollywood is the Shirley Ross-Director Eddie Anderson thing. . . . Lately, it's been on ice. . . . At least, Shirley has been giving the major portion of her time and attention to Ken

Producer Joe Schenck and Mary Maguire are chummy these days. They were a t w o s o m e at the Handicap Ball



Sometimes there's a foursome, but more often a twosome when Producer Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett step out. Here they are at a table at the Versailles Cafe

Murray, while Eddie has been marking time. . . . However, Hollywood, which has seen these now-and-then romances before, confidently expects to see Shirley back in Eddie's keeping before long. And where is Edgar Bergen, who's supposed to be in this picture? Love, out here, is like that. . . .

HAS Charlie Chaplin found himself a new heart-jitter? Or was it purely professional and business impulse that led him to hustle backstage at the famous "Golden Bough" theatre in Carmel, recently, and offer a big part in his next movie to a certain little red-headed ingenue playing the lead in the production there?

Charlie has been at Carmel, with a pal, hiding out in a rented cottage far removed from Hollywood. Carmel is that more-or-less "arty" community up the coast a couple of hundred miles from Los Angeles. Charlie insists he's there for seclusion while he writes a movie. . . . Paulette, by the way, did NOT attend the Carmel theatre the night Charlie did, and made the backstage offer to the redhead. Paulette, as a matter of fact, is NOT even Carmeling with Charlie. She has been vacationing in Palm Beach.

NOT one to surrender his bachelorhood easily is Cary (Bachelor) Grant. He has tried marriage, found it not so hot. Now that he's loose again, he is going to take his time and watch his step carefully. . . . and so he and gal-of-the-moment Phyllis Brooks have agreed NOT to rush into the matrimony that everyone was predicting momentarily. "If we're still this way a year from now, then we'll marry," they tell their friends; "but meantime, no!"

JUST now, the cables from Europe tell of the discovery of Garbo and Leopold Stokowski, romancing to-

gether on romantic Capri's isle. Hollywood is not surprised. Nor will Hollywood be surprised when and if Leopold and Greta marry. ("And imagine calling Glamorous Greta anything so whatever-it-is as "Missus Stokowski"!") As a matter of fact, Hollywood has long since given up being (1) surprised at or (2) much interested in anything Garbo does, romantically speaking. . . . Maybe by the time you read this, the Capri interlude will have edged over into outright matrimony for them. Although late press dispatches from Italy have Greta saying she's not marrying. However, Stokowski got his divorce before he shoved off from Hollywood to join Garbo. . . . BUT—your faithful ol' Tatler happens to know that even while Leopold was steaming it across the seas to his Greta, Georgie Brent was talking to her via transoceanic telephone . . . !!!

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Barbara O'Neill and Brian Aherne—Are giving their pit-a-pats a turn.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Richard Greene and Marjorie Weaver.

Diagnosis: Cupid's fever?

Q—What's that big conflagration in the middle of Hollywood?

A—That ain't no conflagration; that's Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Stewart taking up again where they left off a half year ago.

LOVE sent a little gift of—NOT roses, but an alarm clock to Brian Donlevy the other birthday. It was from wife Marjorie Lane, and it was an electric alarm to replace the old style wind-it-up one he'd been used to.

[Continued on page 92]

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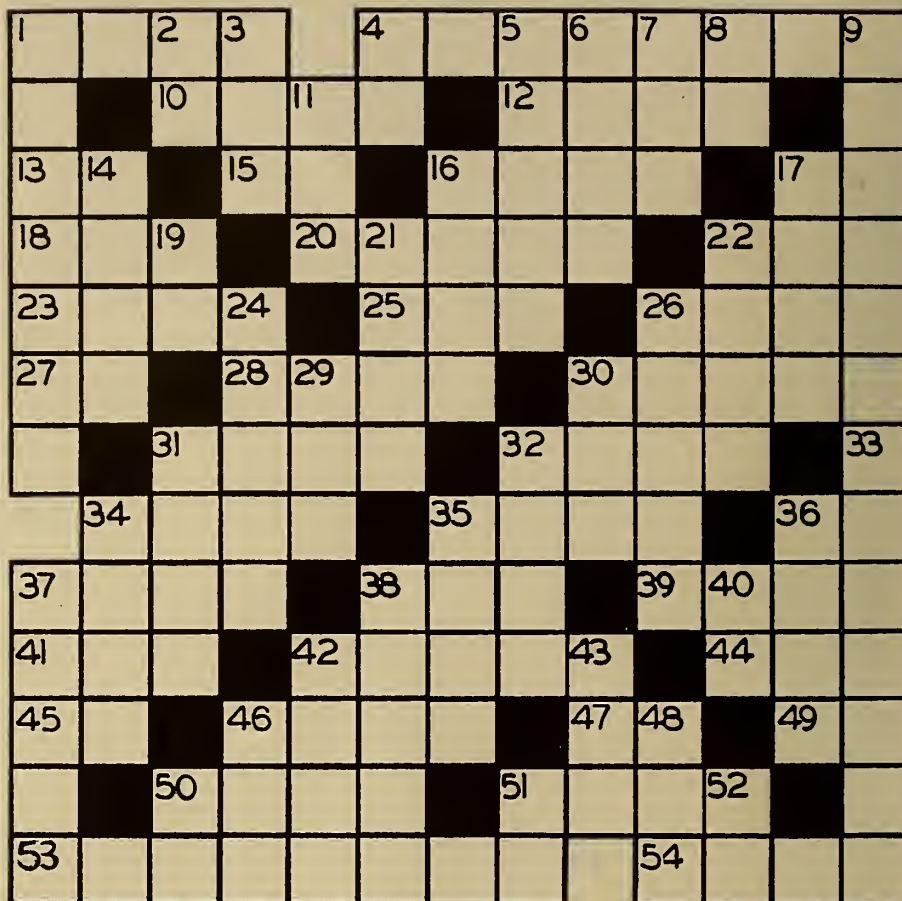
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ACROSS

1. Star of *Every Day's a Holiday*
4. Columnist in *Love and Hises*
10. Featured actress in *Beg, Borrow or Steal*
12. Tyrone Power's birthplace
13. Initials of actress married to Parkyakarkus
15. Spring Byington portrays this member of *Jones Family*
16. *The Outcast of Poker* — Mr. Beck's initials
18. His last name is Roach
20. First name of one who portrays Gil Warren in *In Old Chicago*
22. Comedian in *Wells Fargo*
23. First name of ballet dancer in *You're a Sweetheart*
25. Heroine of *She's Got Everything*
26. Katharine Hepburn's latest is *Bringing Up* —
27. Initials of Robert Young
28. Hero of *Texas Trail*
30. Tom Mix's famous equine pal
31. The reporter in *Man-Proof*
32. Charles Butterworth was born in South —, Indiana
34. — *Confession*
35. He was Spudsy in *Escape By Night*
36. Mr. Ahern's initials
37. Gene Autry starred in — and *Saddles* (sing.)
38. A star of *Double Wedding*
39. The girl on ship in *The Hurricane*
41. Mr. Atwell's first name
42. Buck Jones' Silver is one
44. — Olsen and Chic Johnson are a comedy team
45. *Love* — *Toast*

46. Remember Billie —?
47. Bert Wheeler's native state (abbr.)
49. *She Married* — Artist
50. The cowboy star's lariat
51. John Wayne had lead in — of the *Crowds*
53. Comedian teamed with Florence Lake in RKO shorts (poss.)
54. Meg Swift in *Man-Proof*

DOWN

1. Little girl star of 20th Century-Fox films
2. Initials of feminine star of *Blossoms on Broadway*
3. First name of Mr. McCoy, western star
4. Constance Bennett's latest is *Merrily* — *Live*
5. Quade in *Every Day's a Holiday*

Last Month's Solution

L	O	M	B	A	R	D	G	U	R	I	E
E	M	A	M	O	G	A	N	G	A	N	T
I	L	D	E	N	I	R	A	F	I		
G	E	T	S	A	L	L	I	H	U	E	
H	O	W	L	L	A	D	B	O	R	N	
S	O	U	N	D	A	L	L	W	Y	N	
T	P	A				E	O			E	
A	R	L	E	N	S	W	I	N	D	S	
L	O	O	S	T	E	A	D	E	A	D	
K	A	Y	M	O	L	L	Y	E	V	E	
I	D	F	A	N	T	O	O				
E	G	A	T	E							
S	C	O	T	T	B	R	A	D	L	E	Y

6. Oriental screen sleuth
7. Successful motion picture
8. Edna Oliver's initials
9. Foyer of a theatre
11. Leader of Cotton Club orchestra in *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*
14. Sally Eilers stars in — *Behave*
16. *Gold is Where You — It*
17. Irene in *Mr. Boggs Steps Out*
19. Initials of 5 Down
21. Paramount comedienne
22. What Benny Goodman directs in *Hollywood Hotel*
24. *Something to Sing* —
26. You'll see her in *Of Human Hearts*
29. — *Hundred Men and a Girl*
30. Date in February when W. C. Fields celebrates birth
31. She was Lola Johnson in *Big City*
32. Bing Crosby now has four
33. Comedienne in *Swing Your Lady*
34. The comedy short may be a Terry —
35. What a dull motion picture is apt to do
36. First name of a star of *S O S Coast Guard*
37. Star of *Action For Slander*
38. She — a *Fireman*
40. Mary Astor and Richard Arlen have leads in — *Time to Marry*
42. Laura Crews' middle name
43. *Adventure's* —
46. Jack O'Leary in *In Old Chicago*
48. Terangi in *The Hurricane*
50. Ray Noble's initials
51. *Love* — *On the Air*
52. Laura — *Plante*

Knocking Off the Junior

[Continued from page 33]



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., *Having Wonderful Time* with Ginger Rogers is followed by *The Joy of Living* with Irene Dunne. And now *Young in Heart* with Janet Gaynor

drew a long breath and mopped his damp forehead with a shaking hand. He had put over his bluff. He had a contract in his pocket. But all his fine, mature assurance had left him and he felt for the moment like a deflated balloon.

You see, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was on that particular day *fourteen years old*. No more, no less. It was his birthday.

Being full grown as boys are, sometimes, at fourteen; his voice having reached a fairly stable baritone; being an only child and having been much among older people, and—which is still more pertinent—possessing that unquestioning and colossal assurance often the endowment of youth, he had seen no reason why he shouldn't fib about his age and get a job in pictures if he could. What is a white lie to the furtherance of a career? Besides, the end would justify the means. His picture would be a great success and then, perhaps, he would tell his real age.

AS FOR now—
"The future looked marvelous," Doug said the other day on the *Joy of Living* set at RKO Radio when he told me this story. "It never occurred to me to doubt it."

But that was too bad. Because the contract he signed with Paramount was to shadow and distort his life for years after. You see, his picture, in which he tried to play an adult role, was a flop.

He laughed about it on the *Joy of Living* set and so did I, but as he told the story of what happened while he was making that first picture—and afterward; as he painted his careless yet vivid portrait of the cocksure youngster bludgeoning his blithe way through difficulties no human being his age could master, I saw drama and pathos, too—the drama of high, young courage which will dare anything; the pathos of young gallantry

which cannot even see defeat, but picks itself up and goes gaily on, only to "come another cropper."

He saw no such pathetic portrait, however, back in 1923, as, having traveled from Paris to Hollywood by himself, of course, he went to work in his first "starring vehicle," a little gem among silent pictures entitled *Stephen Steps Out*.

A shadow appeared on his bright lexicon soon enough, though, when they gave him the script to read and he saw it contained considerable "love interest." As I said, he was a very assured young man, but no male of the species, sure of himself or not, relishes himself as a Great Lover at the age of fourteen. Still, he was an Actor and an Artist. He decided he couldn't let natural prejudice stand in the way of his career. He resolved to take the love interest in stride.

"Fortunately for production costs," he reminisced, "the script decreed I should kiss the girl of my heart early in the picture. Her name was Alice, I think."

"He (that was me) kisses Alice and says: 'You're a sweet thing,' was the way the script read. Well, I think I could have spoken the line all right but I never got to it. I got stuck on the kissing at the first rehearsal. Even though Alice helped me all she could—I remember she practically throttled me with her embraces—I simply could not make that kiss convincing. I pecked at her like any fourteen-year-old would, blushing to the roots of my hair."

"The director swore and kissed her himself, to show me how. Later he even called in various actors and had them stage a demonstration for my benefit. But every time I'd go into a clinch, I'd not only begin to blush until it showed in the film, but my



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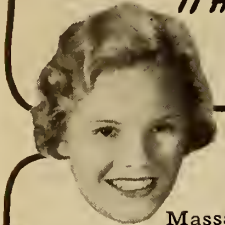
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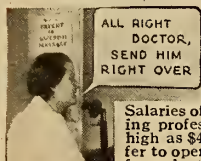
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kiss would turn out to be the proverbial 'wet smack.'

"I am sure I should have lost my job then and there," he continued, "if the studio hadn't previously publicized me to such an extent that this was impossible. So they did the next best thing. They cut out Alice and all the love interest and tried to make me into a rough-and-tough guy who couldn't be bothered with girls."

"Well, they might as well have cut out the entire picture. It was terrible and I was terrible. I looked and acted like the original rube from Rubeville. I was about as interesting as a dish of cottage cheese. With the inevitable result that box-office returns were—well, there weren't any box-office returns. And of course I was fired."

IT WAS then that Doug began to feel the weight of a famous name when that name has become "mud." "Kids of famous people must get by, or else..." He remembered being told that in Paris.

"If I had been just any young punk trying to make the grade in Hollywood, I would have been far better off," he said. "But Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had attracted a lot of attention. People were watching to see what he could do. And when that turned out to be nothing, they remembered his failure."

Of course he continued to talk big as he made the rounds of the studios, trying to get another job. He continued to boost his age four or five years. But it didn't do any good.

"I couldn't even get work as a bit player," he reminisced wryly. "I couldn't get on as an extra, again because of my name. It didn't look well for a Fairbanks to be playing extra roles. It looked better if he played nothing."

So at last he gathered together what money he had left from the Paramount contract and went back to his mother and grandparents in England. He would play the stock market, he figured, and so recoup the family finances. They were in bad shape about that time, it seems. Of course he had to have a legally qualified proxy, it being against British law for a minor to gamble, but that was easily arranged.

As had happened when he first tried for a job in pictures, his name helped him make the contacts he needed to get his hand into finance. "Doug Fairbanks, Jr.?" various monied big shots would query, "Certainly, I'll give you a steer in The City (London's equivalent to Wall Street). But once they got him established and he began to shift for himself, his fourteen or fifteen years proved all too few to provide the business acumen he needed—and he flopped again."

Yes, he had it pretty tough in those days. His mother wasn't very well and his grandparents were quite old. He was virtually the head of the house and the man of the family. Of course he went to school some more (his mother insisted upon that), even when he was "operating" in The City, but his financial responsibilities weighed upon him. And when other boys of his age were playing cricket and "rugger" and such games dear to the heart of English lads, he was trying to figure out how to make some money.

He thought about it long and carefully, this tall, attractive boy in the middle of his 'teens, who now regularly passed for well over twenty. He realized the stock market was no good for him. He tried to hit upon something he could do. Finally he came to an important decision. He would return to Hollywood and, his first fiasco notwithstanding, would try pictures again. He liked to act. He felt that given a fair chance, he could make a go of it eventually.

AND so he came back a year and a half after his Paramount flop and registered at the Central Casting Bureau. He determined to keep his identity in the background. He even tried to change his name and start all over again with a clean slate but he couldn't do it. The new name he had chosen got so much publicity as "the new moniker Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is trying out" that he gave it up as a futile gesture. At first jobs were few and far between and he was pretty much on his uppers, living at cheap boarding-houses, pressing his own trousers and shining his own shoes. Probably he could have had help from his father, but since Doug, Sr., was against his having a screen career, he wouldn't ask for it.

Then, gradually, he began to get some bits, "although I've never been able to figure out just why," he says now. I've an idea that it was because his undeniable talent for acting began to make itself felt. And finally, he got his big chance, an excellent role in the silent version of *Stella Dallas*.

In this he was an outstanding success. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., even then only sixteen years old, was recognized at last as a worthy son of his father. Those were good times that followed. *Stella Dallas* opened the way to other and still better parts until, with the advent of talkies, still under twenty and still camouflaging his age, he became a star in his own right.

It was during these years that he met and married Joan Crawford. He was still under twenty. They didn't make a go of it, but this doesn't seem strange to me. Hollywood marriages are difficult at best, and Joan and Doug were very, very young. When it was over, Doug went away to England. He stayed a long time... And he finally grew up.

"I had had my size since I was thirteen," he told me, "and my masculine voice and the nerve—crust, I should call it—to, at least sometimes, put myself over in situations which would have daunted older and wiser men. But in the six years that followed my return to England, I seemed to grow up in mind and soul, somehow. I realize this is true, now, because, paradoxically, I began to doubt that the world was my apple, ready for plucking. It dawned on me that I could be wrong about this and that and the other thing..."

WELL, I guess he was right. Complete self-confidence—the kind that would enable a fourteen-year-old kid to ask for an adult role in pictures—is an attribute of extreme youth. With maturity, unfortunately for the peace of mind, comes doubt and uncertainty. Certainly young Doug must have attained maturity to have made the friends he did in England. Sophisticates like Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward are not the type to be interested in an adolescent—at least an adolescent mind.

As for the vicarious fame which had colored and shaped his life... he remembers the precise moment when he became aware of himself, not as the son of a celebrity, but as an entity whose name might have been John Smith.

"A youngster—a school girl of about fifteen—brought it home to me," he said. "I was a guest at a week-end party in the country and we were sitting around the fire, several of us, talking idly when some of my father's pictures were mentioned. 'Oh,' exclaimed the child, 'was your father famous, too?'"

"A great deal more so than I shall ever be," I told her, but she would have none of that. The daughter of a very good friend of mine, I expect she always will be my loyal Fan Number One."

"I Haven't Even Started Yet!"

[Continued from page 32]

in blue pajamas, dark hair softly framing her face, she sat curled in a corner of the couch. Her accent is less marked than it was a year ago. She's more at home with her *r's* and *th's* and grammar, though the latter still takes its own sweet way now and then with alluring results. Even quiet, she seems more alive than most people. When she talks, when her eyes sparkle, when her hands and body move in a hundred gestures to emphasize and illuminate what she says, you can all but see the fire of her spirit leap.

"I tell you one thing. If people say I am today this and tomorrow that and the over-next day something else, it makes me sad. But if they say: 'Rainer all the times makes theatre, Rainer makes herself dramatic,' then I don't give a dime." (Giving a dime is her own invention. Nobody knows its origin, least of all herself). "I don't give a dime because it is completely nuts. Because this I *really* know is a thousand per-cent untrue.

"Dramatic, no. Romantic. Yes, I am romantic. Not me alone. I am not enough egotist for that. Many people are romantic. But many people say, the world is so as it is and we cannot change it. Therefore we change ourselves. I am so romantic that I think I change the world—or if not the world, I think I can still be as I am. I will not change myself to please the world. Maybe the world is stronger as me. Maybe I will knock my head to pieces on the world. All right. But I *will* not change."

She jumped up. "Excuse me. I just see that it rains in there."

Her domestic duties performed, she was back, rushing on again like an impatient young torrent. "Please understand me well. I do not mean that I will not learn. Just this I do not mean. I have so strong the feeling that I do not know anything and a thousand lives are not enough for learning. Only this I mean. What is me, what makes me Luise Rainer and not this tree outside, and not the great Toscanini and not my little dog Johnny—that I will not change.

"I HAVE the feeling—it may sound funny and crazy and high hat—that I haven't even started yet to do what I want to do. I have the feeling that now, slowly, I am going to become ripe and now, slowly, I will start to do the things which I had years and years and years ago before my eyes. Like to be *really* a good actress. So far I have done it mostly *intuitively*. Now I must mix this intuition with noledge." (Written as pronounced).

"This I hope to learn not from the stage and not from the screen. Screen and stage for me are only my let-out. Being able to walk over a stage and say lines and to look pretty is not what I call makes an actress. Those are purely technical things, with which one can do a great deal, but there is one thing more which you cannot learn but you have to be it—and that's a real human, a ripe creature. And you *never* will be it," she cried almost despairingly. "Your whole life you will be dissatisfied. You come to one point, you reach for the next, you have always this yearning, you never will rest till you're dead—"

You and I will perhaps. Not Luise Rainer. One section of her world she has already managed to mould nearer her heart's desire. Her contract at Metro has two and a half

years longer to run. Clifford Odets, her playwright husband, spends much of his time in New York. She loves both her husband and New York, and is eager to do stage work once more.

"So I and the studio, we re-arranged the contract different, in as far that we parted the two-and-a-half years in five years, so that from now I will be every year here from first of April to first of October, and from first of October to first of April again on the New York stage or London stage or wherever I want to be on the stage."

Before next October she will make *Froufrou*—a play from the French in which Bernhardt once acted—and a second picture, not yet decided upon. Then she goes east. She may do a play by Odets. She has several others under consideration. "But I don't want to speak about that yet, because it isn't ripe enough. It is not that I don't like the films—oh, *please* don't say so. They are good, they are important.

"I TELL you another thing. For my greatest success and my greatest flops on the screen, I don't want to take the responsibility. Because it is not me alone who does it. Because it is a very small little part of me who does it. Who does it is a *hundred* people. *Once* I like to be again not part of a hundred people, but play on the stage and be only Luise Rainer. So, if I am bad, I can point the finger at Luise Rainer, and if I am good—well, I can point the finger, too.

"And besides, I am a free person again. I can go away each year, and if I don't go to the stage, I can travel. I can feel again that the world is large. If you stay in Hollywood, you get slowly the feeling that Hollywood is the world, and it isn't. The world is so *large*—" her arms flew wide—"and when you get out, you can feel it again, and this is important.

"That was so terrible to me—this feeling of being tied down—much worse than in marriage. In marriage, suppose you are not comfortable. You say: 'Listen, I can't stand this. I have to go apart.' The husband says: 'All right. I won't hold you.' In contracts, they say: 'You can't go. We put so much money in you.' It is like a man who would tell you, 'I gave you so many jewels, you have to stay with me.' She broke off abruptly, and shook her head. "No, it is not like that. I have to be fair. Contract is business, and marriage is not business. They re-arranged it agreeable to me, and that makes me so happy, I can't tell you."

Lest you seem to detect in the above any hint of a rift in her own marriage, let me quickly disabuse you. When she informed me happily that "Cliff will be here in two days," I took an unfair advantage. "Tell me something about him."

Her eyes widened in a comic blend of reproach and mockery. She hesitated, then with a touch of shyness that wasn't comic at all but only sweet, she said: "What can I tell you better than that I married him. Don't you know everything with that?"

I waited, kicking myself for wanting more, yet sitting tight out of regard for my editor. Slowly she went on. "Cliff is much concerned with his work and what happens in himself. I am so, too. We are greatly alike. That is what brought us together, and what is also sometimes a little hard for us." A chuckle escaped her. "Because one person

[Continued on page 89]

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Our Hot Dog Stand

[Continued from page 56]

leftover meats when making a home meat loaf. Perhaps it might be a good suggestion to think of sausage as "the makings" of a home meat loaf stuffed into the protecting casing which makes it last longer and slice more easily. So to answer the question, "What's in sausage?," the answer might be, "Quite the same ingredients as you would mix into a picnic or Sunday supper meat loaf—finely chopped meats, cereal (crumbs, crackers or meal), diversified spices, and enough fat to bind the mass." There, that's sausage.

This simple recipe shows how quickly and easily a substantial grill may be made from midget fresh sausages:

SAVORY SAUSAGE GRILL

Baby spiced link sausages
Ripe bananas, quartered
Giant prunes, cooked and pitted

Arrange sausages on glass baking platter. Cut bananas and arrange sections with prunes around sausages. Grill until nicely browned; or, saute sausages in skillet, and remove, then saute fruit sections. Arrange on hot platter and serve immediately. (For variation, lamb or veal kidneys may be added to grill, and tomato rings substituted for prunes.)

Fresh unsmoked link sausages may be large, small or of the midget cocktail size now familiar as a party appetizer. Not only may these latter serve as fancy tidbits but wonders may be performed with a can of cocktail sausages featured as the practical main item in a luncheon, supper or evening snack of exceeding deliciousness. Here are some suggestions for using canned cocktail sausages as a main dish:

Grilled sausages, with French toast slices, and applesauce.

Skewered (brochette) sausages, with oysters and ripe tomato sections, grilled and served on hot toast.

Baked sausages on potato cakes, dusted with grated cheese.

Grilled sausages and stuffed bacon—each sausage wrapped in stuffing, then in bacon strip, garnished with grilled apricots or peaches.

ANOTHER recipe for using these midget canned fresh sausages as a main dish makes a jolly luncheon or light summer supper, as follows:

**CREOLE SAUSAGE RING,
WITH RICE**

2 tablespoons butter
1 onion, minced
2 green peppers, minced
1 clove garlic, minced
1 cup strained tomato pulp
2 tablespoons tomato catsup
1 cup boiled rice
3 cups stock or hot water
1 teaspoon salt
Cocktail sausages

Melt butter and saute onion, peppers and garlic until brown. Add rice and stir until it begins to color. Add tomato pulp, catsup and stock or hot water, together with salt. Simmer 1 hour. Broil or saute cocktail sausages separately

until brown. Arrange rice in mound on hot platter. Garnish with sausages and parsley, and serve immediately. (1 tablespoon chili powder may be added to rice, if desired.)

Now for a little information on some of the less familiar of the moist smoked sausages:

Bockwurst is made from veal and pork, with chives and parsley for flavor. This is grand with sauerkraut, and always a favorite with men.

Hunter's Sausage, also popular with men, is always sold in pairs, and when cooked emits a tantalizing flavor or odor of woodsmoke. Originally a Swiss or Alpine variety, it is now made in a western State and locally distributed.

Thuringer Blood Sausage, another favorite with the masculine side of the family, is simply grand thinly sliced, tossed in the pan, and served with good old potato salad.

Dutch Frankfurter is another excellent old favorite, packed with tangy spices. Grand with all summer salads, with spaghetti, and to accompany cheese sandwiches.

MORE familiar in this moist smoked class is of course that 100% American favorite, the frankfurter or "hot dog." Generally made from a mixture of 60% chopped beef with 40% chopped pork, frankfurters are turned out in no less than 25 sizes! There's a giant frank made to be sliced in thin rings for sandwiches, and a 6-inch overgrown size which comes packed—one to a can only, please—sliced and makes a delicious accompaniment for any hot-weather lunch salad or snack use. And don't forget that improved variety, the *skinless* frank, which makes eating so much more pleasant since the somewhat heavy protecting casing has been removed from them. Keep several cans of skinless frankfurters on your pantry shelf, and be ready to quickly prepare such dishes as the following:

Frankfurters with spinach and mustard-tomato sauce.

Baked peppers, eggplant or tomatoes stuffed with frankfurters.

Frankfurters in tomato jelly loaf or salad.

Frankfurters with noodles, Spanish sauce.

Frankfurter and scrambled eggs, with asparagus tips.

It might be pointed out in passing that to use finely chopped skinless frankfurters as filling for stuffing summer vegetables is quite one of the cleverest of culinary tricks. Thus, to stuff peppers, whole tomatoes or eggplant combine the finely minced frankfurter meat with crumbs, melted butter and seasonings, mix it well, and stuff into vegetable cases. Bake, and serve as a main dish.

AND now for that strictly *dry* sausage often called "Summer sausage." Here is a group worthy of any housewife's attention, for how many kinds there are, how variously spiced, how deliciously smoked, and above all how useful in summer meal planning! To list all the varieties of this dry summer sausage would require a small encyclopedia, but perhaps the following list will help show the importance as well as the variety of this type of sausage:

Cervelat—finely ground, spiced without garlic, and smoked.

Gothaer Cervelat—Choice pork and some beef, well dried.

Thuringer Cervelat—choice beef, little pork, medium dried whole peppers and mustard seeds.

Salami—coarsely ground, most pork, some beef, garlic and spices.

Milano Salami—principally pork, coarsely ground, not smoked but air dried.

Genoa Salami—choice pork, medium ground, not smoked.

Goteborg—choice pork and some beef, medium ground, heavily smoked.

Braunschweiger Liver Sausage—50% pork liver, 50% pork meat, majoram and white pepper. Use for sandwich spreads and poultry stuffing.

Knackwurst—German style, 40% beef, 50% pork, smoked, seasoned with nutmeg and white pepper.

Polish Bologna—90% pork, coarsely ground, plenty of garlic.

Pinkelwurst—beef, oatmeal and spices.

And it must be repeated again that these half dozen or so are only the least of the wonderful variety of the extensive and international sausage. Of course everyone knows and uses Liverwurst and Bologna for cold cuts, but why limit yourself and your family when so many other notable kinds remain to tempt appetite and bring economy into summer menus?

WHILE many of the sausage specialties are featured at the delicatessen or meat counter, equally many are packed in airtight ready-to-use cans, just as cocktail sausages are packed. Perhaps one of the most delicate and convenient of these is called Vienna sausage, a soft moist type much like a skinless frank, and shaped in a neat tubular little *finger*. The Vienna pack is good cold, especially in a chill gelatin to which it gives body. Like this:

VIENNA SAUSAGE JELLIED SALAD RING

- 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water.
- 2 cups boiling water or tomato juice
- 2 bouillon cubes
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ cup celery, diced

- ½ cup cucumber pulp, diced
- ¼ cup green pepper, minced
- 2 hard cooked eggs
- 2 cans Vienna sausage
- Radishes and Watercress

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in boiling water together with bouillon cubes. Add salt and lemon juice. Cool. Add chopped vegetables and sliced hard eggs. Arrange sausages upright on outside of ring mold. Pour in gelatin mixture, and chill. Unmold and garnish with radishes and cress.

The Vienna style is also good for hot snacks on toast, in combination with scrambled eggs, hot vegetable plates, etc., where it appeals particularly because of its neat log-like form.

Since we said that one of the chief advantages of all sausage is its excellent keeping or storage qualities, it pays to stock up one shelf of the refrigerator with an assortment of these compact foods. By so doing, you will never be out if guests unexpectedly arrive, and by serving a platter of cold cuts, or Vienna sausage with a salad, or hot or cold snacks or unusual sandwiches, you can turn out a meal in a jiffy. An assortment of only three dry sausages will enable you to give spicy meat flavor to such light meals as creamed eggs on toast, stuffed vegetables and other tasty light dishes.

Begin right now to say it with sausages all summer long!

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MP-6

"I Haven't Even Started Yet!"

[Continued from page 87]

like us is enough already to stand, but two like that—that is nearly unbearable, no? Still we stand it. We have both our life very much for ourselves, and still we know that we are there for each other, and what is more wonderful to know for two people in marriage?"

IN NEW YORK they have a penthouse. "Half of a penthouse," says Mrs. Odets. "It's beautiful—like this—" with sweep of her arm toward the view. "Only on the thirty-second floor and it overlooks *whole* New York. I tell you something funny. I have a very decided taste, and Cliff was afraid to furnish it himself, but he went and did it anyhow because he wanted me to come in it furnished. He wrote me: 'Your apartment will be like this.' When I saw it, I laughed so much. It was not like this at all but very masculine. How could it be otherwise? He is a man, and cannot turn

to be a woman, thanks God, even for love—

"But now, when I go permanent, we are taking the second half of the penthouse. There is an apartment right next to ours which will be free next fall, at least so we hope. Then we break the wall through, and make a door in there. You see, we haven't started yet our life together. So far it was only a visit. I visited my husband, and my husband visited his wife. Since two years we are visiting each other. Now slowly we start our home together, our life together—"

I asked whether children were included in her scheme of things. Again came that glance, half-mirthful, half-chiding, but her words were straightforward and sincere. "I will have children, that is sure. How could I have none? I can't think of having my life without it, because they are natural as the breath that comes from my mouth." Then the laughter brimmed over. "Only I don't want to speak about that yet."

Charming Young Star
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If your dealer can't supply you, send your name and address with 15¢ to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 66, Baltimore, Md.

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Here is how to help keep skin-irritating poisons from your blood

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17 . . . Hollywood . . . and Never Been Kissed!

[Continued from page 54]

was much more to it than that. Much more. This kiss was to be the very first she had ever received from any man other than her father in all the years of her sweet, young life! For her the sequence was to be romantically historic—an event she would never forget as long as she lived.

When Director Stone learned about this he was pretty skeptical at first. 17-year-old actresses in Hollywood who haven't been kissed on and off the screen are as difficult to find as a "no" man in a studio front office, but the director came to believe Olympe's story, finally, when he saw the tears well up in her eyes, and so, to make her work easier and less embarrassing, he ordered the sound stage cleared of all on-lookers. Not only that, but he insisted that every one employed on the picture, but not concerned with the immediate filming, keep out of Olympe's vision.

Certain in his belief that he was about to record a love sequence unique in the history of motion pictures, he shouted, "Action! Camera!" And right then and there is when the explosion occurred! And we do mean Explosion!

Out of the corner of an eye Olympe had discovered a still man ready to take a picture at the precise moment of the kiss. Squirring out of Gene's arms, she ran to Director Stone, pointed to the picture-snatcher and declared in excited English, pepped up with more excited French, that she would not do the scene until the photographer left the set.

"I am not going to have anyone take a picture of my first kiss," she declared. "Only the big camera can have it. For the film itself—yes. For him, the still man—no!"

THE picture-snatcher refused to budge from the set even when ordered to do so by the frantic director. "I was sent here by the publicity department," he said, "to get stills for publicity purposes and I'm going to get 'em. Olympe's a swell little kid and I like her, but why she's gone temperamental over a kiss is beyond me. Anyway, I'm not moving outta here unless I get orders from the front office."

By this time, Mama and Papa Bradna, always on the set whenever Daughter Bradna is working, projected themselves into the argument and in no time at all the sound stage was filled with the reverberations of their "Non, non, non's," and "Oui, oui, oui's." They threatened to call in their attorneys if the publicity picture was taken. Olympe, belligerent for the first time in her life, went farther than that. She threatened to withdraw from the cast for good!

"I shall tear up my contract with Paramount if that man is permitted to stay!" she cried. "I shall never, never, never accept another role if he is allowed to so much as set up his camera! I shall be through! Fini!"

That was saying a mouthful as we call it in this country. Many an older and more experienced star, knowing that a major studio can be pushed around just so far, would have hesitated before voicing such an ultimatum, no matter what the provocation.

But not Olympe. She said she was "fini" and that was the sitchiyashun for as long as the battle lasted, which was for most of the day. Production costs went up almost as

fast as temperatures, but there was no sign of a let-down in the little French girl's determination to be declared the winner. If forty thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong neither can the Bradna family of three!

Olympe got some encouragement from her leading man, Gene Raymond, who backed her up in her demands for privacy. Glenda Farrell, also in the cast, thought that the whole affair was more or less a tempest in a teapot—just over a kiss. Lewis Stone said he was too old to get excited about a screen embrace, but thought it was a heck of a sour note that Olympe had to fight so hard for a favor the studio could easily have granted in the beginning. What the publicity department thought hasn't been revealed, but it must have been plenty since this was the first time in its history that it had to admit defeat at the hands of a 17-year-old girl!

When Director Stone shouted "Action! Camera!" the next morning, he entertained little hope for the success of the sequence. It would be good, of course, but inferior to what he knew he would have captured the day before. But he was agreeably surprised.

For one thing, Gene really put his heart into the kiss. And for another thing it looked as though Olympe became kiss conscious immediately afterward. At any rate it was she who insisted that the director keep on taking "takes" until she was satisfied that her part in the action was satisfactory. Director Stone smiles when he admits that the sequence was shot six times before he said "print it."

SITTING across from us the other day at a lunch table was Olympe, very pretty, very shy—and very non-committal when we brought up the subject of kissing.

"It was my first kiss," she said, very primly, "screen or otherwise, and French girls, brought up as I have been, don't discuss kisses. My father has kissed me, of course; and Mr. Raymond. These are the Only two men who have—have ever embraced me. I will keep on kissing in pictures if the script calls for it, for that, Mama, Papa and I agree, is art. The other—no. I am only seventeen, you see, and am closely chaperoned and always have been. I have never had what you call a 'date' with a boy. When I am eighteen I will—but I will also have a chaperone along for that is the French custom. No, I do not object to it. Papa and Mama tell me there is plenty of time for boys, and I think so, too. When I am working in a picture, Papa or Mama are with me, sometimes both, like the other day when I got so angry. No, they're not afraid I'll do something wrong, something to hurt them—it is the French custom.

"I would have quit," she said emphatically, when we asked her if she hadn't been trying to bluff the studio into letting her have her own way during what is now known at Paramount as "The Battle of the First Kiss."

"I would have torn up my contract and walked out of pictures for good unless the 'still' man and the visitors had been ordered to leave the set. Would you want to make it so public—your very first kiss? No. Besides, I was nervous and excited—I haven't been in many pictures, you know. And I was ashamed to think that my very first kiss had to be in front of so many people who would laugh, perhaps, at my clumsiness. Then I got angry. Papa and Mama got angry. Everybody got angry, I think. But we are all friends again and I am very happy."

A very smart and unusual French miss, this Bradna girl, baptized "Olympe" because she was born between the matinee

and evening shows at the Olympic Theatre in Paris on August 12th, 17 years ago.

"Eighteen months after I was born," she says, "I was appearing with Papa and Mama on the stage in an act called 'The Bradna Family.' My parents were world-famous bareback riders—circus people—and so were grandfather and grandmother. My uncle, Fred Bradna, is what you call the 'ring-master' of Ringling Brothers—Barnum and Bailey Circus and he runs all the acts. His wife has had an equestrienne act in the show for nearly thirty years. Think of that! Papa and Mama's act was equestrienne, too, for a long, long time, but when I arrived hard times had come and it cost too much to feed the horses, so they had dogs."

In all probability Olympe, as part of "The Bradna Family," would be playing the vaudeville and variety theatres of Europe to this day save for the fact that when she was six the dogs caught distemper and died. To keep the act going and so keep from starving to death was the immediate problem and Papa Bradna solved it by teaching Olympe to dance.

"It was fun," says Olympe, "and I loved it, so we kept on trouping. People liked to see me, I think. Anyway, we moved from one city to another. Papa taught me acrobatic dancing, too, and he must have been a very good teacher because when I was twelve I joined the Folies Bergere in Paris for a year's engagement. Think of that!"

We did think of that, and we thought about the agent who saw her dancing there; and how he signed her for a six months' engagement at the Chicago World's Fair not knowing then that his little client was headed for Hollywood where she was to blossom into overnight stardom. We thought and wondered what little Olympe would have thought and wondered if she had known, too.

"After the World's Fair engagement I went into the French Casino in New York and did a solo number called 'The Sailor Girl of France.' Oscar Serlin, who was the Paramount talent scout at that time, saw me dance, gave me a screen test, and signed me to a studio contract as a dancer to do a specialty number. Think of that!"

We did think of that. We thought, too, of her first week in Hollywood when she proved to the utter amazement of the Paramount officials that she could act even better than she could dance, and of her subsequent training in the studio's dramatic school.

"I was just as surprised as my teachers to find that I could act," she smiles. "I mean, even a little. Nobody fooled me, though, by the nice things they said about me. I knew there was lots to learn before I would ever appear in a picture."

THAT was where she got fooled. When *Souls At Sea* was about ready for the sound stages, Director Henry Hathaway tested Olympe for a small bit in the picture. A very, very small bit, but he was so impressed when he saw the test that he immediately cast her in the role of *Babsie* which was a very "fat" role for a beginning. George Raft, already cast to share acting honors with Gary Cooper in the film, got a peek at the test and he, too, was deeply impressed. Together, Hathaway and Raft hot-footed it to the front office, and after a hard battle finally convinced the bosses that Olympe would do much better for the role than a name star. And she did. Decidedly.

So far as vital statistics go—if you're interested—Olympe is 5 feet, 3 inches tall in her bare feet, and weighs 115 pounds. She has dark hair and dark brown eyes—and the prettiest smile you ever looked at. The only sweetheart she's ever had is Gene Raymond—but that doesn't count since it's a celluloid romance.

lovely
MARY ASTOR
featured in the
Columbia picture
"There's Always
A Woman"



REST YOUR EYES

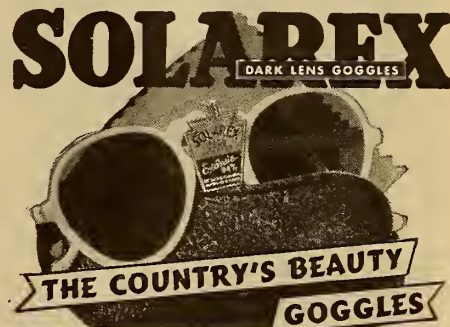
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Enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it" ☐ Cream ☐ Stick.
Check Shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEx

FOOT
PLASTER



The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 83]

... There was only one thing wrong with wife's birthday gift. It was a 50-cycle affair, and the current at the Donlevy home is on 60 cycles. So the clock gained about twelve minutes per hour—and because they didn't know it, the alarm went off at 4 a. m. the day after Brian's birthday! ... Next time, Brian hopes, Mari'll bake him a cake, instead.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Dick Purcell and Vicki Lester—
There's a romantic attention-arrester!

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Valentine Brockner and Michael Whalen—
Seems that SHE'S his latest failin'.

HOLLYWOULD like to know if:
Douglas MacLean and Barbara Baron-
dessa are mrandmrs?

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman,
Cupid's got them plenty squirming.

HERE'S a tip: Wayne Morris, that good-looking heart-thumper to all the gals and particularly to Priscilla Lane, is dicker-ing with comedian Hugh Herbert to buy Hugh's San Fernando Valley ranch—you know, the one where Hugh discovered the "woo-woo-water spring?" Heaven knows what Wayne'd want with a big place like that... unless, maybe, he and Priscilla aren't taking very seriously that crack of theirs about love must wait on careers.

HOLLYWOOD scene: Just before she shoved off from Hollywood, Gloria Swanson gave a swellish party. Among the guests, who were Hollywood's creme-de-la-social-creme, were BOTH Mary Pickford (the ex-Mrs. Doug Fairbanks) and Lady Sylvia Ashley (the current Mrs. Doug Fairbanks). ... Nobody bothered to introduce them. ... Everybody watched them, wondered what would happen. ... This happened: Mary stepped over to Lady Sylvia, held out her hand, smiled, and said: "I think we ought to know each other." ... Now they do.

DON'T be surprised if Marsha Hunt is Mrs. Jerry Hopper, next time you hear about her.

GIGGLE-of-the-MONTH in Hollywood is that certain wisecracker's remark, on learning that Stepin and Mrs. Fetchit are going to have a blessed event: "They ought to name it 'Let-someoneelse Fetchit,'" said the wisecracker.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Please Pass The Ketchup!

[Continued from page 81]

kinds of weather. He could stand Central Park for one night. He walked up to the Park and picked himself a lodging. It was a grassy dell with young, newly-budded trees. He had no trouble whatsoever finding sleep, with newspapers for a coverlet. He was awakened, near dawn, by rain pelting his face. It was a Spring downpour. "And, God, did I feel sorry for myself! Friendless, broke, in a strange country, and getting rained on, to boot. Then it struck me funny. I propped my chin up again."

For three months, he slept in Central Park. Literally. "And I wasn't too unhappy about it. When it rained, it was a bit awkward. I had to stay up until all hours, under the biggest tree I could find. But after the rain stopped there were some big smooth rocks I knew about, that dried off almost immediately. Ordinary nights, I slept in the glade. I had an English suit of a roughish material that would fall into its normal folds, more or less, when I shook myself. It never looked too bad."

"How did I manage to eat? By courtesy of the automats. I had no money. I would go into an automat—where, I had discovered, people bought two rolls for a nickel, but didn't always eat two. I'd go around scavenging, beating the bus-boys to three or four discarded buns. Then I'd get a cup of hot water which was free. I'd pour a dose of ketchup into the hot water—it made a passable soup—and spread the rolls with more ketchup. Of course I belched for hours on end afterward—he raised his eyebrows with mock-horror at the memory—"but the food took away the pangs of hunger."

He kept making the rounds of theatres and agencies. He acquired no work, but did acquire a few new acquaintances. One of them was Austin Strong, author of *Seventh Heaven*. One evening Strong remarked that sometime he'd like to meet someone who had been on the retreat from Mons, had seen the taxicabs serving as lorries. Mowbray said, "You've met him." He started telling Strong about it. That led to other reminiscences. Strong paid him the compliment of listening for two hours. Then said: "You should write your autobiography. You've had an incredibly interesting life."

AGAIN he went the weary rounds of the theatrical agencies. Finally, he landed a job—in a stock company, in Boston. After thirteen months there, he had enough money saved for a holiday in England. After two more years in Boston, he had enough money saved to put on a play he had written, entitled *Dinner is Served*.

"I wrote it in five consecutive nights. It lasted three consecutive nights. I played the lead—which probably explains everything. The lead was a henpecked husband who didn't know what it was all about. I didn't look the part. Or—did I?"

The frustrated playwright-producer had to go back to acting. Two years later, in 1928, he was with a company playing the principal cities of Canada. The backer lost his all in a private stock-market crash. Stranded in Canada, Mowbray went back into flying, and helped establish the first Canadian airplane wireless. A document hanging in his study today certifies that he is an operator of telegraphy in Canada.

"Getting that certificate was the greatest

performance I ever gave, or ever will give. When the examiner heard I hadn't looked at a code since the War, he said we'd better call the whole thing off for a couple of weeks. 'It's got to be now or never,' I said. 'Give me fifteen minutes to brush up.' After fifteen minutes, I took the test—and passed."

He was flying in Canada in November, 1928, when the Theatre Guild wired him an offer to join their road company of *The Doctor's Dilemma* in Toledo, Ohio. He had enough money to wire an acceptance, but not enough to get to Toledo. Neither had any of his pals. So he borrowed a plane and flew, a pal riding along to take the plane back to Toronto. Alan's only clothes were in a suitcase tossed in the back of the fuselage. He didn't have time—or cash—to get them pressed before his first performance. The next morning, critics praised the Mowbray acting, but complained that the Mowbray clothes looked as if they had just been slept in.

The Theatre Guild also liked the Mowbray acting, which explains why, still later, he was in the road company of *Candlelight* that penetrated to the West Coast. When the company left for home, he stayed—on a gamble. He directed three stage productions, the last of which was *Porgy*. His American friends were a bit dubious about an Englishman directing a drama of the Deep South. As a matter of fact, the all-Negro cast didn't know how to shoot craps properly (something they had to do in the play) until Mowbray showed them how.

THEN the movies got him. That was seven years—and seventy pictures—ago . . . He started as *George Washington* in the George Arliss picture, *Alexander Hamilton*. After that, for four years, he played nothing but screen heavies. "Then"—to hear Mowbray tell it—"they took one of my 'heavy' performances the wrong way. So I had to become a comedian."

Working in the same cast with Mowbray is apt to be a devastating experience. Ask Marlene Dietrich. The first scene he ever made with Marlene, she forgot her lines. Mowbray turned to the director and asked, severely, "Is it too late to replace this German broad?" Even Dietrich laughed.

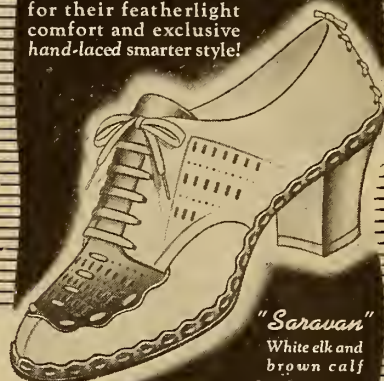
His wife is the former Lorraine Carpenter, late of the Chicago Junior League. They met in Chicago when he was on his way to the Coast the first time—which lets Alan have his quip about their having had "a machine-gun wedding." It was practically love at first sight. And as soon as they decided it *was* love, they married. "People in love have to get married in a hurry," he opines, "or pretty soon they'll start laughing at themselves and lovers' silly ways, and then they'll never get married."

They have two children—Patricia, six and a half, and Alan, Jr., three. Their nicknames are "P. M." and "A. M." Alan wanted to name the boy Michael; he liked the sound of "Michael Mowbray." But his wife said that it would never do for an Englishman to have a Pat and Mike in the family. Patricia, Alan, Sr. glowingly admits, is "a very hard package to handle." she has "a terrific personality, and a rampant sense of humor." After a recent vacation East, he returned home to find her with a heavy cold. He asked why it hadn't been nipped in its early stages. It seemed that they had tried to make Patricia go to bed. But, somehow, everybody else went to bed, instead.

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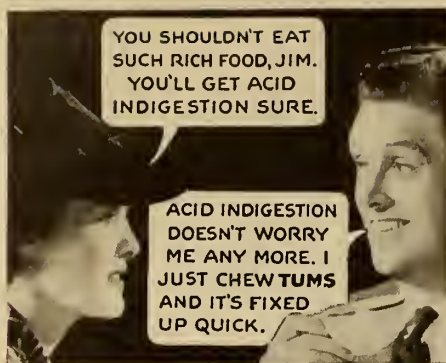


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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Rudy . . . Romance and Rhap-so-dies!

[Continued from page 79]

work is like play anyway. It's like paying a baby to eat candy. I've had more fun in Hollywood this time than I've ever had before. Only thing I object to is getting up at the crack of dawn after I've been used to working most of the night. I never have caught up with the sleep I lost at Yale. . . ."

It was in 1927 that a youth by the name of Hubert Prior Vallee graduated from old *Eli cum laude*—and with a full-fledged orchestra, six saxophones and a bank account. A former classmate of his told me not long ago that Rudy was so busy working all night and studying all day that he used to fall asleep at the drop of a hat.

"I LOVE to work," admitted Rudy. "I'm happiest on my broadcast. For eight years we have been on this program and I haven't had what you'd call a real vacation—except a few days up at my camp in Maine. My life revolves around those Thursdays."

"I've had only one formula for success: 'Don't go in for grandstand play, don't mug for the audience. Use good English. And put everything you've got into your work.' I don't believe in luck."

Which is the secret of why this Glamor Man has lasted a decade, of why he goes on and on.

He's the greatest camera fiend in the country. What's more he knows how to use them from every angle, and all the tricks of the trade. It won't be by accident if Rudy does become an outstanding Hollywood producer! Already he has the name of being the greatest Talent Scout in America. I hadn't realized that until I went over to the set of *Goldiggers* with him and started talking to the "Schnicklefritzes." They are that mad little band he found in a St. Paul night-club and introduced over his own program. Then he persuaded Warner Brothers to put them in his picture. And are they walloping wonders!

IT WAS the grand finale, the last scene. A carnival in a Parisian street. We were watching Rudy and Rosemary Lane do their stuff in front of the camera when Fred Fischer, chief Schnicklefritzer, said with fervor, "That's 'Columbus' Vallee over there. D'you know how many he has discovered and given a chance. I guess they would reach from here to New York. There's Bob Burns, for example, and Rubinoff, Kate Smith, Burns and Allen, Dorothy Lamour, Alice Faye. . . . And Frances Langford could tell you how he drilled her in 'mike' technique. Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen were not getting anywhere until he found them. And he picked up Schnicklefritzers out of the air so to speak. He's always listening to hick stations, ready to give some new voice or personality a chance. . . ."

Rudy Vallee. Business man, band leader, actor, impresario—discoverer. . . . Outside the gates the studio driver was waiting to take me back. He cocked an inquiring eye. "You win," I said. "He's a real guy!"

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Not a Problem Child

[Continued from page 73]

"yep. I was a nasty little girl."
"How seriously," I said, feeling pretty spunky, "do you take motherhood?"
"I have no sense of possession about the baby, if that's what you mean," said Maggie. "I love babies. I love all babies. Do I want others? Heavens, yes! But I have no particular sense of possession about Brooke—"

"Nice name," I said, "awfully nice—"
Margaret looked rather pleased. She said, "we planned to name the baby Brooke, boy or girl. And we wanted a girl, preferred a girl to a boy, I mean. Especially Leland."

"I'm not a fussy mother. I give the baby things off the floor to play with, have no phobias about germs. I don't wash my hands before I touch her, I let her fall off the bed and don't rush for the doctor."

"WE'VE bought our home, you know. Signifies quite a change in me. I always hated possessions of any kind, never owned a house before."

I said, "Clothes? Are they important to you?"

"Nope," said Margaret, "not costumes. I like casual clothes, slacks, sweaters, hats I can sit on."

"Not extravagant, then," I surmised, with penetration.

"In one or two silly ways," said Maggie, "hats. I buy dozens of hats, the kinds I can sit on, as I said. I buy them, never wear them. I buy junk, too, in antique shops and places. Mostly old silver things, most of them with initials not mine. I love to eat, too. Mad about eating. Love food and love it highly seasoned. The more I eat the thinner I get. Can't put on a pound, even lost weight when the baby was coming."

"Social?" I asked—

"Not very. Hate large parties. Never go to night-clubs. We like to have a few people in now and then. I admire writers, would like to be a writer. And we play games. I'm mad about games, word games."

"Sentimental?" I suggested, hopefully...
"Very," said Margaret, "but way down deep where you couldn't recognize it. Not the Mother's Day Telegram kind of sentiment. No pressed flowers in my diary..."

"Would you," I said, "like to play *Scarlett O'Hara*? So many, many people, my editor among them, nominate you for their choice."

"No," said Margaret decisively—everything she says, she says decisively, "no, I would not. I played a somewhat similar character in a somewhat similar play, *So Red The Rose*. The story was not quite the same, not so good as *Gone with the Wind*, of course, but it was laid in the same period and the character was similar to *Scarlett's* and I *reeked*. No, I should not like to play *Scarlett*—"

Mr. Borzage blew his bugle. I rose to go... Maggie, being brung up a lady, repressed a sigh of relief... The Three Comrades came, abreast, to escort the lady back to the set.

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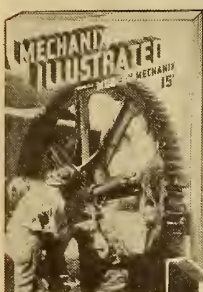


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The Private Life of Don Ameche

[Continued from page 37]

paratively little is known about the habits, foibles, enthusiasms, the little personality details, that go to make up the character of this newest screen socko. He will tell you that this is the most intimate and gruelling chat he has had with any writer.

DON is a good-looking lad, but no male beauty. You'll be surprised to find him so young. He has been the No. 1 dramatic star of the air for six or seven years, and his popularity on the screen is increasing by leaps and bounds, but his mature, resonant voice is deceiving, and he is only 28. He has a fair complexion, thick, dark-brown hair, always carefully combed, and brown eyes, the warm, human glints of which the camera has never quite captured. Otherwise, he looks exactly like his screen self. An American dynamo of vivid Latinty.

His father was an Italian immigrant. He married an American girl of German-Irish-Scotch descent. "I look more like my mother," Don said, "except that I have brown eyes like my father. My mother has blue eyes. But all my brothers and sisters are brown-eyed like me." Don is the second of eight children, and the oldest boy. That explains a great deal about his personality. When you have eight healthy kids in a family, you can be sure they are of sound stock, and in such a rough-house, with its fights and large joys, grow sturdy, happy characters. And as the oldest boy, Don developed from the very beginning a sense of responsibility which is one of his admirable traits.

"Tell me about your brothers and sisters," I asked him.

"My brother Louis is in Hollywood, and drives a truck." Significant for the Ameche clan. "He is a swell guy. We are pals. He is in the house all the time. Jim is a radio star in his own right. Bert is studying architecture in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. He is in his third year. My sister, Betty, lives in our home town, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Mary Jane and Anne are in a convent at Anaheim, Calif., and Catherine lives with my father and mother, close by us in San Fernando Valley." In a house Don built for them, where Papa Ameche—or rather Amici—can feel himself back in the sunny hills and gardens of Italy.

NOW Don is the kind of fellow you expect to have a nickname. Extremely friendly and untouched by the hoity-toity manners of glamor venders, he is sure to call you by your first name shortly after he meets you. But not even his blonde wife, Honore, has a nickname for him. "She calls me Dom, and not Don," he said. His real name is Dominic, which, quite inevitably, changed to Don.

When he talks about his wife, his eyes shine with tender lights. Young heart-throbs like Don Ameche, the majority of the Hollywood experts in movie mythology believe, should hide their wives from the public. But this rebel has demonstrated conclusively that a romantic guy can have a family and career in the fillums at the same time, for in the end it's performance and the human quality that counts.

"Whv should I hide my family from the public?" he said. "They all know I'm married and have two youngsters. I'm proud of my family, it means everything to me. I don't believe in cashing in on false illusions. I have nothing to hide from the public. I

can understand that in the days of the silent screen the stars were primarily romantic personalities, whether they could act or not did not matter. But now all that has been changed, and the modern public doesn't confuse the stars with the roles they play on the screen. I read my fan mail, and I know."

Don met Honore in Dubuque, Iowa, while attending Columbia College there. One of his professors, the Rev. Maurice S. Sheehy, D.D., now on the faculty of the Catholic University, introduced them. But it was several years later that that early acquaintance exploded into love, and Father Sheehy performed the marriage ceremony.

"SHE is a peculiar girl," he exclaimed. "She has almost completely submerged her own life to make it fit into mine. She is really a remarkable woman. (I am quoting Don verbatim.) Nothing seems to be too much for her. She is often in pain. Our second boy, Ronny, was born by a Caesarian operation. But she is always full of life and has a grand sense of humor. She has everything and is everything that I would want in a woman. I'm very lucky to have a wife like her."

"Has she influenced your career?"

"She certainly has! Honore is very level-headed, always right down to earth. I'm different. I fly to the clouds. She pulls me down and puts me in my right place. She criticizes my work, both as m. c. on the Chase and Sanborn program, and in pictures, very constructively. She looks on me as a kid. She says I haven't changed a speck since she first met me. To tell the truth, both of us are kids." She likes to watch him work, but so far has seen him in action only twice. "Or maybe three times. She gets a tremendous thrill visiting a set, but keeps away when I'm working."

Don always studies his lines on the set, and never at home. "I have a pretty good memory. If I get the sense, I don't try to remember my lines word by word. I'm liable to change them when I get excited." Which has a good deal to do with the natural, spontaneous flow of his delivery. Don has a double source of income, screen and radio, and the latter pays him as much as the former. He is saving for a rainy day, and is well insured. His wife and two sons, Donny and Ronny, aged respectively 4 and 2, are in no danger of finding the wolf at their door.

He misses his children. "I see them so very little. I've got to be here at 8 in the morning, and I don't go home until 7. On Friday and Saturday nights I am at the NBC studios, rehearsing my program, and I spend my Sunday afternoons and evenings there too." He has no special plans for them. "I want them to grow naturally and just be themselves. I would want them to be good Christians, true to the religion, and well drilled in the solid fundamentals of life. I hope they'll have a sense of humor."

DON is building a new house. He rents his present love-nest in the Valley. It's a Spanish-type building, with patio, and a roof of red tiles, embowered in lush, tropic greenery. There are two nurse-maids, one for each child, and a cook, but much of the housework is done by Honore, who is a dietician and expert in home economics. "We dine out all the time," he said. For most Americans dinner is a grim, hurried business. But expansive souls, like Don's, demand leisure and festivity at dinner-time. He likes crowds, music, gaiety. He will eat anything, but is partial to Italian cooking. "When you are really hungry, there is nothing like a big plate of spaghetti and meat balls," he asserted.

He drives a coupe, and so does his wife, and in addition they have a big car. He is a neat dresser. You'll generally see him in informal sport clothes during the day, but at nights, when he isn't working, he is often in formal attire. His wardrobe contains 20 suits. Studios supply only the period costumes of the men, and actors have to buy the clothes they wear in pictures, so 20 suits isn't too many. In his personal toilette, his main trouble is his thick hair. "It grows so fast I have to get a haircut every five or six days, or I'll look like a jobless musician."

His hobbies? "I have no hobbies. I like to play poker, though." He smiled. In poker, he is a dangerous foe. "I keep myself in condition by playing golf, tennis, swimming and horseback riding. At nights I read myself to sleep. When I was a boy I read a lot of books, hundreds of them. But now I have no time to read anything except newspapers and magazines." His pet aversion is insincerity. "That's one thing I can't stand." The gang he runs around with includes Lum, of Lum and Abner, who is a neighbor, his agent, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, George Burns and Gracie Allen. His closest friend in pictures is Tyrone Power. But his friends really are legion. Don is one of those guys everybody likes.

He considers Father Sheehy and Bill Troutman, dramatic instructor, formerly of the University of Wisconsin, where Don shone in college plays, and now of Kansas State College, as the two men who have influenced him most. Speaking in his racy vernacular, he paid a tribute to his former dramatic coach which would be unjust not to quote. "That guy is a marvelous producer, great fundamentalist, with a down-to-earth technique. He taught me pretty nearly everything I know about acting. And he is a fine man. Kansas State is a wonderful school, he likes it down there." As if I didn't know Kansas State. "Shake hands," I said, "it's my alma mammy." The "Cow College" in Kaw Valley is the greatest college in the world. I'd like to meet the guy who says it isn't.

I HELD to Don my reportorial mirror. "Just look into it and give us the low-down on yourself," I asked him. "Tell us honestly about your good and bad points. No false modesty permitted." It's a stock question in my repertory as interviewer.

"Well. . . ." He scratched his ear. "I'm a little too fast in making decisions. I've a very bad habit, which I try to curb, of making snap judgments. And I think I have a tendency to be selfish." I can hear loud protests. "Another shortcoming of mine, which Honore, I'm sure, will never be able to correct, is my habit of throwing towels under the washbowl. I lived so long in hotels that I got the habit of doing that. As for my good points. I think I'm a hard worker. Working in pictures and acting as m. c. in a big one-hour program on the air at the same time is quite a responsibility. I try to do the best I can, give all I have to the task on hand."

He fell to thinking for a moment, drummed the breakfast table of his trailer with his fingers. "I study my business in all its angles. I don't want to stop learning and get in a rut. There is always a better way of doing things. I never stop studying people. Every character I've played is based on some individual I've known. I watch the reactions of people, their mannerisms, the modulations of their voice."

"I'm crazy about this business," he went on. "I love it. I have only one ambition: to continue doing what I've been doing on the screen and radio. To me, it's a real vocation, a noble job. Human beings have needed entertainment since the beginning of time."



JOAN PERRY
Columbia Pictures

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Color of your hair?



Ray Milland, *Her Jungle Love*, whispers tenderly to Dorothy "Sarong" Lamour

Jezebel—AAA½—Bette Davis gives one of the most brilliant performances of her already brilliant career as *Jezebel* in a romance drama of the South before the Civil War. And she is ably assisted by the talents of Henry Fonda and George Brent who play the men in her life. In addition to the dramatic value there is historical value—the Abolitionist movement in the North the preparations for defense in the South. The locale is New Orleans. This will stir you.—*Warners*.

The First Hundred Years—AAA—This has all the ingredients of a good film—an excellent cast and production and an interesting natural story. Virginia Bruce married to Robert Montgomery discovers a woman can't hold her job and her husband, too. It's real and likeable and has a healthy injection of breezy comedy. Assisting are Warren William, Binnie Barnes and Alan Dinehart, among others.—*M-G-M*.

Sally, Irene and Mary—AAA—A lively musical with swell gags, delightful music and an excellent cast. Alice Faye and Tony Martin do the vocals and with Fred Allen, Jimmy Durante, Gregory Ratoff and Joan Davis handling the laughs there's hardly a moment in which to relax your facial muscles. And there's also Marjorie Weaver, Louise Hovick and J. Edward Bromberg, to mention a few.—*20th Century-Fox*.

Hawaii Calls—AAA—If you've had an urge to visit Hawaii you're going to have to use an awful lot of restraint to keep from packing up and taking the next boat to this romantic isle. If you haven't, you'll be tempted for *Hawaii Calls* seems to have captured the spell of the island. However, this is but one reason to see it, the other is that it's an entertaining comedy drama with music and Bobby Breen at his best. There's also Ned Sparks who is a riot as a wisecracking guitar player.—*RKO*.

Her Jungle Love—AA½—Ray Milland and Lynn Overman flying an Indo-Malayan Transport, crash, landing on an apparently deserted island. But, they discover and are discovered by Dorothy Lamour who is still wearing her sarong. Ray Milland becomes *Her Jungle Love* and after fighting fierce natives, crocodiles, etc., they are saved by the opportune arrival of a yacht bearing Milland's fiancée. This doesn't sound happy but the fillums take care of that and you are assured your happy ending. If we had our way, we'd star Jiggs, a chimpanzee, for his human efforts.—*Paramount*.

Mr. Moto's Gamble—AA½—Fox's "Mr. Moto" series is like wine, it improves with age. For this, the fourth of its kind, is easily the tops. It is well-written, well-played and well-directed. Here,

The Joy Of Living

MOVIE STORY Magazine makes it possible for you to enjoy this thrilling picture starring Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., weeks before it comes to your local theatre.

A preview in the form of a vividly real, full length story of the film, generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself, is presented—along with story versions of all the other new screen hits—in the June issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine.

MOVIE STORY costs only ten cents. It's the only magazine on the market that offers a complete all-hit preview program at this price.

Better hurry to your nearest newsstand and get your June MOVIE STORY now.

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT;

AA—FAIR;

AAA—GOOD

A—MEDIOCRE

Mr. Moto runs a class for crime detection and prevention and finds himself involved in a series of prize-ring killings. Peter Lorre, Keye Luke, Dick Baldwin, Lynn Bari and Maxie Rosenbloom commit themselves favorably. It's a chance for you to play whodunit.—*20th Century-Fox*.

Maid's Night Out—AA½—Joan Fontaine and Allan Lane, promising youngsters, give their all to this comedy romance and the result is an hour of fun and laughter. The dialogue is amusing, the gags funny and the mounting handsome. A society girl falls in love with the milkman and the milkman falls in love with her but believes she's a servant girl. But, it all ends happily when they discover that girl isn't servant girl and boy isn't milkman.—*RKO*.

Blondes at Work—AA½—You probably have seen one or more of this series and if you have liked them, you'll like this, too. Glenda Farrell continues as *Torchy*, the smartie reporter, and Barton MacLane is seen again as her detective boy friend. There's another murder, but this time MacLane unravels the mystery while Glenda is spending her time in jail for tampering with the jury. It has snap.—*Warners*.

Dangerous to Know—AA½—If your taste runs to thrillers, here is an adaptation of an Edgar Wallace story that has the stuff you're looking for. Akim Tamiroff does a splendid job of characterization as a fendish racketeering political boss and Gail Patrick and Anna May Wong, the ladies in his life, lend able assistance. There's also Lloyd Nolan and Harvey Stephens. We liked the surprise ending.—*Paramount*.

Change of Heart—AA½—You've heard of bridge widows and golf widows but here's one we bet you haven't heard of—a golf widower. He's Michael Whalen. And his spouse, in the picture of course, is the attractive Gloria Stuart, a lady champ golfer who teams up with Lyle Talbot and wins a tournament and her husband's displeasure. It's an amusing love triangle and will appeal particularly to golf addicts.—*20th Century-Fox*.

The Crime of Dr. Hallet—AA½—This isn't a crime picture in the accepted sense but a drama of Sumatra where scientists are working on a red fever serum. It is interestingly developed and enacted by Ralph Bellamy, John King, Josephine Hutchinson, William Gargan and Barbara Read. It isn't as heavy as it sounds for there's comedy relief and it is played by William Gargan for all it's worth.—*Universal*.

Condemned Women—AA½—Sally Eilers, Lee Patrick, Anne Shirley and Louis Hayward deliver convincing performances in this melodrama of life in a women's prison. It has all the elements of a prison story—disillusion, drabness, the "break"



Bobby Breen and Ned Sparks go native with ukes and leis for *Hawaii Calls*

and a romantic twist. If you like reality in reels this will satisfy.—*RKO*.

Bulldog Drummond's Peril—AA½—Here's another *Bulldog Drummond* with the cast that has become familiar with this series—John Barrymore, John Howard and Louise Campbell. It's suspenseful and will please as much as its predecessors. This one deals with diamond dealers. Both Johns and Louise Campbell do well by their parts.—*Paramount*.

Everybody's Doing It—AA½—Doing what? Why puzzle-solving. So if you can do it why can't the movies. They have and it makes a novel theme for a movie. Of course, they don't have you solving puzzles on the screen, but it serves for introducing a new racket to film-goers. That is the racketeering of the solutions. Within all this Preston Foster and Sally Eilers try to solve their own personal problems. It's a cute idea.—*RKO*.

Law of the Underworld—AA½—This is somewhat different from the usual cops and robbers story for the principals in this melodrama are not gangsters but the victims of same. It's an interesting story with an interesting cast—Anne Shirley, Richard Bond, Chester Morris, Walter Abel, Eduardo Ciannelli and Lee Patrick.—*RKO*.

Rawhide—AA—This is an outdoor film built particularly for the talents and personality of Lou Gehrig. Lou is not an actor, but he can get along on his own personality. As Smith Ballew is actually given top billing in this, it's a western. But, where does Lou fit in? Well, they get around that by having Lou, a big time ball player, quit the diamond so that he can have peace and quiet on a ranch. Evalyn Knapp supplies the romance for Ballew. If you like action, there's plenty of it.—*20th Century-Fox*.

Sudden Bill Dorn—AA—A western melodrama with Buck Jones, Noel Francis, Evelyn Brent and Frank McGlynn, Sr. Both Buck Jones and Noel Francis are victims of a scoundrel who has swindled them out of their ranches. They meet and join on a hunt for this man. They catch up with him and Cupid catches up with them.—*Universal*.

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*—Walt Disney's first full length feature—and it's a masterpiece. As one critic said it's the ten best pictures of the year... *In Old Chicago*—With Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche and Alice Brady. Plenty of romance, conflict and intrigue, but it's the fire which makes the picture such a spectacular, outstanding achievement... *The Goldwyn Follies*—If you want to commit a folly don't see *Goldwyn Follies*. It has everything and everyone—Adolphe Menjou, The Ritz Brothers, Zorina, Kenny Baker, Andrea Leeds, Helen Jepson, Phil Baker, Ella Logan, the American Ballet, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy and so forth and so on... *Of Human Hearts*—You will be deeply stirred by this drama based on Honore Morrow's *Benefits Forged*, a story about a frontier family on the Ohio during the Civil War. With James Stewart, Walter Huston and Beulah Bondi... *The Adventures of Marco Polo*—This has all the elements of entertainment, plus a splendid cast—Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, Basil Rathbone, Ernest Truex, George Barbier, Binnie Barnes, Alan Hale and H. B. Warner.



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Motion Picture

A vintage magazine cover for 'Motion Picture' featuring a woman in a red dress sitting on a stone wall. The background is a sunset or sunrise scene with a cloudy sky. The woman is smiling and looking towards the camera. The magazine title 'Motion Picture' is at the top in large, stylized letters. A green triangle on the left contains the text 'MOTION PICTURE 10¢'. The issue date 'July' and the number '14934' are on the right. The name 'Priscilla Lane' is printed near the bottom right. At the bottom left, there is a headline about Ginger Rogers, Joan Bennett, and John Barrymore.

FAWCETT PUBLICATION

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

July
N.C.

14934

Priscilla
Lane

Headline Stories
on Ginger Rogers,
Joan Bennett and
John Barrymore

A NORTH WOODS VACATION

Treat yourself to a delightful, economical vacation among the lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota at "America's most complete summer resort." Make new friends and become one of the thousands who call Breezy Point Lodge their "vacation home."

Breezy Point Lodge is on the shores of Big Pelican Lake, 120 miles from Duluth, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. Golf on emerald green and watered fairways. Sun yourself on a white sand beach. Ride horseback through stands of pine. Fish for bass, pike, or trout. Dance each evening at dinner. Play billiards, tennis or bowl on Breezy Point's bowling alleys. There is every sport at Breezy, including trap shooting, archery, etc.

There is a mammoth three-story hotel of gigantic fir logs, plus the convenience of beauty shop, tailoring service, and all the niceties that will make your vacation complete. Half a hundred log cabins, each with several rooms, complete with fireplace, bath, kitchenette, sleeping porch, etc., are available for those who prefer them to rooms in the hotel. Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at \$2 per day, \$5 per day with meals. Golf \$1 week days. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations.



Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins.



FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE

PEQUOT • MINNESOTA

A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending

others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actu-

ally soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM

—Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



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**Movie
CLASSIC**

LAURENCE REID

Editor

Volume LV, No. 6

JULY, 1938

Twenty-seventh Year



JEAN ARTHUR COMES BACK TO THE SCREEN

You who have been wondering what has happened to Jean Arthur will be pleased to know that she has returned to the screen in "You Can't Take It With You," filmed from the stage hit. And Jean will be one of the interesting features in an interview in the August MOTION PICTURE. You will also want to read about Jackie Coogan ... Freddie Bartholomew, Merle Oberon... and a host of other leading favorites. You'll want to keep abreast of the latest news, gossip and candid art of Hollywood. So order your August MOTION PICTURE now from your favorite newsstand.

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AL ALLARD
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**TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!**

Talented Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!

Luise Rainer as **"THE TOY WIFE"**

...who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in..."life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may"...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans' gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O'Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.





THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLE R

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

BY HARRY LANG

ONE year from now, Eleanor Powell will be either (a) a wife, and out of movies, or (b) an ol' fibber, so there ... !! You see, Eleanor has put herself on the spot. The other night, at a party, your See-All-Hear-All-Tell-All Tattler can assure you she said: "I don't know who the man is, but—I'll be married before a year is over. And when I marry, I'm going to retire from the screen."

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Astrid Allwyn and Hubby Robert Kent are going to have a blessed event!

EVEN BET: That by the time you read this, Lily Pons finally WILL be Mrs. Andre Kostelanetz. And take it from Ol' Man Tattler, despite all the rumors, Lee-lee



—Acme

Toby Wing acquires a Miami tan after being piloted to the Florida resort by Dick Merrill. They'll be wed soon



—Wide World

Garbo is still dodging those pesky cameras. Here she is after visiting the Vatican Museum in Rome—with Leopold Stokowski following at a respectful distance. They're now in Sicily—and Garbo still denies there's a marriage or one intended

and Kos-tee are not yet married as this item is written.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Sonja Henie and Richard Greene—As a steady twosome, they're being seen.

EVEN BET: By the time you read this, Vicki Lester (who used to be Dorothy Day when she modeled in New York) will be Mrs. Dick Purcell.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Jimmy Craig and Simone Simon—Sing in chorus: "Ve Vant to be Alone!"

[Continued on page 8]

HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!



"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"



HEAR ... for the first time on the screen—
The SCHNICKELFRITZ BAND

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"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger
in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter"
"I Wanna Go Back to Bali"



Starring

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ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT

ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON

MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

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From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics

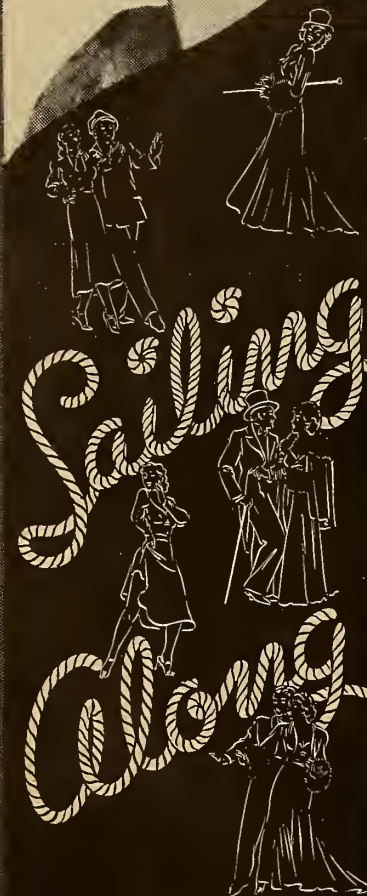
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MATTHEWS



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**ROLAND YOUNG
JACK WHITING
BARRY MACKAY**

Directed by SONNIE HALE • Music & Lyrics by
ARTHUR JOHNSTON and MAURICE SIGLER

A  Production

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 6]



These Hollywood beauties go native below the Rio Grande. But it's all make-believe as the girls will show you in *Tropic Holiday*—a musical of Mexico



A Chinese version of the shag is executed by Helene Moler and Robert Cummings who Hop-See in *College Swing*

SEQUEL to that tip your O' Tattler passed on last month, about Charlie Chaplin being interested in that pretty red-headed little ingenue at Carmel-by-the-Sea, is equally interesting. . . . Seems that the red-head's boy friend, having heard that Chaplin or somebody purporting to be acting for Charlie, was dangling a Hollywood offer before her, wanted to know just exactly

what the offer was. So, without any beating around the bush, he wrote a letter to Charlie and asked what was what. . . . Back, post-haste, came a letter from Charlie. In his own handwriting. The letter said that Charlie had not made the girl any contract offer of any kind, shape, form, description. However, if she wanted to come to Hollywood, he'd do what he could to help her. . . . P. S.—She's NOT going to Hollywood.

INCIDENTALLY, the status of the Chaplin-Goddard romance or whatever-it-is is still up in the air. Hollywood expects anything—ANYTHING. . . . So Hollywood'll probably get anything. . . .

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Addison Randall and Louise Brooks—
I bet he wonders if she also cooks!

NOT talkers, but *do*-ers are Frances Farmer and hubby Lief Erickson. While so many Hollywood biggies sob out loud about the plight of the poor little Spanish war-orphans, they don't do anything else—except, maybe, dish out a little cash now and then to some war-relief fund. . . . But Frances and her hubby, instead of weeping for the orphans, *did* something about it. They've actually adopted a little Spanish war orphan—will bring it up in America, in their home. . . . And don't be surprised if their example leads a lot of other Hollywoodsters into doing something of the sort, too.

[Continued on page 10]

NEW STARLIGHT FOR HOLLYWOOD

The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARRIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty... charm of performance... has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe... The star of the sensational MAYERLING... which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DOUGLAS
DARRIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA HELEN LOUIS
AUER BRODERICK HAYWARD

Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson

Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS

Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, JR.



HELEN BRODERICK



MISCHA AUER

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

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Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

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Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (*This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills all germs at contact.*)
2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (*This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*)
3. Rinse very thoroughly. (*Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.*)
4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (*This relieves dryness.*)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

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Get this measuring glass at no extra charge with 14 ounce Zonite. Read package folder for details

ZONITE is 9.3 Times More Active
than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 8]



In the cast of the playlet, *One Way Passage*, on the Gruen radio program, Owen Crump, Ronald Reagan, Gloria Dickson, Dick Foran, Henry O'Neil



Sandwiched between Patricia Ellis and Dorothy Lamour is Martha Raye and cute figure, who partied at Victor Hugo

WON'T be long before you'll be reading all sorts of gossip about Merle Oberon being engaged to David Niven or Brian Aherne or the Ritz Brothers or Freddie Bartholomew or almost anybody at all. She'll soon be back to make movies for Sammy Goldwyn, and when Sammy Gold-

Dorothy Howe, Paramount starlet, gives kidlet Billy Lee a merry spin on the ice at the *College Swing* skating party

wyn's press-agents get busy, Merle simply isn't safe! . . . Latest reports from England had Merle out-stepping with golf star Robert Sweeney, an American-Britisher.

EVEN BET:—that Jon Hall, before long, will deliver his heart, encased in the lovelly bohody of his, to Frances Langford, for life, via the middle-aisle route. It's the warmest romance in Hollywood right now, and Frances doesn't deny that wedding bells may ring.

[Continued on page 12]



A Bride Now...

will she keep
Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop — rob **YOU** of love"

**Claudette
Colbert**

LOVELY SKIN WINS
ROMANCE. SO WHY
TAKE CHANCES
WITH UNATTRACTIVE
COSMETIC SKIN

COSMETIC SKIN
DEVELOPS WHEN PORES
ARE CHOKED WITH
DUST, DIRT AND
STALE COSMETICS.
LUX TOILET SOAP'S
ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS
AGAINST THIS DANGER

I ALWAYS
REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S THE SAFE, EASY
WAY TO KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 10]



*The Summer Nail
Shade Men Admire*

**You'll find a
dash of Magic
in CABAÑA!**

MAKE your summer nails lovely with CABAÑA, the color *men* admire. Here is a flattering, tawny red . . . fresh, gay and stimulating . . . a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABAÑA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABAÑA suits the scene . . . it makes moonlight dances forever memorable . . . it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair . . . the sunny undertone of your complexion . . . the glamour of your summer self. Get CABAÑA *today!*

**Glazo Is Ideal
For Summer!**

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier—*clings* to nails.
2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run. Dries quickly.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors — CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABAÑA — at all drug counters. Extra large size, only **25¢**



GLAZO
The Smart Manicure



Randy Scott seems to be oblivious to the attractions at his left—and perhaps the conversation offers a snappy story. But anyhow, the girls are Dorothy Lamour and Martha Raye—with the latter admiring a posy in Dot's hair. At the Cocoanut Grove



EVEN BET: That by early fall, Mayo Methot will be Mrs. Humphrey Bogart.

BR-R-R-r-r-r-rrrr. . . ! It's certainly cool, these lovely summerish days, isn't it?—or is that just Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel again? Seems that Joan (you know she's Olivia de Havilland's sister, doncha?) and Conrad have reached the cooling stage in that romance of theirs that seemed so incandescent not very long ago. . . In fact, it's gotten so low on the thermometer that Joan's saying "We're just good friends. . . !" Br-r-r-r-r-r.

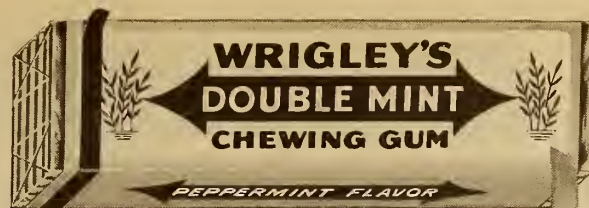
CUPID'S COUPLET:

Curvy Ella Logan and Pianist Jack Golden
Seem to be doing a lotta hand-holdin' . . .

NOT since the Westmore business has Martha Raye been as interested in anybody as she seems to be in Dr. Harry Wiggins. Every day

[Continued on page 14]

Alice Faye and hubby Tony Martin go into a rhumba at the Clover Club. They're expecting a bundle from heaven



A doubly lovely *You* this healthful Double Mint way...

HERE is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look which refreshing *Double Mint gum* adds to your smile and style. And this is more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise... In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely

massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringly, in the most advanced style. *Below left*, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. *Below right*, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Buy several packages today.



S-132



For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart **DOUBLE MINT** dress, designed in **NEW YORK** and made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 9758**. (Sizes 12-20)

You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

Scenes from Walt Disney's
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs



COPYRIGHT 1939
WALT DISNEY
ENTERPRISES

For Parties—look as lovely as Walt Disney's star "**SNOW WHITE**" in this Snow White **DOUBLE MINT** dress made available to you by Double Mint gum in **McCALL Pattern 558**.

You can buy pattern (6-14 yrs.) at local department stores. Or write McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 12]

s'elpme, he calls for her at the studio. Wonder if "Moutha" is thinking of rematrimonying?

EVEN BET: By the time you read this, June Travis and Allan Lane will name the date.

O' MAN TATTLER wonders how this "trial separation" of Fay Wray and Johnny Monk Saunders is going to work out. . . They swear they will live apart for one whole year, to see whether they like it that way or not. If they don't, they'll reconcile. If they do, it's divorce. . . But their friends are whispering that they won't hold out for a year—that they'll be living together again before many more weeks are past.

CUPID'S COUPLET: June Lang and Junior Laemmle—Wonder if she'll join the faemmle?

AND while June Lang and the Laemmle scion step out together, June's ex-hubby, Victor Orsatti, has found another June to help heal his heart. This time, it's June Knight.

ALF VANDERBILT, heaven's gift to lonely femmes, seems to be concentrating on Margaret Lindsay. Oh, the florist bill!!

GALES Who Can't Make Up Their Mind: Rosalind Russell, Ethel Merman. . . With Rosalind, it seems to be a toss-up between George Brent and Producer Dave Lewis. She's been going to lunch with both. . . As for Ethel, it's fifty-fifty between Cesar Romero, that good ol' Hollywood heartbreaker, and Bob Riskin, who doesn't do such a bad job of lady-killing himself, now and then.

[Continued on page 78]



Mary Astor and hubby Manuel Del Campo do a little celebrating of first wedding anniversary at Cocoanut Grove



Also at a table for two at the Cocoanut Grove are Jon Hall and Frances Langford—a romance that's getting serious



The Cocoanut Grove also finds Loretta Young and Bernie Newman as a two-some—don't be alarmed—they're just pals



Comedian Ken Murray seems to have the inside track to Shirley Ross' heart. They're guests here at Edgar Bergen's



**BURLAP
HANDS
TURN SMOOTH AS
SATIN?**

Try this Amazing,
New Oil of Milk
Lotion, and see!



When your hands feel like burlap . . . red, rough or sunburned . . . they have lost some of the natural oil that keeps skin lovely.

Here at last is a lotion that contains oils scientists declare are similar to the oils of the skin. These amazing oils come from sweet pure dairy milk.

Try this thrilling new Oil of Milk way to soothe a sunburn and to keep skin soft and lovely always. Ask for Duart Oil of Milk Lotion at any cosmetic counter. 25c—50c.



CREME OF MILK CREME
Complete beauty care for your skin in one creme. Contains real milk-oils processed with other oils. At all cosmetic counters. 25c to \$1.65.

2-PURPOSE LIPSTICK—Special softening ingredients combined with permanent color in new California shades. 25c and 50c.

DUART OIL OF MILK LOTION

DUART, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a bottle of Duart Oil of Milk Lotion.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ 110

CONTAINS MILK-OILS IN OTHER LOTION INGREDIENTS

Watch for the Allen-A Swim Suit style week

June 6 to 11

sponsored by Allen-A dealers — to make a thrilling summer for you at surf, pool or beach

You'll find special style showings of flattering Allen-A swim suits at leading stores throughout the country from June 6 to 11. There's so much that's new, you really must see what Fashion does this season for your figure — your natural coloring — everything that helps you "make a picture" in your swimming costume . . . Allen-A expresses the smartest trends from sub-tropical Winter resorts — designed by Trebitsch—interpreted in colorful new woven fabrics and fine woolens knitted in Allen-A mills — every model actually swim-tested and truly "See-Worthy" . . . *Spring-needle knitting* affords extra elasticity which assures that intriguing "poured-in" look and longer wear. Allen-A swim suits are available in new, fascinating shades. Write for beautifully illustrated circular and dealer's name.



6660
FLARE SKIRT
that is kind to
your figure —
in the new flow-
ered dot pat-
tern.

6550
BLACK FOR
DISTINCTION
— a dream in
satin Lastex,
completely
lined.

6752
FAILLE
TAFFETA
quilted through
with Lastex for
two-way stretch

Allen-A Swim Suits

★ See "This Week" magazine, with your Sunday newspaper of June 5, for list of Allen-A dealers near you.

the Allen-A company
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Bennington, Vt.

Now! YOU
can have
Lovelier
Legs!



BARBARA LEWIS
famous fashion model
says: "Before posing
for photographs I al-
ways remove unsightly
hair from arms and
legs with NEET. No
man likes hairiness."

UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY with New Cream

In a bathing suit...evening gown...even through stockings...unsightly hair spoils your charm and drives away romance.

Now you can easily have lovely legs and arms—free of ugly hair. Just spread on NEET, as you would a cold cream. Then rinse off with water! NEET removes all hair—delays re-growth—leaves your skin petal-soft and satin-smooth.

Avoid Unpleasant Razor-Roughness

Say good-bye to rough skin and sharp, wiry hairs that grow in after shaving. No razor stubble to snag your stockings



Magnified view of sharp bristly hair after shaving. Snags stockings.

... no danger of cuts when you use the safe and easy NEET method.



NEET removes hair below skin surface — delays re-growth—no razor stubble.

Don't let summer romance pass you by. Shorter skirts, summer dresses and beach wear spotlight

arms and legs as never before. See that yours are lovely. Do as millions of women do—remove unsightly hair with NEET. Get it today! At drug and dept. stores. Trial size at 10c stores.



NEET Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair

PICTURE PARADE

TEST PILOT —AAAA—



We urge you to go and give *Test Pilot* a test and we're almost sure that you'll want to go back for more—especially you thrill seekers. For M-G-M has imbued this romance in the air epic with enough thrills to keep you pasted to your seat for a good two hours and like it—and as far as your reviewer is concerned, it has to be good to keep her there that long. What we want to say is that *Test Pilot* has punch and we spell it with a capital P, capital U, capital N, capital C, and capital H. It also has Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore—and who can ask for more? As a rule any one of these stars alone are sure to spell box-office success so we shudder when we think of how that Metro lion will roar when they appear collectively. And he can afford to for when they get up into the air *Test Pilot* soars in entertainment value. The air scenes are the most spectacular ever witnessed on the screen and are positively spell-binding. And for you romance lovers there's plenty of love—Myrna loves Clark and Clark loves Myrna and Spence loves Clark and Myrna—but go and see it.
—M-G-M.

THE JOY OF LIVING —AAA½—



Do you know the joy of living? Well, if you don't here's your chance to find it and know it—during the run of the film, at least. And if you do, then you know enough not to miss this. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. teaches Irene Dunne *The Joy of Living* and while he does you'll be viewing one of the most delightful romantic comedies of the season. Doug's philosophy is "do what you want to do when you want to do it" and he finally convinces Irene Dunne that he's right. As a result Irene practises what he preaches and has the time of her life—and you the time of yours. Irene always wanted to get just a wee bit tipsy—and to roller skate—and to walk in the rain, but she has a career and a family. And not until her family lets her down does Irene let her hair down and do the things she wants to do—and when she wants to do it Doug is ready. Irene Dunne and Doug Jr. are tops and the assisting cast consisting of Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee, Lucille Ball, Eric Blore, Jean Dixon, Warren Hymer and the Steiner Twins are about tops, too.—RKO-Radio.

[Continued on page 62]



P R I S C I L L A L A N E

What's wrong with this picture? Nothing but the absence of Wayne Morris who, like a good bird, is scaring away the Hollywood *hawks* that would make off with his tweetie-pie. The fairest STAR-ling in the Warner nest dons a playsuit after wearing chaps opposite their best *singer*, Dick Powell, in *Cowboy from Brooklyn*

A R L E E N
W H E L A N

Less than a year ago this titian eyed beauty was a Hollywood unknown, but the movies called and Arleen was chosen. Such a beauty couldn't stay long in obscurity. So quicker than you can say Zanuck she was given the lead with Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped*. And is she going places! Did you know she'd be your *Scarlett O'Hara* if 20th-Fox had not refused \$50,000 for her contract?

WHAT A GIRL NEEDS MOST IN HOLLYWOOD

By JAMES REID

IN THE FIRST AND ONLY INTERVIEW IN MONTHS, GINGER ROGERS HAS THE HONESTY AND COURAGE TO TELL YOU THE OTHER HALF OF A CAREER GIRL'S LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

GINGER ROGERS worked from 4 o'clock one recent afternoon to 4 o'clock the next morning, doing added scenes for *Having Wonderful Time*. It was 5 a. m. before she arrived home and could fall, exhausted, into bed. She awakened at noon, still exhausted. And couldn't go back to sleep. She was expecting a phone call from the studio.

At 12:30, the production office called. They didn't know yet what time she would have to report for work. But not before 6 o'clock. (It all depended on Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Daytimes, he is working in another picture at another studio. The only time he can work in added scenes for *their* picture is at night.)

She wouldn't have to work until 6 o'clock, at least. That was comforting news. But it didn't mean that she had the afternoon off, to rest up for another all-night session on the set. (The fifth in a row.)

Sometime during the afternoon, she had to look over the "rushes" of previous night's scenes. She had to study her lines for the added scenes. She had to have a shampoo. She had to have a costume fitting for *Carefree*. (Rehearsals for that—the new Astaire-Rogers musical—will start just as soon as she finishes *Having Wonderful Time*.) She had to approve some stills for *Vivacious Lady*, which she just completed.

And then, there was the little matter of this interview. Her first interview in four months. She had half-promised it for this afternoon.

Soon after 1 o'clock, she had to be on her way to the studio... she might have had to look at "rushes" and poster art; she might have had to study dialogue; she might have had to have a shampoo and a costume fitting. But she didn't have to have an interview.

She could have refused. She could have had forty much-needed winks, instead. Stars have been known to put off interviews for lesser reasons. And Ginger not only is a star; she is one of the Top Ten stars. She doesn't have to worry about keeping interviewers waiting.

But, at 4:30, she was keeping her promise. Her half-promise.

I was sitting in the reception room of her modernistic new dressing-room suite, next door to Katharine Hepburn's. Across the room, which had a blonde color scheme, with golden yellow predominating, sat Ginger.

Tonight, before the cameras, she would be a vivacious lady, carefree, having a wonderful time. But, right now, she looked tired. She had on neither street nor screen make-up. She looked as pale as you and I have felt sometimes, after too little sleep. The paleness was probably exaggerated by the chic, short-skirted suit she was wearing; the suit was gray. And her eyes were heavy. She said, herself, that she felt as if she were peering through two slits.

"I probably look as if I need a year's vacation," she [Continued on page 55]



VIRGINIA BRUCE

There always seems to be a Jack in Virginia's life. First there was Jack Gilbert and now there's Jack (Sonny) Rubin. And in reel life there's *Yellow Jack*, her new film. In it Virginia nurses the fever-stricken soldiers. But how can the boys resist the fever when lovely Virginia's around? Some nurse!



SHE GETS AWAY WITH "MURDER"

By KAY PROCTOR

BECAUSE IRENE DUNNE LIVES A
SANE LIFE AND NOT A THREE-
RING CIRCUS, HOLLYWOOD SAYS
SHE GETS AWAY WITH MURDER

NOBODY knows exactly how or why, but Irene Dunne certainly gets away with murder in Hollywood. Now Hollywood has one strange unwritten law. It says in effect that it's all right for every-day folk like you and me to lead sane, normal lives but a star must make a veritable three-ring circus out of every 24 hours of living, particularly if the star is that *rara avis*, a glamor girl. She's got to have exciting things like leopard-skin chairs and walls of purple glass. She must give and attend lavish and unique parties that awe readers with its details. She must seem, at least a cut-glass bird in a shimmering crystal cage.

Dare to disobey and glamor is pffft! When her glamor is pffft, she is too, as a star, for that synthetic substance is the phantom stuff that is the life-blood of her appeal.

So says Hollywood, although you won't find it written down anywhere in just those words.

Irene dares to disobey. She says a polite "Hooley!" to the rules and points to her own code of living as the clincher for her argument.

"Hooley!" wasn't her exact word, but it was what she meant.

She said actually: "Hollywood makes me tired! The way it kides itself about this business of living the way the rest of the world thinks it lives, or ought to live. The trouble is, after awhile it really believes all the nonsense. You don't *have* to do it. Look at me!"

Let her point to her own tranquil life and screen success in proof. But—many an actress before her has cherished that same quaint notion that their private lives were theirs to lead as normally as they saw fit, only to lose out in fan popularity while she blithely continues to climb to ever greater heights. Adhering to the

same policy, they lost and she goes on winning. That's what's so maddening—and so amazing.

She thought at first it was because her basic code or design for living was so fundamentally sound. It says live today as fully as you dare; plan tomorrow thoughtfully; make happen what you want to happen; and wake up to your potentialities.

Granted that those are swell ideas, but they don't work in Hollywood. They ought to, but they just don't. Yet she *makes* them work! How, for the love of Mike, does she get away with it?

[Continued on page 76]

IF YOU THINK TY AND BOB HAVE CORNERED THE FEMME HEART MARKET YOU HAVE ANOTHER GUESS COMING. MANY OF YOU GIRLS WILL FIND THE ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYERS IN ENGLAND'S RICHARD GREENE. IN HIS VERY EARLY TWENTIES, HE'S TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME



O N E M A N A N D



Five different studios wanted Greene but 20th-Fox won out. 72 hours after arriving in Hollywood he was co-starring with Loretta Young in *Four Men and a Prayer*. His next is *They Met In College*, co-starring with Sonja Henie. Girl friends? He and Arleen Whelan are a twosome

By ROGER CARROLL

THEY'RE comparing him to Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power now. But he looks like bad news to all the Hollywood heroes.

Five different film companies discovered him simultaneously—in a play in London. All five tried to sign him. 20th Century-Fox won out, last January 19th.

Two days later, he sailed for America . . . Five days later, he landed in New York . . . Two and a half hours later, he was aboard a plane, bound for Hollywood.

Seventy-two hours after he first saw Hollywood, and Hollywood first saw him, he was playing the romantic lead opposite Loretta Young in *Four Men and a Prayer*.

Seven weeks later, when the picture was finished, the studio announced that he would receive co-star billing with Loretta.

One day later, the studio announced that next he would be co-starring with Sonja Henie in *They Met in College* . . . He started his second picture before his first had been previewed. . . .

Hollywood has seen a few "overnight" stars. But stardom never happened this fast before to any young, untried, unknown newcomer.

Why has it happened to Richard Greene? What does he have?

I went around to investigate. I had luncheon with him in the Cafe de Paris. Simultaneously, Arleen Whelan also had luncheon with him. (They not only have discovered each other—already; they are a constant mealtime twosome.) Arleen's presence was disconcerting, it being an ordeal to look at anyone else, if she is in sight. But such are the Greene talents, he managed not only to trade smiles continually with Arleen and to eat part of his lunch, but also to give an interview.

He is easily six feet tall, medium dark, and unquestionably handsome. But you can forgive him for that. He doesn't pose; he's natural, unself-conscious. At first glance, you do think of Robert Taylor, not to mention Tyrone Power, and a few of the other clean-cut boys. His good looks rate comparison with the best. At second glance, you wonder if he isn't distinctive, himself. Someone to compare the other boys with.

It isn't that you single out this feature, or that, as remarkable. With one exception, no one feature of his face is unusual. That's just the point. Complete regularity of feature is so unusual in the human face that, when it does occur, it's remarkable.

The one exception is a small crevice that appears, suddenly and surprisingly, at the right corner of his mouth when he

smiles broadly. It fascinates you, and it embarrasses him. Either consciously or sub-consciously, he tries to submerge that dimple. He has worked up a habit of smiling, a large part of the time, with his lips closed. The last thing he wants is a "pretty boy" label.

He's young—somewhere in his very early twenties. But there is nothing of the callow youth about him. He doesn't ooze airy cockiness. He has the crisp alertness of a man who has been around, seen a bit of life, and knows it isn't a game of tiddly-winks. Nor is he overwhelmingly British. His accent doesn't call to mind the haughty halls of Oxford. I've met Americans, even this side of Boston, who use broader "a's."

I ASKED him what it felt like, to be whirled out of the life he had always known, into a completely new life, six thousand miles from home.

He grinned. "I loved it," he said, candidly. "It was great fun. I had no chance to be homesick. Everything happened too fast. If I look forward to something, I can't find it exciting. And I certainly have no complaints now. I'm just vastly puzzled: Why did it happen to me?"

"I can't tell you that: I don't know. The best explanation I can offer is—beginner's luck. All I can tell you is *what* happened. About two years ago, I tried to get in the movies—in England. I arrived as far as the 'extra' ranks. I didn't see much hope of getting any farther. I went back to the stage. Finally, I did this play, *French Without Tears*. Played the juvenile. And then, suddenly, came these offers."

Selznick-International, London Times, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Walter Wanger sent around persuasive representatives. 20th Century-Fox sent a persuasive cable.

"All five offers looked good. But the 20th Century-Fox offer looked best. Among other things, they offered me leading roles immediately. So immediately that they wanted me to sail at once. That was a big attraction to me. I like to do things impulsively. So—two days later I was on the Aquitania, bound for America.

"The boat docked a day late, because of storms on the way across. A studio representative came down the harbor to meet me and hustle me through customs. When I was clear, it was 4:30. He wanted me to catch a 5 o'clock plane for Hollywood. 'But, old man,' I told him, 'most of my clothes are in my trunk, and I can't take a trunk on a plane. I'll have to repack a bit.' So we went up to a hotel, and I repacked. And, the next thing I knew, I was aboard the 7 o'clock plane for Hollywood. I'll never forget that sensation. Here I [Continued on page 64]

THE MAN BEHIND THE HORN-RIMS

HOLLYWOOD HAS NO SUCCESS STORY TO EQUAL HAROLD LLOYD'S.
BUT IT TOOK MORE THAN A POTENT PAIR OF SPECS TO REACH THE TOP

THE "Glass" character is—guess who? All right, then, yes—Harold Lloyd. Which is descriptive as far as the horn-rims go. But not the horn-rims alone carried him to such a position of prestige and personal success as no star has ever attained—and maintained. No. For back of the fragile though potent pair of glasses is a character not made of glass at all; instead a character composed of the ingredients of hard work, concentration, modesty, good habits, determination, living the good life, economy, all of the sturdy virtues. Matter of fact, Hollywood has no Success story so 100 per cent American, so fine an example of what Any Young Man in Any Walk of Life should try to be, as this story of Harold Lloyd, the man behind the horn-rims.

Harold has been called "Movie Fortune's Darling" but he "got this way" through his own efforts. He could put on an act, show off and display his wealth and go veddy-veddy but he doesn't. He and Mildred entertain very seldom and almost never formally. They say: "We have too many things we want to do by ourselves . . . we never have time enough to do the things we want to do together." Every Friday night they take the young daughters of the house, Gloria, then, Peggy, twelve, to the movies. On nurse's night out Gloria and Peggy sleep "in Ma and Pa's room."

Harold and Mildred (Mrs. Harold) and I sat cosily in Mildred's boudoir. Mildred was embroidering. Harold and I were talking, drinking orange-juice. You always "sit cosily" at the Lloyd's place even though you could live there for months and never know your fellow house-guests so large and luxuriously spacious is the estate built on a pair of horn-rims, plus, it is this "plus" that tell the story. For the "plus" is the character of the man who has built his life more enduring than glass.

As we talked it suddenly occurred to me that I have never known just where Harold first got the idea of the "Glass" character. I asked him and then to my amusement and amusement Mildred joined me in screwing at him that she didn't know where the character had come from either, wasn't it funny that we didn't know; I said I thought I knew my stars from the cradle to the cutting-room, Mildred, who thought she knew everything there is to know about her husband. And does. Excepting only this. Both of us had a thought, we decided, that the "Glass" character "jes' grew."

Harold told us. And for those of you who are in the state of ignorance we were in, [Continued on page 58]

By GLADYS HALL



Lloyd was making two-reelers for Hal Roach (left) when he conceived the horn-rim idea



HOW TO BREAK INTO THE MOVIES

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

HOLLYWOOD IS SKADIDDLISH AND DIPSY-DOODLETS SAYS FANNY BRICE. YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE TOWN IF YOU WANT TO STAY HERE. PUT A SIGN ON YOURSELF—"MADE IN CHINA"—AND THEY'LL LOVE IT

"IN HOLLYWOOD," said Fanny Brice, "everything is *skadiddlish*. You know—turned all around. You eat in a Derby and dance in the rain (turned on at fifteen minute intervals; oftener if desired).
"And if you want to break in the movies—you stay away from them! *What you do is go some place outside the studios and get yourself discovered.*"

She ran a quick hand through that red-gold bob of hers. She has an 18-carat figure, has Fanny, and her ordinary speaking voice makes Dietrich's sound like a saxophone. But I looked at her eyes and I knew this was Brice (*Borach* on her Brooklyn birth certificate). They twinkled, they slithered, they rolled. She can't help it. As Flo Ziegfeld once said, "Fanny can say more with her eyes than Webster has words."

Hollywood, you see, has just "discovered" her and her Baby Snooks. When she first arrived the earnest young man sent to get her biography for the files said, "Ah—Miss Brice, what exactly is your—ah—line. Do you dance?"

Fanny thought it was a gag. She said carefully, "Some call it that."

He snapped his fingers eloquently. "Oh, I have it! *You give imitations of Garbo!*"

So much for fame—outside of Filmdom. Fanny has only starred in the Follies for more than a decade, been a headliner all over the country, and a radio sensation—but it took Hollywood to "find" her!

"Everybody here is a Columbus. All you've got to do"—with that Brice *oopsy-woopsy* look—"is to stick around and be little America!"

"Today if a girl really wants to get in pictures, she goes out and gets herself a job in the 5 and 10. Or maybe in a barber shop." (Shades of the screen's two newest "finds," Erin Drew and Arleen Whelan!) "Or she gets herself elected Queen of something. You gotta be *subtle* . . .

"It works like this: For instance, Minnie comes to town and goes straight to Issy Phlop, the director. She's got letters of introduction. She can sing. She's had experience. 'Fine,' says Issy. 'Come around next year some time!'

"She goes to Central Casting office. Poor Minnie. She doesn't know that Alcatraz is wide open as Coney Island on Saturday night compared to that place. Sure. But Minnie's a bright girl. She sees where a Drive-In market on Vine street is having an opening with klieg lights and Mickey Rooney's band. (That's a free plug, Mickey!) Well, Minnie has herself voted Queen of the Vegetables. [Continued on page 74]

Hollywood has just "discovered" Fanny and her *Baby Snooks* although she was a Ziegfeld star for 10 years. Her next picture is *Lucky Star*



HENRY FONDA

A movie tycoon with an eye for timeliness couldn't possibly miss the shambles of war-torn Spain for a dramatic setting. So we have Henry Fonda playing a son of Hollywood's Spanish soil (his best role) and co-starring with Madeleine Carroll in Generalissimo Wanger's *The Rising Tide*

HEADLINES BEHIND KAY FRANCIS' HEADLINE ROMANCE

By
DOROTHY SPENSLEY

HERE ARE THE FACTS IN
BACK OF KAY'S NEW
MATRIMONIAL ADVEN-
TURE. AS FAR AS KAY
KNOWS NOW SHE'LL
WED BARON RAVEN ERIK
BARNEKOW IN THE FALL

Kay is marrying solely for
love. The man of her heart,
Baron Raven Barnekow, doffed
his baronage in 1922 when
he decided to make America
his home. During the World
War he was a member of von
Richthofen's Flying Circus



MARCH, 1938's slightly errant third month, brought Hollywood three major news items: floods, high winds and the announced engagement of Kay Francis to Baron Raven Erik Angus Barnekow, well-born German who doffed his baronage when he decided, in 1922, to make America his future home. Despite Herr Barnekow's democratic gesture, it gives Hollywood's foremost interpreter of oppressed womanhood the privilege of adding "Baroness" to her visiting cards. To tall, dark, statuesque Kay Francis it doesn't mean a thing. She is marrying solely and absolutely for love. There's every chance she will find it.

"Frankly, I can't say when we will marry, but I think it will be in the Fall," said the Francis, peering from behind owl-like black sun glasses, as she sipped grape-juice through a straw, a black caracul coat slipped over her shoulders, her jetty hair bound tight with a Kelly

green-and-black turban. "The one thing that keeps me from marrying immediately is my contract with Warner Brothers. When that has expired I shall be free to marry.

"But I am not going to marry until I am absolutely free from all contractual obligations. I want to be able to devote my entire time and self to marriage. I know what it is to try and have two careers, marriage and a film. One or the other is bound to suffer, at least that has been my experience, and this time I am going to give up one for the other.

"Besides," she continued, stretching her legs still further on the settee where she had them comfortably placed, "I'm incurably lazy. I want, once in my life, to humor my laziness—to do just the things that I want to do, travel, play tennis, entertain, and just sit—without having to think of production schedules, dress fittings, portrait sittings, interviews. The best way to do it is to retire

[Continued on page 82]





AMONG the romantic marriages of Hollywood none is quite as intriguing as Margo's and Francis Lederer's. How they met, how their spiritual and other affinities led to the cottage of a justice of the peace in Las Vegas, and how they live today, makes a story with a sentimental wallop.

I first met Margo three years ago, when she was a girl of 17. She enjoyed a reputation as a Mexican dancer and the heroine of the film, *Crime Without Passion*. There was something Garboesque about this serious child. For one thing, her hair, which is light brown, streamed down from under a tight little hat, in the manner of the Swedish Sphinx when she used to stroll along the beach of Santa Monica on rainy mornings. She was given to the same mysterious silences, and seemed to be afraid of something.

Meeting her again several months later, I found her changed. She had become a *très chic* young lady. Success and familiarity with Hollywood's great was having its effect. We lunched together in the Metro commissary, and continued our conversation in her apartment at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, where she was living with her aunt, one of the most gorgeous women



PRIVATE LIFE OF MARGO AND FRANCIS LEDERER

I have ever seen. She was her duenna. "My mother is just as beautiful, I'm the only homely one in my family," Margo said, a tragic note creeping in her voice. "When I was a child, they called me the smart, funny face. I used to weep secretly because I wasn't beautiful."

By the Castillian standards of her pulchritudinous family, Margo wasn't beautiful in a conventional sense. But she had made up for her lack of physical splendor by developing the qualities of her mind and character. Her apartment was full of books, battered volumes that showed constant use. In her intellectual and emotional maturity she was far above the average actress in Hollywood. She spoke perfect English without an accent, and showed me, reluctantly, some of the English and Spanish poems she had written.

A strange girl, with an intense fury for knowledge and passion for beauty in all its forms. And the wonder of it was that she had been the bread-winner of her family for six or seven years. Wistfully, she said she hoped to marry some day, if she ever found the right man, which she doubted. And I could not help thinking that girls of her type seldom find the right man.

By **LEON SURMELIAN**

THE MINUTE MARGO AND FRANCIS LEDERER SET EYES UPON ONE ANOTHER THEY WERE DESTINED TO BE MARRIED. EACH IS THE OTHER'S INSPIRATION

TWO years ago MOTION PICTURE published a story of mine, entitled *Lederer's Search for a Soul-Mate*. It was a frank, intimate confession by the lithe, black-haired, tall, idealistic darling of Women's Clubs, an actor with a Cause, a man who has an almost religious conception of his profession of make-believe. "I want to find the girl I can love and worship," he told me in the monastic gloom of his splendid library, and asked me to dispel rumors of the "secret bride."

In his native Czecho-Slovakia he had married a young singer, attracted by her "keen intelligence and the wonderful spiritual qualities she seemed to possess." They separated after a year and a half, divorce following automatically according to the liberal laws of his country. "We separated," he said, "because our intellectual development took different directions, and for no other reason. As she became more worldly, our spiritual harmony was broken." And he went on to explain that it was this same mental harmony that broke up his romantic friendship with the spirited Steffi Duna. In short, Lederer was looking for a real soul-mate.

I knew he had found her in Margo when I learned of their friendship. Jerry Asher, who had [Continued on page 77]

Over across the page is Francis Lederer who has an almost religious conception of his profession. Top left and down are Margo dressed as a dancer in the picture, *Rumba* . . . Lederer studies the globe in the interests of World Peace . . . Margo and Francis dining out, shortly after their marriage, October 15, 1937. Below, Margo in one of her serious moods



T I D (E) Y NUMBERS

Right, Rosita Lawrence looking tidy and tid(e)y in an Allen-A rayon lastex swim suit. You'll be right, too, if you choose one of these gaily patterned deep sea-sonals. June Martel, right and below, also shows a preference for Allen-A swim suit-ables. Her's is of jersey lastex and has a fitted bra top. Rita Hayworth, below, not only prefers Allen-A but the same suit as June's. Why not when it gives such umph to the figure? We ask you why not?





Gloria Blondell, above, is sure to be sun-kissed when wearing her Gantner-Mattern sun-flower suit. And next, displaying her shore lines in another Gantner-Mattern number of scale weave lastex. Right, Mary Howard wearing a classic white BVD suit turns her classic back to the sun. Last but not least, Marla Shelton, bottom, in a Matletex suit. The kerchief keeps her curls tidy



STUDIOS SCREAM FOR HIM

HERE IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE HOUSE OF BARRYMORE.
HE IS STILL AT THE TOP—THE KING OF THEM ALL. LONG LIVE THE KING!

NOT too many weeks ago, a bunch of us Hollywood self-appointed wise-guys were lined up at the Cinegrill, or some place. We'd had a few. In fact, it was one of those spots where we were all working up to a good crying jag—only we couldn't think of anything to cry about. And just then, somebody mentioned John Barrymore!—and the wails and the weeping went up into the searchlight-crossed Hollywood skies.

"Poor John!"

"He's all through!"

"He's done."

"He's broke."

We were but echoing Hollywood's smug mourning over the passing of the Great Barrymore. I think that at that time, there wasn't a soul in Hollywood—not even his brother Lionel—who didn't believe that John Barrymore was forever done, on screen or stage.

And isn't it just like John Barrymore to stage the magnificent comeback he has—if for no other reason than to make a bunch of liars out of all of us?

For today, there is no actor in Hollywood more tops than Barrymore. Studios SCREAM for him. M-G-M gloats that it has him in *Marie Antoinette*. Paramount rejoices that it has him under contract for some more of that *Bulldog Drummond* stuff. Other studio bosses feverishly juggle ideas and swap offers and bids in hopes of getting him. In short, the king is NOT dead by what he'd succinctly term a damn site; long live the king!

He looks grand, these days. It so happened that I glimpsed him, when reporters descended upon him on a transcontinental train during those hectic Caliban-and-Ariel days. John wasn't standing up very well. He looked seven hundred years old, and I thought that under his eyes was a funny place for him to carry his baggage, until I saw that those things weren't suitcases, but just pouch. It didn't seem likely that John would ever come back from that.

The other day, I saw him again. The "baggage" is gone. His carriage is that of a trained athlete—oh, not necessarily an 18-year-old sprinter, but let's compare it to that of tennis-champ Tilden—physical excellency plus maturity. His eye is clear, and so's his mind and tongue. John Barrymore is himself again—and if any doubt it, let them try to cross verbal swords with him. There, as always, John again excels.

His wit is famous. Too, it's dangerous and merciless. God gave him a scalpel for a tongue. Once again, Hollywood realizes that it's unsafe to tilt with Barrymore. Not, that is, unless you're a Barrymore yourself. Like 14-year-old Diane. . . .

Diane is John's oldest child, by Michael Strange. Michael Strange was his second wife, wasn't she? Well, anyway, she and Diane are in England. They correspond. Not long ago, John got a letter from Diane's mother. It suggested that maybe, if John would write her about her studies it would help, because Diane wasn't doing so well.

Dutifully, John wrote. He chided Diane gently, albeit firmly, about her poor showing in school. He glowed with fatherhood. Back popped a pert bit from Diane: "Dear," she wrote. "You should be glad and proud that I'm flunking furiously in my studies. . . It certainly shows that I have inherited your mind!" So now John is letting Diane alone. He recognizes the Barrymore touch.

OF HIS other two children—John Blythe, who's six, and Dolores, who's eight (their mother is Dolores Costello, his most recent wife before Elaine)—he sees a bit, and he sends them gifts. But after all, the degree of his current domesticity with Elaine Barrie Barrymore, who has bravely challenged and fairly won the admiration and respect of all Hollywood, leaves little time for outside interests.

Of course, it's inevitable in writing about or discussing John Barrymore today, that one must get around to Elaine. She is so completely and so dominantly a part of the Barrymore picture, that you might as well try discussing ham without eggs as John without Elaine—and never mind trying to draw any wise-crack out of that, either!

Even yet, it seems odd that this must be so. Heretofore, John has been so outstandingly the individual that the mere thought of domesticity in connection with his name seemed ludicrous. John was never just half of a married couple before. Why, I remember the shock that trickled up and down my back the day I dropped into Artist Willy Pogany's Hollywood studio for a chat, some time ago, and found him working on a great portrait. It was fully three yards by three, this canvas. It showed a domestic scene—a family group. A man, a wife, and two children. John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, and their tots!

"Imagine," I gasped, "seeing John posing like that!" [Continued on page 79]

By DAN CAMP





Across the page are the Barrymores. And don't let anyone kid you they are unhappy. John may not like concerts, but he takes Elaine and her mother to them. John and Elaine step out to parties, too. When it comes to refreshments he drinks milk-shakes

Do studios scream for Barrymore! When M-G-M wanted a man who could best play Louis XV they called on John, who, in marvelous make-up and characterization, is certain to give one of his finest performances. He still has the best profile in all Hollywood

ANN MILLER

Although Ann Miller got her break with taps as Ginger Rogers' dancing partner in *Stage Door* she has laid them aside for *You Can't Take It with You* and donned ballet skirt and slippers for the coveted role of the ballet dancer in the screen version of the stage hit. Ann's first break came when she was discovered in a San Francisco nite club



CUPID,

STAY AWAY FROM MY DOOR!

By IDA ZEITLIN

JIM STEWART SAYS THE LITTLE SOANDSO CAN'T BE DEPENDED ON—WITH SO MANY PHONIES AROUND. WHEN THE ORIGINAL COMES TO HIS DOOR HE'LL BE READY

JIMMY STEWART came into the commissary from his first morning's work on Metro's *Shopworn Angel*. He was in excellent spirits. At the last minute Margaret Sullavan had been cast to play feminine lead in the picture. Margaret Sullavan is not only Jimmy's favorite actress, but an old friend. They played in the same stock company at Cape Cod. He's one of her baby's four godfathers. He was feeling fine, all six feet and a couple of inches, as he dropped into a chair.

A few minutes later his spirits had sunk ten degrees. I'd told him the title of the story.

He shot me a wary glance out of gray-green eyes. "Who says this what's-his-name Cupid comes around to my door?"

He looked trapped and helpless. You wanted to say, all right, nuts to the interview, go on out and play.

"Couldn't you change the title?" he suggested, not very hopefully. "Sounds as if I spent my time sweeping maidens off the threshold. I give you my word I never found a thing there but dust. —Oh, yes—" His face brightened. "There was a chipmunk once. I could give you a story about him. He had his paws tucked in at the vest—"

I dragged him back to the point. I persuaded him there was no plot brewing to paint him as a complacent *Lothario*, brushing damsels off his coat. He relaxed. I won't go so far as to say he became cheerful. For one who enjoys life as thoroughly as Stewart does, it's difficult to explain his air of a little boy lost. "Something left over from the mumps," is his own theory.

"All right," he agreed, "keep the title. It's your tough luck if the story doesn't fit. Because, look. What do you mean by Cupid? You mean a fat kid who flies around bare and shoots arrows at you, then you fall in love and live happily ever after.

"That's swell. Only it sometimes doesn't work that way. Because the little so-and-so can't be depended on. You hang around waiting for him, and he's busy in Europe. Or playing parchesi in the clouds. Or just asleep at the switch. Meantime, there are plenty of self-appointed deputies ready to take the job over. Phony Cupids, I suppose you'd call them. They're the ones to watch out for. Because if you're thrown and

hog-tied when the little guy *does* come along, he'll shoot just the same. The marriage [Continued on page 75]

Jim's next film is *Vivacious Lady* with Ginger Rogers. (And there's a romance for you!!) Then appears *Shopworn Angel*





MEN DON'T MARRY GLAMOR WOMEN



Cesar likes blondes and that's why you see him, above, with Virginia Fields. But at top he's with Brunette Ethel Merman. Some say it's a real romance

MEN don't marry women for their glamor!" Cesar Romero, acting ace, and famed as the favorite squire of Hollywood's most renowned beauties, stirred his egg-nog gently . . . Like a parade came the memory of his chronicled dinner and dancing companions in the past few years. Loretta Young. Marlene Dietrich. Carole Lombard. Virginia Bruce. And others. All women of superlative glamor. Women who are the synonym for glamor.

I looked at him quizzically. Questioningly.

In the 20th Century-Fox Cafe de Paris at this luncheon hour, there were a dozen girls who might be tagged—with no stretch of the imagination—as the personification of glamor. They had beauty and they had grace. And their names were known throughout the world.

"Perhaps," he hastened to add, "I ought to explain that to me glamor by itself isn't important. The most stupid woman I have ever known is the epitome of glamor, as glamor is defined in the popular mind.

"To make glamor worthwhile it has to be fortified with intelligence and

CESAR ROMERO SAYS THAT GLAMOR IS HIGHLY OVER-RATED

By
**SONIA
LEE**

understanding; with an aura of mystery which is intrinsic and not manufactured; with basic fineness of character.

"Glamor doesn't sit well on an empty face—on a face that is blank, devoid of emotion—uncharted by human and effective experience . . . Calling a woman glamorous isn't always a compliment. It might well be that that quality is primarily the result of the consummate art of hair-dressers, make-up artists and dress designers.

"Loretta Young is considered glamorous. She is that. But she has a great deal more. She has depth. She

is a sweet and genuine person, with a rare sense of humor, with deep understanding. I don't think of her as primarily a glamor woman. She has too much of other vital qualities.

Glamor by itself can make a man die of sheer ennui. But if there is something else—that's another story.

"Her sister, Sally Blane, as beautiful a girl as there is in Hollywood, doesn't impress a person with her glamor on first meeting. I, personally, had the instant reaction to her, 'here's a girl who'll make a grand wife for some lucky man.' Glamorous—yes. But it was secondary to her qualities [*Continued on page 69*]



FAIR PLAY— THINGS



You may not be a sportswoman but you go for fair play-things. Jacqueline Wells and Rita Hayworth meet the competition fairly and smartly in an embroidered two-piece grey linen and in a black and white pique. Above, Jackie chooses a blue linen "princess" while Rita prefers a natural pongee sun suit



Above, Jacqueline Wells, left, and Rita Hayworth, right, are sure to make a great big hit with the U. S. N. with their play frocks that are so nautical but, oh, so nice. Jackie's is of natural linen with a blue dicky and Rita's of white linen with red banding. Right, the girls get out of skirts and into slack suits of amber linen and natural loose weave cotton. While Rita is making *Murder in Swingtime*, Jacqueline's doing *WonderChild*



Geography plays an important part in Joan Perry's resort wardrobe. Above, a saucy costume of desert yellow and orange and a straw breton. Next, a desert tan cotton banded with burgundy which color fashions the straw breton. And right, a sky blue cotton with bands of yellow and red at the sleeves. The gay apron is made of all three colors while the poke bonnet is a natural peanut straw and oh, so, so demure, Joan



Above, left, a Mexican inspiration in shades of orange and yellow with a white petticoat. The topper is of natural peanut straw. Right, a snappy cowboy number in beige cotton with red stitching and a Buckaroo natural straw hat. Left, an orange cotton crash with a yellow embroidered apron and a straw sombrero. *Start Cheering* is Joan's next film. Yip-e-e-e-e-e



KATHARINE HEPBURN

Katie Hepburn and Cary Grant must have enjoyed each other in *Bringing Up Baby* for they have both gone over to Columbia for a *Holiday*. We were going to protest but as we can't have Cary ourselves, Katie may as well get him. They seem so well suited to each other. But we wonder whether Phyllis Brooks minds?



BUCK BENNETT RIDES AGAIN

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

reason why she should, forever, be typed as such. Joan is like the *Ivy Presnell* whom she plays in this picture; she doesn't sit back with idle hands and wistful eyes to wait for life and adventure to happen to her. Like *Ivy* she rides out and takes it.

A lot of things have happened to Joan in the last eight months; she has thrown some swell lassos and caught herself some pretty prizes. And none of these prizes would have been achieved had she stayed at home sitting on silken cushions, dabbling in strawberries and cream. For a long time now Joan has been threatening to return to the stage, and so have a lot of other people in Hollywood. But Joan remains the only one of those few who actually got out and accomplished it, and did it the hard way, too, by going on tour. Others have complained that stage producers could never offer them the kind of money they were used to; that the train treks from one place to another would be too much of a drain; and then there is always that other possibility that they might fail and then what would that do to their movie reputations?

But Joan never worried about any of these things. She had a purpose in mind, and a purpose means incentive to Joan, and money or hardships have nothing to do with it. Eight months ago she closed up her house, packed up her children, took a nurse in tow, had red letters painted on four trunks—Joan Bennett, Stage Door Company—and without any publicity sneaked out of Hollywood. Even the divorce which she started at the time against her second husband, Gene Markey, caused scarcely a ripple on the Hollywood scene. And that's the way Joan does everything; a strong hand firmly controlling her personal life as well as her career, [Continued on page 67]

Joan as a battling buckaroo has a vivid role in *The Texans*—in which she rides out and takes it. Meanwhile in Hollywood's social whirl she's seen places with Walter Wanger

THE NEW JOAN REFUSES TO BE A WIDE-EYED INGENUE ANY LONGER. SHE INTENDS GOING PLACES WHILE GOING'S GOOD

OVER on Stage 8 at Paramount they're whooping it up these days; horses are careening, Injuns are coming, shots are flying, and in the midst of the melee Joan Bennett is riding. The picture is *The Texans* and in it Joan plays the part of a ranch-owner, a cattle-herder, a brittle, battling, stubborn Confederate of the 1800's. In the beginning there were those who said that the part was more suitable for a Jean Arthur, but we're inclined to disagree with them. Hollywood has too long had the wrong idea of Joan, perennially casting her as a wide-eyed, lowered-lashed ingenue. She's not in the least like that personally, and there is no



THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD



Your Bob may be just a shadow of himself but it's enuf to please Mag Sullivan in *Three Comrades*. Right, curvacious Lana Turner blossoms out in a 2-piece kasha cloth frock with bolero jacket and bodice of paisley silk. Accessories are in green



The voluptuous Rita Hayworth goes summery on us in a one-piece bathing suit of black, white and yellow daisy print—with a fitted coat of the same material. And she wears a droopy sun hat to keep Old Sol from touching her up with his tan make-up

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Soft Music, Professor

■ ITEMS to be read reverently, and thoughtfully, while background music plays, soft and low, "Oh, Hollywood!—My Hollywood":

I

On the door of her bedroom, in her home, Anita Louise has a star . . . !

II

It didn't match her new costume, or something, so Constance Worth had her white dog henna-ed . . . !

III

On the guest towels that hang on the racks in W. C. Fields' house is embroidered this legend: "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU."

IV

Lined up with the private-and-personal chairs of the director and Danielle Darrieux, on the set at Universal, is a third chair. Like the others, it bears the name of the one for whom it is reserved. The name is "Flora."

"Flora" is Danielle Darrieux' doggie!

And Smothered With Onions

■ If Virginia Field has anything to say about it, her native Britain is going to become hamburger-conscious. Even if they DO say 'amburger. So in love with the hamburger-on-a-bun has Virginia become that she is taking back to London with her a meat-grinder. She's going to install it in her London flat, grind her own round-steak, make hamburger sandwiches for her London guests . . . Perfectly ripping, wot?

Louder and Funnier

■ Most production-disrupting reunion of the year, in Hollywood, was that between John Barrymore and Buster Keaton, old friends, boon companions, and fellow-members of the exclusive Keaton-Barrymore Mutual Admiration Association, which has only two members: Keaton and Barrymore. The reunion occurred on the *Marie Antoinette* set at M-G-M, when Keaton came on to visit John. Barrymore was in his dressing-room at the time. Keaton tiptoed to the door, banged lustily on it with both fists, yowled at the top of his voice!

"COME OUT, BARRYMORE! THIS IS THE COPS!"

Out came Barrymore, garbed in the raiment of King Louis, looking every inch a king—at least, a Barrymore. His eyebrows were wagging furiously.

"Cops? What cops?" he demanded—and then his eyes fell upon Keaton. Gone with the wind of their bellowing was John's kingly dignity, Keaton's famous frozen-face. Keaton was beaming like a kid on Christmas morn. Barrymore was crowing like a bride—he should know how. They fell into each other's arms, pummeled each other's backs. Director "Woody" Van Dyke joined them. Norma Shearer tried to, but fled, her ears pink. For when Keaton and Barrymore and Van Dyke reminisce, 'tis no place for dainty ears. . . . It was an hour before production could be resumed.

On The Platter

■ Chief profit-taker from that now-famous Mae West-Charlie McCarthy *Adam and Eve* broadcast is the Hollywood recording firm which made a record of the radio show—and is selling the platters at \$5 apiece!

Vas You Dere, Sharley?

■ Shirley Temple has had another birthday—and another birthday party. The annual party, to which scores of "eligible" Hollywood kids are invited, and which takes place each year in the famous Cafe de Paris on the 20th-Fox lot, is by all odds the biggest of Hollywood's junior affairs. Precisely which birthday this was, for Shirley, is not an item which will be put on record by this department. This department thinks it knows, but it may be wrong. Anyway, what this department thinks and what Shirley's bosses say do not agree. Let's say she's not seven.

Staying Sweet

■ Noteworthy, though, is this: the studio is, at long last, "officially" becoming aware that Shirley is growing up. . . . Most significant index is that picture of Shirley—you've certainly seen it—on the studio's 24-sheets for her latest picture. No longer is Shirley portrayed as the chubby-legged, round-tummied, golden-curved wonder-baby of yore. And out of her billboarded eyes gleams not precocious naivete, but a definite and defiant twinkle of sophistication. . . . Yet not at all reflected in Shirley, herself, is this worldliness. Darned if Shirley isn't making a liar out of all of Hollywood's cynics. She's staying sweet!!!! By the by did you know that mama Temple's pet name for Shirley is, of ALL things!—"Pruney"?

Any Garbage Today?

■ Arthur Treacher wants to know who is the clown who calls him up at 7 o'clock every morning and asks if he's the garbage disposal department!

Below is that *prayer*, Loretta Young, who has four *men* praying for her love. Recovered from illness, she's making *3 Blind Mice*

Bob Burns' pet rabbit is so hard-boiled (an Arkansaw razorback hawg is no tougher) he licked Bob's spaniel, Snazzy, in a round

Humphrey Bogart gives a statuette to Skippy for the best dog performance in 1937, the role of *Mr. Smith* in *The Awful Truth*

When Judy Garland (seen in *Everybody Sing*) visited Columbus, seat of Ohio State, she became the sweetheart of Sigma Chi



To C. G. "Truly Yours," P. B.

■ Suppose you asked your best girl for a picture of herself. And suppose she sent you one—of herself in another fellow's arms. . . . How'd ya feel?

Then imagine how Cary Grant felt. That's what happened to him. He asked gal-pal Phyllis Brooks for a new photo, and she sent him a still from *Little Miss Broadway* in which she's doing a heavy love bit with George Murphy. She inscribed it to Cary: "Truly yours. . ."

Incidentally, Cary and Phyllis still insist that they won't get married for at least a year—what they've got now is a sort of "trial engagement." If it still is on in 1939, they'll marry. That's what they think of Hollywood engagements!



Priscilla Lane limbers up her legs and shows that she can execute a high kick with the best of 'em. In fact, she kicks a cloud right out of the sky while practicing at her San Fernando Valley home



THE TALK OF



Sabu, remembered for his *Elephant Boy*, rides forth in East Indian finery for *Mutiny in the Mountains*



Olympe Bradna, Hollywood's undated star, relaxes at home in a playsuit. No trespassing, boys!

Toupeekaboo!

■ One scene you'll never see on the screen is the one that was recorded on celluloid during a take at a major studio the other day. . . . One of your most popular he-stars was making a low, sweeping bow to one of the imported actresses. In the midst of the bow, something happened—the he-star's hair fell off. . . . !!! It was his toupee! He was so upset, he couldn't work any more that afternoon. And he refused to work any more in the picture, anyway, until he knew for a surety that every foot of the film showing his toupee falling off had been destroyed. . . .!

Flash! Ebsen Gets Haircut!

■ At the other extreme, however, stands Buddy Ebsen. Notorious in Hollywood has been Ebsen's aversion to barbers. Not even Harpo Marx's wig was as hairy as Buddy Ebsen's head—until he got assigned to *Yellow Jack* at M-G-M. Buddy's in the army, in that picture. And Uncle Sam's army doesn't allow its privates to go around with hair like Ebsen's. So, despite all Buddy's protests, he had to go to the barber and get a haircut. So worried was Ebsen that between takes, he wore a skull-cap. "To keep from catching cold with my head all naked!" he explained.



The *Golddiggers in Paris*, garbed in black and white—the better to note their dandy “dietrichs”

Stylish Stout

■ Newest recipe for adding weight is Andrea Leeds, who, like 20th-Fox's petite Dixie Dunbar, is perennially too thin. . . . Andrea's latest recipe is to drink three bottles of imported stout per day.

Tops A Fur-Lined Bath-Tub

■ Luxury-note to end all luxury-notes: Dolores Del Rio, glammiest glamor-gal of all, has lined the bottom of her town car with a grey caracul rug! [Continued on page 54]

HOLLYWOOD

Susan Hayward, former New York model, is a Warner newcomer who really goes bathing—the proof being her bare tootsies. She's making as much a dent in fillums as her tootsies make in sand



The much-publicized Zoe Dell Lantis, “theme girl” of Golden Gate Fair, debuts in *Tropic Holiday*



If you'd know what's become of Tito Guizar and guitar they're making debut in *Tropic Holiday*



Imagine My Embarrassment!

■ First “Was-I-Embarrassed!” sun-tanning story of the year goes to Anne Shirley . . . It happened on the balcony of her second-story apartment. Dressed in practically nothing, Anne went out on the balcony for an early spring sun-bath. Came an errant breeze which slammed the door shut. The spring-lock clicked, and there was Anne.

Finally she hailed a gardener who got a ladder, climbed to Anne, loaned her his coat, helped her down the ladder so she could scramble back into her apartment. And was Anne's face red?—h'm—was she red ALL OVER. . . !!!

From Rhumba To Powella

■ Eleanor Powell has just heard of a new gag to give movie patrons their money's worth.

It was done in Havana, of ALL things, where they don't have double-feature bills. Instead, the manager of a movie house where *Rosalie* played did this:

After each of her dances, he stopped the projection machine, rewound the film to the beginning of the number, and then projected it over again. . . !

So popular was the stunt that Eleanor's famous Drum Dance got eight encores—and the show ran four hours . . . !

FROM BLUE GRASS TO GREEN PASTURES

MARJORIE WEAVER, WHO HAILS FROM THE BLUE GRASS STATE OF KENTUCKY, IS NOW IN HOLLYWOOD'S GREEN PASTURES. AN' JUSTA DOIN' FINE FO HERSE'F



WITHOUT going so far as to mention names, we have a hunch that there's a dramatic coach back East whose kindly, intelligent face grows rosy red every time he happens to think about Marjorie Weaver, the 20th Century-Fox beauty who has made such marked progress in her film career during the past few months that she's blossomed out into one of this studio's brightest stars.

This dramatic coach once said right out loud in her B. H. D. (Before Hollywood Days) that she possessed the least aptitude for the theatre of all the ambitious boys and girls who attended his classes. He further emphasized that she would never be able to walk, much less talk properly, in front of the footlights and then went on to say that she would save herself a lot of heartaches if she'd wrap up whatever theatrical thoughts she entertained and stow them away in moth-balls forever.

As evidence of his sincerity and proof that he wasn't talking through his hat, he immediately removed her from the cast after the opening performance of her first school play—good, old *East Lynne*!

Well—just look at her now! If there's a more up-and-coming youngster in the major studios we'd like to see her—or him. Nine pictures in a row during the past year has kept her so busy she hasn't had a minute that she could call her own. It's in the record that there was one month in 1937 when she was in such demand by 20th Century-Fox producers and directors that she was working in three separate films at the same time! Let's consider one of them—*Second Honeymoon*. It was due to the excellence of her work in this picture that won for her a surprisingly large number of votes as the best supporting actress of the year when the ballots were counted for the winner of the recent Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards.

What pleased Marjorie most about these votes cast in her favor was that they [Continued on page 72]

By E. J.
SMITHSON



Marjorie, who has come along faster than any youngster in Hollywood, says she's not married—never has been and doesn't know when she will be. There, will that satisfy you all?



C A R Y G R A N T

Hollywood's No. 1 eligible bachelor—but don't let Phyllis Brooks hear you call him that (each is the apple of the other's eye)—is reaping an amazing popularity through his gift for comedy as well as a talent for making love. After helping Katie Hepburn in the job of *Bringing Up Baby*, he now joins her as co-star in a snappy, happy *Holiday*

By MOLLY CASTLE

Jane, who is Public Favorite No. 6, has a large collection of pets—including a goat. And they have ample space to play on the grounds of a model home



WHATEVER YOU THINK ABOUT JANE WITHERS' PERSONALITY ON THE SCREEN MULTIPLY IT BY SIX AND YOU'VE GOT JANE IN REAL LIFE

WHenever you see Jane committing some derring-do on the screen, don't sit back on your two-bit plush seat and sneer that you know those things are always done with matchsticks and mirrors. If you see Jane take a chance on the screen, you can be pretty sure that she's run her family and the studio ragged with the chances she's taken that don't get on the celluloid.

If you think it out you'll see for yourself. Nobody's ever become popular favorite by keeping his tongue in his cheek. It takes sincerity to win genuine acclaim. No sham, no imitation could ever get to be public favorite number six. You have to have more than you give, not less. So whatever you think about Jane's personality on the screen multiply it by six and you've got Jane in real life. Jane is like one of those little celluloid toy figures with a weight in its tail. Knock it down as many times as you like. It will always bob up for more.

From the time she received the very first slap in the face in her very first picture, *Bright Eyes*, she came back, not with the other cheek, but with the same cheek, red and flaming, for a second take and a second slap.

If you want to give Mrs. Withers the horrors ask her to recall some of the scares she's gone through on some of Jane's pictures because of her child's fearlessness. There is a recalled horror in practically all of them.

"There was that train incident in—let me see—*This is the Life* I think it was," reminisced Mrs. Withers. "Jane was supposed to jump off a train. First of all they dressed up a little boy to double for Jane; then they decided that it was too dangerous, so they got a life-sized dummy—I wasn't on the train or you can be sure Janie wouldn't have got away

with locking the dummy and the double in a compartment and insisting on doing the jump herself."

"The train was going quite slowly," put in Jane.

"*Can This Be Dixie?*" put years on my life," continued Mrs. Withers. "For one thing Jane was knocked unconscious. She was playing around under one of the wagons when the tongue came down and hit her. She was knocked out cold—but in half an hour she was back on the set ready for work. Then in the middle of a 'take' one day Jane noticed that a big wagon load of cotton was smoldering. When the 'take' finished she jumped up and got the hose and trained it on the wagon."

"I always wanted to be a fireman—and I'd have put it out, too, if Mom hadn't grabbed me away..."

"Because the whole wagon had gone up in flames," added Mrs. Withers. "It was in that same picture that Jane came home one evening with every bit of skin off her knees. She had been wearing a stiff-edged period dress and it had chafed her—she's never mentioned it to anyone."

"Because it was such a cute dress—and I was afraid if I told you you wouldn't let me wear it any more," Jane explained.

THEN there were those pictures in which she had to slide down things. In *Ginger* it was a coal chute. She landed with such a bump on the coal that she couldn't sit down for a week.

"And they told me it was 'soft' coal," Jane giggled.

"After that there was the banister scene in *Pepper*," continued Mrs. Withers. "Jane had carefully waxed them so that she would come down fast. She came down so fast that instead of falling outwards onto the cushion, she fell inwards on [Continued on page 81]"

JITTERLESS JANE



All five Lanes are all right so you can't go wrong in taking any one, but for *Golddiggers In Paris* Warner Bros. chose Rosemary Lane



By
DENISE
CAINE

THERE ARE FIVE LANE SISTERS AND AS SHAKESPEARE SAID "THERE'S ROSEMARY, THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE"

SHE'S sweet and lovely as a rose, this Rosemary Lane. So are all the other Lane girls. And that is just where the trouble lies. The five Lane sisters look so much alike that their friends have difficulty in telling them apart. Even your beauty editor, who should know better, thought that Warner Brothers had made a mistake, and arranged an interview with blonde Priscilla instead of dark Rosemary. All because Rosemary's hair photographs dark—and is really quite light and reddish. How would you like it if everyone called you Priscilla or Lola—and you were really Rosemary? Even though your sisters were lovely girls, and lots of fun, wouldn't you want to be *you*? Wouldn't you want to be known for your own sweet self?

The singing star of *Golddiggers in Paris* thinks she would. And so she makes the most of what difference there is—freckles! Rosemary is the only one of the family who has them. The cool spring day I lunched with her at a Park Avenue hotel they were just beginning to fade—and Rosemary was all set to fly right straight back to the Hollywood sunshine, to coax them out again. She wasn't going to lose her trade-mark without putting up a struggle!

Most of us aren't so fond of our freckles as Rosemary Lane is. Instead of going out in the noonday sun to acquire them, we do our best to stay in the shade, remain pale of skin. If you're one of those gals to whom a half hour spent with old Sol

means a fresh crop of pesky freckles, you may want to try a grand bleach cream that has been on the market these 30 odd years. Smoothe a bit on a clean face at bedtime, rinse off in the morning. A large jar costs only 60 cents, so you can repeat until your skin becomes clear.

To keep that petal-like skin that way, take extra care when you go out in the sun. Always apply a sun cream or lotion before sunning yourself—a lobster look becomes *no* one, not even a movie star. Wear a large hat to shade your face, a heavy foundation cream as a base for your make-up, to protect that tender skin of yours. There's a grand make-up stick recently put out by a firm that has been making theatrical greasepaint since the Civil War. It looks like a fat brown and tan lipstick case until you open it and glimpse the peach, rachel, brunette and suntan shades. You'll find it effective for covering up blossoms, or toning down freckles that have already put in their appearance. For befreckled arms and back, legs and neck, I recommend the companion product—a liquid powder lotion that comes in the same shades as the stick. It will give your skin that creamy smooth look you've admired on movie stars. And best of all, it can't rub off on clothes. Wear it for evening, with the new dropped shoulder afternoon and evening dresses (like the pistachio green organdy Rosemary wears), with shorts and short sleeves for daytime fun. Comes in 10, 25 and 50 cent bottles.

Rosemary Lane is a sun lover, but [Continued on page 60]

HOLLYWOOD

IS REALLY ON PARADE

YOU'LL BE RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT WITH A GRANDSTAND SEAT WHERE YOU CAN WATCH HOLLYWOOD PARADING, IF YOU TAKE ONE OF OUR 3 MOVIELAND TOURS THIS SUMMER



Among the events scheduled for vacationists on the Movieland Tours is a lunch at Universal studios, where you'll see how pictures are made—and where you'll meet such favorites as Danielle Darrieux

MOVIELAND TOURS,
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
360 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name
Address
City..... State.....

JUST one more month and the two hundred and more members of the first of the 1938 Movieland Tours, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., will have arrived in Hollywood where they will have been entertained by screen celebrities and thrilled by sights and scenes that are denied thousands of other visitors of the film capital. And toward the end of July another Tour will be on the way, likewise headed for Hollywood and one of the grandest, most enjoyable visits each member could ever hope to wish for.

You still have time to make reservations for the first Tour, leaving Chicago July 3rd.

The Tours all depart from Chicago. No. 1, as we mention above, leaves July 3rd; No. 2 leave July 24th; and No. 3 is leaving on August 14th. Each is scheduled to follow the same route. From Chicago the trans-continental train (for members only) heads for Minnesota and its famed 10,000 Lakes country. Then through the great Northwest with its historic and beautiful great park regions, over the Great Divide and the magnificent Rockies to Puget Sound where members detrain to enjoy a delightful cruise. From Seattle the train takes you down the coast to San Francisco where a stop-over, long enough to give you an opportunity to



At the left is the sumptuous swimming-pool at Harold Lloyd's expansive estate. Harold will be your host if you take Tour No. 2, leaving Chicago July 24. You'll be guests of the Bob Burns if you prefer Tour No. 3, leaving Chicago August 14

see the wonders of the city such as Chinatown, the world-renowned bridges, the Golden Gate, the Presidio, Alcatraz, and the World's Fair grounds, has been arranged. These stop-overs cost you nothing except your time—and you may be sure that the hours spent will pay big dividends in fun and frolic.

Seattle to San Francisco to HOLLYWOOD! Arriving on Sunday morning you will be met at the railroad station by MOTION PICTURE representatives who have no other appointments than to show you the city, the studios, the screen celebrities and scenic points of interest near and far. The Glamor Town is yours for the asking! Rest assured you'll be experiencing the vacation of a lifetime—two full weeks of travel, sight-seeing, meeting the stars, making new friends.

Here is part of the entertainment schedule that these representatives have already arranged for your enjoyment:

First on the list of things to do and places to see is a Sunday afternoon tour of the palatial residential districts of the stars, the tour taking you around Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Bel-Air and other points of interest. Following this sight-seeing trip, members of Tour No. 1 [Continued on page 63]

By
MRS. CHRISTINE
FREDERICK

THE SALAD WAY IS THE HOLLYWOOD WAY TO A BEAUTIFUL
FIGURE. HERE ARE SOME HELPFUL AND TASTEFUL TIPS

HOW TO MAKE Salads AND INFLUENCE Slimness

Appealing to the eye
as well as to the
palate is this plat-
ter salad. Served
with iced beverage
and cake it makes an
ideal outdoor lunch



MOST women enjoy preparing delicious healthful salads not only because they are delicious and healthful but because their arrangements call forth artistry. Thus salads are often recalled not by taste alone but by that "eye appeal" resulting from composition, color contrast and texture combination. The crisp, delicate green salad leaves or the deeper tones of string beans, peas or cress, against the luscious crimson of the tomato, the ruby red of beets or berries, the yellows of carrots, pears, peaches, oranges or grapefruit, and paling into the whiter tones of banana, cream cheese, raw cabbage or scallions, gives the salad maker an infinite variety of materials and colors with which to exercise her skill. And all the while she may be confident that her pretty creations help make appetizing and nourishing meals for the family. A truly useful art!



Jean Parker, Eric Linden's *Romance of the Limberlost*, stays slim with salads. Above, preparing a salad of vegetables and mayonnaise

Moreover, salads may be introduced at any preferred location in the menu—as an appetite-whetting first course, as an accompaniment to the entree, as a separate course after the entree, or as the dessert of the meal. It may be light and serve only to give tone and tang to the meat course, or it may be substantial enough to make the whole-in-one meal so suitable in hot weather. It can also be either sober enough for every-day family use, or burst into finery and elaborate garnishing for party occasions. And you may stay slim with salads, satisfying your hunger while keeping the perfect 16 or 20 figure so popular with the screen stars. Many of these, by the way, have no more than a well-tossed green salad and cool fruit-ade for lunch on the

[Continued on page 70]

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 47]

No Back Tal(a)k From Dot

■ It's simply sheer coincidence—but on the very day the newspapers carried the story of how the Sultan of Indore had just divorced his wife by saying "Talak! Talak! Talak! Talak!" your faithful reporter heard from Dorothy Lamour that the Sultan of Indore is coming to Hollywood this summer—and has asked especially to meet her. H'mmmmm. . .

However, Dorothy says that Sultan or no Sultan, she has absolutely no mind toward saying "Talak! Talak! Talak! Talak!" to Herb Kaye, her orchestra-conducting husband. This department will lay its hopes of future reward, such as they are, to your plugged nickel (if you still have one) that Dorothy loves Herb more than any other Hollywood wife loves her hubby.

Incidentally, your faithful reporter re-

members when he had to raise seventeen specific kinds of hell with Paramount to get their kind permission to publish a story which said that Dorothy was married. That was when Paramount was trying to build her up into a glamor gal, and thought that being married would hamper the glamorizing process. About a year ago, or so.

What Dorothy said to that was plenty. It added up to the fact that Paramount had to take Herbie and like him, if they wanted her . . . What's more, Dorothy made it stick. No more publicized wife in Hollywood than Dorothy. And imagine Paramount's surprise—even so, she's got g-la-a-m-o-r . . . !!!

They Whistled While He Worked

■ Apropos of nothing at all, this department wants to make its own nomination for the REAL hero of *Snow White* and the

Seven Dwarfs. In this department's humble opinion, the REAL hero is not Prince Charming. Nor Doc. Nor Grumpy. Nor even Dopey . . . The REAL hero is the turtle. Throughout the film, he always tried—and never got any further than a kick in his face. But still he kept trying. And that's the stuff REAL heroes are made of.

Fans! Have A Heart!!

■ From far and near come strange requests to film stars. Items: From afar—South Africa, to be definite—came a girl's letter to Jeanette MacDonald. "Please loan me your wedding dress to get married in. I'll return it," begged the writer. She will not get the dress. Reason: Jeanette is preserving it, in a special cedar chest. "Only one other person may ever wear it," says Jeanette; "my own daughter—if I have one—when she marries."

From near—in downtown Los Angeles, to be definite—came a letter to Dick Powell. "When you sang *So Rare* over the radio, it gave my boy-friend the courage to propose. We're being married at 8 Thursday night. Won't you telephone our house at that hour, and sing the song again—just for us?" said the letter. A sucker for what *Snow White's Grumpy* calls "mush," Powell did as asked BUT—ever since the news got around, Dick has been inundated with letters from gals who want him to call 'em up and sing 'em something.

Shooting For The Deal

■ Not only for his beautiful hair is Gene Raymond noted. He's famous, too, for his ingenuity. Latest evidence is his invention of a game he calls *Bulls-eye Poker*. He has an ordinary deck of 52 cards mounted, face up, on a huge target. His guests get pop-guns that shoot those rubber suction-capped darts. Each player "deals" his own hand by shooting at the cards. It's economical, too. Whole set-up cost less than a dollar, says Gene.

Putting On Some Dog

■ Gene Raymond's five-pound gift to Jeanette MacDonald a year ago has grown to 190 pounds now. Newfoundland puppies grow almost as fast as Hollywood rumors.

Whittlings From The Holly-Wood

■ When Errol Flynn started on that trip on which he is going to "rough it," he took his valet along . . . Anita Louise won't spend a dime; every one she gets goes into a dime bank . . . from a fan, Fay Wray has received as gift a water-color painted years before she was born—yet the subject looks enough like Fay to be her twin sister . . . when Edgar Kennedy's 12-year-old son was initiated into the Boy Scouts, they made Edgar, himself, honorary member . . . because he doesn't want to wreck his new racing sloop, Buddy Ebsen is buying an old one to practice in before taking the new one out alone . . . Ann Rutherford dances the Big Apple on roller skates! . . . Freddie Bartholomew has just received a letter from a fan-club in England, telling him they are endowing a bed in a big London hospital, in his name.



Jackie Cooper covered plenty of territory while visiting East. While in Greenwich, Conn., he took off his hat and played salesman in Green's Chain Store—seeing to it that he sold a copy of *MOTION PICTURE* to a satisfied customer

What A Girl Needs Most In Hollywood

[Continued from page 21]

added. She smiled, but there was a note of faint feminine horror in her voice.

"Do you *feel* that way?" I asked.

She laughed. "I don't dare. I might collapse, if I thought about it. And I've got work to do."

"But, about now, you must be feeling the need of *some* kind of vacation. Counting *Stage Door*, you've just done three pictures in a row. And now you're starting a fourth—after you finish this night shift."

"Well, you see," she explained, facetiously, "after I finish this night shift, a daytime picture will be practically a vacation. Of course," she added, "If I were in Doug, Jr.'s place—if I had to work in another picture by day, at the same time I was working in one by night—I might have other ideas."

"ALL joking aside," I said, "why don't you let yourself have *some* kind of vacation that is a vacation?"

"All joking aside," she answered, "I can't. You know, pictures are sold in advance. RKO says to exhibitors, 'We're making so many pictures this year. How many will you take?' The exhibitors sign on the dotted line, and then RKO has to deliver. They promise a certain number of Ginger Rogers pictures, among others. They plan in advance how long each should be in production; they plan 'breathing spells' between them. But unexpected things happen; productions get delayed, or go overtime; and, before you know it, the whole schedule has gone haywire. You're doing one picture right on top of another."

"You can't help yourself. Those pictures have to be made, whether you get vacations or not. You can't go temperamental and refuse. Exhibitors don't buy temperament. They buy pictures. If they can't get them from you, they'll get them from somebody else. And, next year, where will *you* be? Maybe on a permanent vacation."

"But," I complained, "that isn't the way a movie star is supposed to live. A movie star's life is supposed to be a life of cushioned ease—not a glorified endurance contest."

"Nevertheless," said Ginger, smiling, "that's what it sometimes is."

"There's just one thing I'd like you to explain," I told her. "Most people seem to need vacations. You seem to get along without them. What's your substitute? If you can't have time off, *what do you* have to have, to keep going in this unpredictable business?"

"Offhand," she answered, "I'd say—a nice, even disposition."

"You aren't being serious now, by any chance?"

"I was never more serious in my life. I mean it. Despite my tender years"—Ginger is twenty-five—"I've been acting a long time. Long enough to learn that what a girl needs most in Hollywood is: an even disposition. I didn't know that when I first arrived. Nobody told me. I've had to find it out for myself, both as a beginner and as a star."

"Experts are forever telling what a girl needs, to have the nerve to try to get into the movies. A photographic face, and—a photographic figure. Personality. Brains. Talent. Acting experience. Willingness to work. You know the list. And the experts probably know what they're talking about, or they wouldn't be experts. But there's one thing they never seem to mention. It's what I'm talking about now. It can be the biggest asset of all."

"I don't care what your life was like before; it's going to be different in Hollywood. And you need something more than a photographic face, or acting experience, or ambition, to help you bridge the change. You need adaptability. And adaptability requires a disposition that's under control."

"Even after Broadway, I had a time, getting used to all this confusion of making movies. On the stage, I'd seen confusion, when a show was being whipped together. But it didn't last all during the show; it ended with the rehearsals. Here you never see the end."

"The 'early calls' bothered me, too, at first. It took me a long time to get used to going to bed early, getting enough sleep."

"In Hollywood, I had to be up before 7. I had to be at the studio at 7:15, to have my daily shampoo, get my hair fixed for the day's scenes, get my make-up on, and be on the set, ready for work, at 9. Men are luckier than girls in Hollywood. They don't have to be at the studio till 8:30 or 8:45. They very seldom wear make-up and their hair is the least of their worries. They never wear body make-up. If a girl is wearing an evening gown, she has to have that greasy mess on her arms and back!"

"The early hours, and the preparations for a day's work, are something to get used to. So are the dress fittings. A fitting for one dress lasts forty-five minutes, at the very least—forty-five minutes of standing. Many times, at 10 or 10:30, after finishing a day's scenes, I've had to have dress fittings for the next day's costumes, then somehow get to my dressing-room. Many times, I've thought about staying here all night. If there'd been a bed here, I would have."

"When you're a beginner, you aren't used to cameras, and cameramen aren't used to you. That brings a whole new set of difficulties into your life. You're too tall, or too short; you're too plump, or too thin. And, on top of everything else, you're too young. If you're young, and also new, it doesn't seem to matter what you did before Hollywood. Nobody believes in you, anyway. Nobody but your mother—if you have a mother."

"I DO four pictures a year now; I did five and six when I started. But I wasn't starring then. My roles weren't as big. I worked only about half as much as I work now. And I didn't have so much to worry about. But I was so anxious to do the best I could, I never did relax. I found getting in the movies fairly easy. But staying in wasn't."

"No newcomer can ever live her own, quiet life. She always has to be available for publicity pictures. I had to pose with everything under the sun, including balloons and ostrich-feather fans. I went through agonies of self-consciousness. But that didn't let me out. I posed for so many shots that I used to meet myself, coming and going. Just about the time I'd decided it would be a beautiful day at the beach, the studio would call and say, 'You've got to go down and have your picture taken with Santa Claus, and some lions at the zoo.'"

Some day, she hoped, she would be so busy that she would cease to be so available. And she certainly has her wish now.

"I had to pose; I couldn't get out of it. That being the case, I decided to be a good sport about it. You have to be a good sport, as well as a good mixer, to get along in this business. It's like no other business

on earth. You're close pals for a few weeks with one bunch of people; then, on your next picture, you're just as close pals with an entirely different set of people. You're all working under the same roof, toward the same objective—a good picture. You've got to get along."

"And, getting along, a certain warmth springs up between you and the people you work with. Later, you may bump into some of them. Your next-to-last leading man may rush up to you and hug you and say, 'Gee, I'm glad to see you, honey.' It doesn't mean a thing. It's part of the camaraderie of show business. Hollywood writers know this. But they say, 'Aha—a romance.' And the poor public, after a while, gets the idea from the number of your rumored romances that you don't know your own mind."

"That's something else you have to be prepared for—rumors. You have to learn how to laugh them off. I'm harvesting a new crop now. After going hundreds of miles out of my way, over a period of years, to get along with people, I'm suddenly reading, 'Despite denials, rumors persist that Ginger Rogers is becoming so hard to get along with.' That's what happens when you don't give interviews for a while. Nobody's willing to believe you could be too busy—actually—to give interviews."

"From the moment you begin attracting a little attention, people constantly look for changes in you as a person. You don't know what they expect. Probably they don't, either. But even a little matter like a preview can become a major problem to you. If you go in the front door of the theatre, as before, you'll have to dress up and try to look your best—or be criticized. And if you go just as you are, and sneak in the side entrance, you'll be criticized for that, too."

"Even your former friends expect you to change. You don't feel any differently toward *them*; you don't expect them to feel any differently toward *you*. You think of them as the people with whom you can be most yourself. And then you go back to your old home-town—and nothing's the same. To them, you're a stranger from Hollywood. I know; it happened to me."

PARENTHETICALLY, I might add right here that the people who have known Ginger since she first came to Hollywood insist that they see no change in her; only improvement. And these same people insist that they have never seen her wax angry.

"I get angry; don't worry about that. But I sort of count to ten before letting go. I take it out by sitting down in a chair and thinking it over, letting the idea get across that I'm smoldering. You can't be a Pollyanna; you can't let people walk over you. But you can't be a troublemaker, either; you have to get along with people. I sit and try to figure out a happy medium."

"Sometimes, you're so absolutely fatigued that you wish you could drop into a hole. You wish you didn't have to stop and weigh things and keep people from being hurt. You waste time, doing that. If you raised your voice and said just what you thought, you might get quick results. But, again, you might have one argument after another on your hands. And arguments waste time, too. And upset other people, and you."

"In the end, being diplomatic simmers

[Continued on page 80]



John Carroll's *Rose of the Rio Grande* is Movita, Monogram's new Mexican star

Life Dances On—AAAA—As *Un Carnet De Bal* this was awarded the International First Grand Prize at the Venice Biennial Film Exposition. A cynical but stirring story of a beautiful widow trying to recapture lost youth by deliberately re-encountering her early loves. In French with English titles. The cast, unknown to American audiences but for Harry Baur, is superb—particularly the star, Marie Bell, a handsome and talented actress.—*A.F.E. Corp.*

Stolen Heaven—AAA—Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna co-star in this musical melodrama placed in Austria. The musical background adds a novelty touch to the jewel thieves plot. Olympe delights with her songs and dances and Lewis Stone scores in a sympathetic role as a lovable old pianist. There's also Glenda Farrell, Porter Hall and Douglas Dumbrille.—*Paramount.*

State Police—AAA—A thrilling feud between California State Troopers and a mob of hijackers recommends this to thrill-seeking fans. It has a snappy story, exciting situations and enough suspense to stimulate tenseness for a bang-up climax. John King, William Lundigan, Constance Moore and Larry Blake are head of the cast.—*Universal.*

No Time To Marry—AAA—There's nothing serious about this, but the intentions of the boy and girl reporters to wed. This newspaper yarn makes a lively farce and the cast—Richard Arlen, Mary Astor, Lionel Stander, Virginia Dale and Marjorie Gateson—play it to its hilt. Slapstick, but amusing.—*Columbia.*

Over The Wall—AAA—A strong prison melodrama based on material taken from Warden Lewis E. Lawes' files. Besides offering thrill material this has a good social message. The cast headed by Dick Foran, June Travis and John Littel is all that is desired. And Dick Foran certainly should go places after this—he has the looks, ability and a very pleasing voice.—*Warner Bros.*

Bar 20 Justice—AAA—While this is a mining story there is enough of the Western ingredients to make this appeal to fans of the wide open spaces. A fresh plot, plenty of action and excitement turns this *Hopalong* into the top-notch class. The cast which remains the same seem inspired by the change, for their performances are above par. There's William Boyd, George Hayes, Russel Hayden and a capable assisting cast.—*Paramount-Sherman.*

The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel—AAA—A pretentious English production about the French Revolution and the activities of the *Scarlet Pimpernel*, an English nobleman, who helps the French

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES brief Review of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD
AA—FAIR; A—MEDIocre

aristocrats escape the guillotine. The cast headed by Barry Barnes and Sophie Stewart also includes Margaret Scott, James Mason, Francis Lister, Anthony Bushell and a host of others. It's impressive and handsome.—*United Artists.*

Nurse from Brooklyn—AAA—An exciting story and excellent performances by Sally Eilers, Paul Kelly and Larry Blake will please the cops-and-robbers addicts. A strong love story weaves in between the gun-popping. Assisting are Maurice Murphy, Morgan Conway, David Oliver and Lucille Gleason.—*Universal.*

Rose of the Rio Grande—AA½—Movita, a charming Mexican girl, is the femme lead in this romantic story of Mexico. Built on the Western formula it will find particular appeal among enthusiasts of the wide open spaces. Plenty of riding, shooting, banditry and romance. And, of course, the latest essential—music. John Carroll is attractive as the gentleman-bandit, *El Gato*.—*Monogram.*

Women Are Like That—AA½—By "that" Warners suggest difficult. For that's what Kay Francis proves to be to her reel husband, Pat O'Brien. A domestic comedy-drama with the usual complications and the usual happy ending. However, la Francis' gowns are unusual which should mean something to you gals. There's also Ralph Forbes—the other man.—*Warner Bros.*

International Crime—AA½—The Shadow again makes his appearance and again proves that crime doesn't pay in a suspenseful mystery about international bankers, suspicious representatives of a European power and government loan. Rod La Rocque plays the role of the crime specialist and Astrid Allwyn adds the comedy in the part of his nitwit helper.—*Grand National.*

King of the Newsboys—AA½—Lew Ayres, Helen Mack, Alison Skipworth and Victor Varconi in a human interest yarn that has plenty of action, and a good plot—the title suggests the theme—and an adequate cast. Suspense is created through the conflict of Ayres, King of the Newsboys, and Varconi, a wealthy gambler, over the hand of Helen Mack.—*Republic.*

Tip-Off Girls—AA½—Maybe a leopard can change his spots for in this racketeering thriller Lloyd Nolan plays the part of a Federal agent and that's quite a change for Lloyd. Roscoe Karns is another G-man and J. Carrol Naish, the villain. Mary Carlisle is attractive as the femme lead and others in the cast are Larry Crabbe, Evelyn Brent, Anthony Quinn, et al.—*Paramount.*

Battle of Broadway—AA½—A merry farce with a Legion convention as the background which is a good excuse to get Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy into uniform. There's fighting and flirting



Marie Bell re-encounters her early love, Fernandel, in a scene from *Life Dances On*

and fun aplenty, and there's Louise Hovick, Raymond Walburn and Lynn Bari.—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Lone Wolf In Paris—AA½—A Graustarkian princess, a retired jewel thief and a conspiracy to seize her throne are the ingredients of this melodrama. The action takes place in a Parisian hotel and the participants are Francis Lederer, Frances Drake, Walter Kingsford and Leona Maricle.—*Columbia.*

Penrod's Double Trouble—AA½—The youngsters will definitely go for this in a big way and there's also entertainment value for the elders in this vehicle built especially for the talents of the Mauch twins around Tarkington's w. k. *Penrod* character. The mature roles are played by Dick Purcell, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart and Hugh O'Connell.—*Warner Bros.*

Goodbye Broadway—AA½—The Shannons of Broadway should have been a natural for the talents of Alice Brady and Charles Winninger but the screen play falls short of the original comedy success of a decade ago. Alice Brady and Charles Winninger score in the roles of the old-time vaudeville team retiring in a hick town and Tom Brown and Dorothea Kent supply the romantics. There's also Tommy Riggs.—*Universal.*

Call of the Yukon—AA½—James Oliver Curwood's *Swift Lightning* makes a thrilling adventure story of the Alaskan wastes. Both animals and humans play an important part in this exciting drama and both play their parts handsomely. Richard Arlen and Beverly Roberts are in the lead roles and Lyle Talbot and Malo head the assisting cast.—*Republic.*

Go Chase Yourself—AA½—There's nothing to recommend this but funnyman Joe Penner and if you think he's funny by all means *Go Chase Yourself*—to the theatre. It's all about a bank clerk, Joe Penner, who is kidnapped in his own trailer by stick-up men. His wife chases after him and the bankers chase after her thinking they are guilty of the robbery. It's rather confusing but Penner manages to carry along. There's also Lucille Ball, June Travis, Richard Lane, Fritz Feld and Tom Kennedy.—*RKO-Radio.*

Torchy Blane in Panama—AA½—Warners have invested this latest addition to the *Torchy* series with a new cast and a new locale and the result is a diverting mystery. Lola Lane and Paul Kelly play the roles formerly done by Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane and Tom Kennedy, Anthony Averill and Larry Williams are also included in the cast.—*Warner Bros.*

A Thrilling Story Preview Of Holiday

Every month, over a quarter of a million enthusiastic readers rush to their nearest newsstand to buy *MOVIE STORY* Magazine. *MOVIE STORY* makes it possible for them to preview—in the comfort of their own homes—every big hit picture produced.

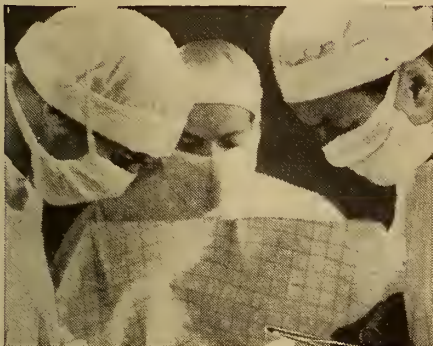
These previews are in the form of thrilling, vividly real, full-length story versions of the films. Each story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the film itself. And all this entertainment is offered for only ten cents! *MOVIE STORY* is the only magazine on the market that offers you a complete all-hit preview program at this price!

MOVIE STORY's program for July is topped by Columbia's coming hit, *Holiday*, a very romantic comedy starring that cutest of all teams, Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. And there are fourteen other thrilling stories and features. Better hurry to your nearest newsstand and get the July *MOVIE STORY* now.

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures, previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *The Girl of the Golden West*—Its age detracts nothing from its magic spell for Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have never been presented more happily than in this lyrical romance of the West... *Mod About Music*—Everyone's mad about Deanna Durbin so here she is again as natural and charming as ever. It's wholesome and gay and warm and the incidental music is light and happy... *Merrily We Live*—Constance Bennett, Brian Aherne, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, et al., in a hilarious farce about a family whose mater is a tramp collector... *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*—This is not the least although it may be the last in the current rage for farce. How can it be with Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert co-starring and with Ernst Lubitsch directing?... *The Adventures of Marco Polo*—This has all the elements of entertainment plus a splendid cast—Gary Cooper, Sigrid Gurie, Basil Rathbone, Ernest Truex, George Barbier, Binnie Barnes, Alan Hale and H. B. Warner.

"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN



Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied direct to the skin!



New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—shows skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.



Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazines).



A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N.Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety and smooth."



Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin" — (reading down) **FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB**, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; **WENDY MORGAN**, now Mrs. Thomas Rodd, III; **MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES**, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT**—"Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."



Druggists — answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "Those We Love," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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The Man Behind The Horn-Rims

[Continued from page 26]

I'll tell you . . . Harold had come to Hollywood with some previous dramatic work. He once played the part of little *Abe* in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*. Harold was working for Hal Roach. Harold was an actor in search of a comedy character. Chaplin, he told me, had the corner on funny clothes and the funny appearance stuff. Harold didn't want to imitate Charlie or anyone else. Right here he gave me a pertinent pointer for young folks to follow when they go "career carving." "Never," he said, "be a second-rater. An imitator is a second-rater. Always aim for the top *even if you never reach it*. For even if you never do reach it you'll be better for the trying than you were before. It's the fellow who's contented to stay where he is who *does* stay where he is, or goes backward."

Anyway, Harold couldn't do the funny appearance stuff. What to do? What to be? One night he saw a dramatic picture. Alas for picture history, he can't for the life of him remember the title of it. But in the cast was a chap playing the part of a preacher who *wore glasses*. He was a go-getter. He was also naive and disarming. Harold watching him, said to himself, "*That's me*. I'd like to play that character but as a college boy." In time he scrapped the idea of a college boy. After all, college boys grow up. He decided to metamorphose the character—make him the kind of a fellow you or I might meet any day on any street in any town in the world. A human being. No make-up. A character that would remain basically the same in every picture but who would have infinite variety, different points of view about life, different vocations in every picture, different habits and mannerisms.

In one picture he would be a nervy guy, in another a bashful fellow, a grandma's boy, a college professor and so on. Also he wanted to be a fellow who could, believably, "get the girl," so that romance need not be eliminated in favor of custard pies, glamor need not be entirely sacrificed to gags. Harold alone among comedians, I believe, can go romantic. You can't imagine a modern girl falling passionately in love with Chaplin, can you? You can't imagine a girl eating her heart out for Buster Keaton, for the Ritz Brothers, for Harpo Marx, for Laurel and Hardy, now can you? But the dark, athletic, personable Harold Lloyd, adorned only with horn-rims is as believable at amours as at antics. Pretty smart, what? . . . And so, in that darkened theatre the "Glass" character was born.

I SAID to Harold: "How great a part do you think the horn-rims have played in your success? Could you have done without them?"

"No to the last question," said Harold, "they have been very valuable as a trademark. Everyone needs a trademark no matter what business he may be in. The horn-rims have been mine. Instantly I put them on I became stamped as 'the fellow with the glasses.' What Chaplin's hat and stick and shoes are to him, the horn-rims have been to me. When I started I'd say that they were 40 per cent responsible for my success with the other 60 per cent divided between the story and my acquired knowledge of the business.

"For when I first started the Glass character I had to write, direct and act in the pic-

tures. The first one I wrote, directed and acted in I played the part of a tailor's helper. Hal Roach was directing, too, in those days. Neither of us knew much about what we were doing. But we were learning. We'd come to a scene and Hal wouldn't know what to do with it and he'd say, 'Harold, you go ahead and just *do it*.' I did. And it gave me resourcefulness. It taught me every phase and angle of the picture business. If I hadn't had this experience I would have walked along a black tunnel, not knowing where I would come out. I think this is true of any man in any business. Know *everything* about your job and you can't be fooled, anyway.

"Right now the story is the predominant factor in my pictures. But I still couldn't take off the glasses or the character would be gone. I never have taken them off, even for an instant, in any of my pictures in the past. I've always treated the glasses as though they were a feature of my face, irremovable. But in my new picture, *Professor, Beware!* I take them off, for the first time, just for a minute. I put them over the eyes of a statue and compare our likenesses, the statue's and mine, as you will see."

"So then you had the character . . ." I said.

"I had the character," agreed Harold, stretched comfortably out in his chair . . . Harold always looks relaxed, never seems to be in a hurry . . . "but it was just the beginning. When I got the idea of the Glass character I had to bring him up. I'm still bringing him up."

And then, for the first time since I have known Harold, I learned just what prodigious labors are back of those horn-rims that they may send their kindly-comic gleam around a laugh-needing world. Never again will I watch Harold, in a deck-chair by his pool, watching his three children at their water sports, never will I watch him on the tennis or squash court, peering into his microscope, playing with Junior's electric trains "in the basement" and think "Pretty soft . . . what-a-life . . ." For not on the rims of the horn-rims alone has Harold come to his high estate in pictures, his high estate here in Beverly Hills . . .

HAROLD is you know, the only active actor-producer left in the film industry. Time was when Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks were actor-producers. Gloria Swanson once took an ill-fated flier at being an actress-producer, Charlie Chaplin is still an actor-producer when he makes a picture. But the "whens" are too elusive to consider. And Harold, too, is the only producer—now that Irving Thalberg is gone—who gives himself only *one screen credit*—his name in the cast.

I can't go into the details of all the work Harold does from the day he decides to make a picture until the day you see that picture. But I can tell you that Harold carries a burden which should entitle him to crutches instead of glasses. He starts with the story. He reads and reads and reads till it's a wonder he doesn't *have* to wear the horn-rims when he's doing jig-saw puzzles with Mildred as well as when he's a professor bawling. He has a staff who read for him. Writers submit stories to him, plays, published novels, originals. A certain manuscript bureau submits thumb-nail sketches of every story possibility published, in any

form or language. He reads them all, studies them, goes through a tedious process of elimination. His contract with Paramount calls for the studio to supply a certain amount of money, anything over and beyond that comes from the Lloyd wallet. There is always something "over" and "beyond."

While discussing the selection of stories I interrupted to ask Harold whether he has ever wanted to change his character completely, to smash the glasses, to do straight dramatic work, perhaps . . . I murmured something about Chaplin and his famed yen to do *Hamlet*.

"I couldn't change now," said Harold, "any changes a man makes must be done in the formative years. Of course who wouldn't want to do something as fine as Muni's *Zola* or Tracy's *Manuel* in *Captains Courageous*? Of course I would. But you can't step out of a character once you've established him, either on the screen or in real life. If you've given people certain things to expect from you you've got to live up to those expectations. That's the law of the jungle—and the measure of the man." (In Japan, for instance, Lloyd has always been tops. It is said that "The Fellow With The Glasses" as they call him is responsible for the horn-rim craze in Japan.)

SO, AT long last, a story is chosen. Then begins months of work on the development of the story, character, his motivation, psychology and point of view. The story and the character are not handed to Lloyd, full-born, as a *Thin Man* is handed to Bill Powell, for instance, or a *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* to Gary Cooper, cast all chosen, director and cameramen waiting. No other actor in the business works as Harold Lloyd works, from the alpha of the story selection to the omega of the final preview.

The world market is a grave consideration and Harold has to consider it. About a year or more ago Harold worked for five months on a story idea in which he would have played a veterinarian. Everything was worked out successfully. But—there was some king business in that story and England's king had just abdicated and would England care for reminders, even in celluloid? It was thought not. And the five months of work were scrapped. Harold worked for four months developing the story of *Professor, Beware!* He worked with Joel Cunningham, Delmar Daves and Elliot Nugent. He also worked alone.

He makes up his mind about his directors. He said, "you've got to know what you want. That's also a law of the jungle. I don't mean by this that I never listen to advice. I do. I listen to pretty nearly everybody but—I listen with my ear ready to close. The ability to know what you want is another very good rule for success in anything."

After the choice of the director, rather limited because many of the best are under contract (Elliot Nugent directed *Professor, Beware!*) comes the selecting of the cast. Harold does the selecting of all except the very minor characters. He interviews countless people. "Unlike most producers," he told me, "I have no one to trade. That limits me. I can't say to a Sam Goldwyn, 'give me Andrea Leeds and I'll give you Clark Gable' because I haven't got anyone to trade."

The cast is finally chosen and then comes the shooting of the film itself. Harold is

Three mistakes ...in the bride's house!

too wise a film business man not to know that an actor is only as good as his vehicle. So, when he is in production, he is in with the director every second on the directing. Elliot Nugent, he told me, gets good performances out of his players... "He could tell me," said Harold, "when I was letting a scene die or when it was going over big, but there is a certain amount of directing of my own stuff which I must do myself, in my own way. I have convictions," grinned Harold, "and I believe in having convictions, right or wrong, oh, definitely I make mistakes, of course, we all do. But mistakes are sometimes your greatest self-improvers."

Once the picture is "in the can" comes the cutting of thousands of feet of film. And again it is up to Harold to cut the picture. He knows how. He spent four and a half weeks shut up in a dark projection room with *Professor, Beware!* They would come to a sequence and Harold would say, "Criminy ("Criminy" is Harold's most profane swear word) this smells!" Someone else thinks it's swell. The sequence is run over and over again, hashing it out. Then comes the dubbing-in of the sound. Sometimes this takes days, sometimes weeks. Harold is there for all but the first draft.

"And then," sighed the "Glass" Character, "I go to my own first preview. It is a terrific ordeal. Maybe the picture will lay a well-known egg. It's funny, but the laughs don't tell how the audience is reacting. You'd think you could gauge a comedy success by the laughs but you can't. Perhaps they may be afraid to laugh at this gag or that, not being quite sure whether they're supposed to laugh or not. Perhaps you expect a laugh at a certain spot and don't get it because you understand the situation, but the audience doesn't. Perhaps there may be personal reasons why they laugh at one gag and don't laugh at another. It's more an intuition you get when they're riding with you and when they're not. If I feel that a picture is dying on its feet I just reach for my hat. I can't take it. After the first preview you sit back and analyze. Why a laugh there? Why not a laugh *there*? I've had the experience of running a picture in 19 reels and having it go over with collapsed ribs. I've cut it to 15 reels and the house has been dull as a mortuary. I've cut it to 10 reels and they shout. Cutting is a language all its own.

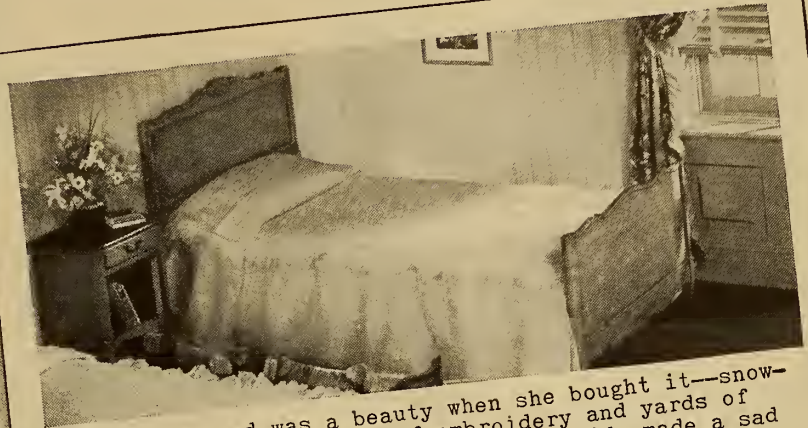
"After the final preview comes the selling. No use in manufacturing a product if you can't sell it."

HAROLD slumped lower in his chair. He said, "People say to me, 'why don't you make two pictures a year?' I answer 'yes, how are you?'"

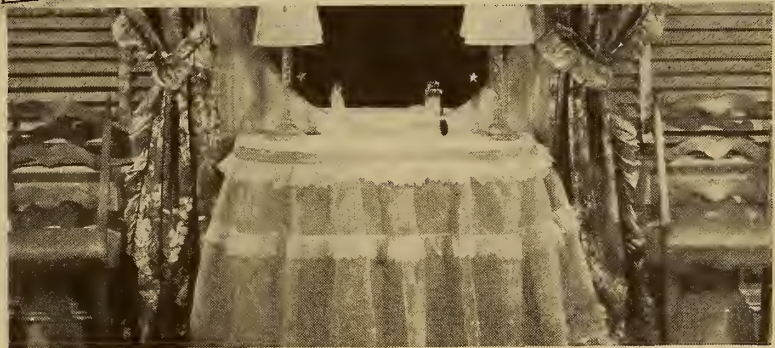
"The thing is," said Harold, "once I get started working—boom, I'm off of everything else, hobbies, games, everything. No dabbling with Black Widows, no painting, no microscopy" (his latest more-than-a-hobby). "It seems to me that another rule of success should be the ability to exclude everything else but one thing *when you're on it*. And then the ability to exclude that thing once you're done with it. There are," sighed Harold, "so many things I want to do, so many things I want to learn..."

I asked, "What things, for goodness' sakes?"

"We want to travel, Mid and I," said Harold, "but we don't because of the kids. Can't leave 'em. Won't leave 'em. And can't very well break into their schooling and take them with us. I'd like to make one fine picture. I never will but I'd like to. I'd like to discover something through my microscope, isolate a germ, discover a cure for some disease, contribute something that would be of lasting benefit to humanity."



The bed spread was a beauty when she bought it—snow-white muslin with bands of embroidery and yards of perky flounce! But the poor little bride made a sad mistake! She washed her spread with lazy soap—and left it full of tattle-tale gray.



Spic-and-span new, the vanity skirt was something to make friends chirp with delight. But not after the little bride tubbed it. Her lazy soap just couldn't wash clean. And nobody had the courage to tell her—"Change to Fels-Naptha Soap. It gets all the dirt!"



Tattle-tale gray spoiled this slip-cover, too—and all the bride's wash—until Aunt Ruth got her Fels-Naptha. Thanks to its richer golden soap and lots of naptha, that stuck-fast dirt had to let go! Now the bride's washes sparkle like snow! And everybody raves about her home!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NEW! Great for washing machines!

Try Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, too!

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY MOTION PICTURE

Sweet as a Rosemary

[Continued from page 51]

that doesn't mean she lets the sun ruin her beauty. She's got to stay dainty summer and winter, through a stiff game of tennis or badminton. A sun lotion protects her skin from sun burn, helps it tan to a lovely beige; a bandana tied over the head while she suns, frequent oil shampoos, ten minutes spent with a hair brush each night, keep her hair brightly shining. She wears dark glasses when she faces the glaring California sunshine, further protects her lovely eyes by massaging a rich cream into the tender skin around them. This keeps the skin lubricated, tends to prevent the formation of glamour-destroying crows' feet.

You and I don't want crows' feet to appear any more than a movie star does, so it's up to us to take the proper care of our eyes. Wear glasses if you need them—squinting just helps wrinkles and frown lines appear that much faster. Dark glasses will cut some of the sun glare, an eye lotion will soothe tired eyes, remove irritating dirt and dust. Smoothe a rich cream over the eyelids, around the eyes, before going out into the sun, again at night. There's a grand, rich-in-vitamin-D one that sells for the unbelievably small price of ten cents, is packed in a red and white tube by one of the largest manufacturers of eye cosmetics. The white cream partially disappears into the skin, leaves a fine film on the skin surface.

Don't think just because the breeze is balmy and the sun warm that you can pack away your face cream. If your skin is dry, warm weather may make it more so—especially if you're sunning and swimming. On my testing table at this very instant is a jar of a new all-purpose cream. I discovered that it contains a blend of vitamins A and D, is grand for smoothing and softening dry skin. The light, fragrant and quick-melting cream can be used also as a cleanser and as a powder base. Sells for 10 and 25 cents in five and ten, in black and green accented jars.

To keep that flowerlike freshness through the hottest weather, Rosemary advises frequent bathing in lukewarm water, followed by a brisk shower. A pure white, oblong soap, quaintly wrapped in cross-stitch "sampler" paper, will give your body the same tender care it does your face—and that is tender! The luxurious creamy lather will wash away the dirt and grime and perspiration of the hottest day, leave you cleaner than clean. A few pennies buy a cake.

To make your bath that much more refreshing, your skin as smooth as an heirloom piece of Irish linen, throw in a handful of snowy starch crystals. This corn product will soften the hardest water, help relax tense nerves, tired body. A fine film of silky powder coats your body when you step from the tub, makes you feel so-o-o cool! The same starch product can be mixed with milk for a mask to "pick up" and refine your skin, give it a special zummph for a gala evening. You can buy the blue and white box for a few cents at your grocery store. Want the name?

THAT day I munched crab meat Newburg with Rosemary I couldn't help noticing how like a flower garden she smelled. Even her short black fox jacket gave off a pleasing fragrance. She confessed, when I questioned her, that perfumes were her great extravagance. She throws a bit of perfumed oil into her tub, pats on cologne or toilet water, after her shower, with a square of cotton. Another bit of

cotton, saturated with her favorite perfume, and tucked into a brassiere, keeps a lovely scent hanging around her all day. She touches her ears, her eyelids, even her furs, with her perfume stopper. And I had to admit the result was enchanting.

If you'd like to try an after-shower rub with refreshing cologne this summer, I can recommend two grand new ones. These "scent events" are both from the same manufacturer, and they differ from cologne proper in that they are perfumed, and so have a defined scent rather than the classic cologne odor. You can have your choice of a spicy tang and a caressing mellow one. The stunning flacons come in \$1 and \$1.85 sizes, and belong on your dressing table. The contents belong on you!

The flower-trimmed leghorn hat of Rosemary's reminds me of a perfume trio that came into my office the other day—all cunningly tucked into the crown of a miniature



Are those forget-me-nots Rosemary Lane is picking in her garden? And if they are we wonder who they are intended for?

straw hat. The top of the flower-trimmed chapeau container lifts up, reveals three purse flacons in as many fascinating fragrances. You'll love them all—and the bonnet too. I shall use mine, when the perfume is all gone, to hold odds and ends of jewelry on my vanity table.

Just one last bit of perfume patter. I came into the office the other day and found, of all things, a beau pot. In Victorian times, they tell me, pots of dried flowers, blossoms and fragrant herbs were placed in the best parlor, opened just before a swain came courting. A famous perfumer has revived the idea—and now his beau pot is scenting my living room delightfully. I know you will like the classic design of the ivory-toned pottery

jar—and I'm sure the fragrance will have the desired results! Price is \$2.50.

Summer sun and salt water bathing are hard on your lips. There's nothing very glamorous about finishing a swim—or a fudge sundae—with washed out lips. Most lipsticks, if they are applied properly, then blotted off with lipstick tissues, will give reliable service. One that is particularly indelible comes in a silver case, decorated with hula-hula girls. There are several luscious south sea island shades, but I think that Pastel is just right to wear with the new summer colors, with picture dresses and picture hats. If your lips are inclined to dryness, smoothe a bit of lip cream from the same distributor on your lips each night. It's loaded with vitamins, will soothe parched lips, keep them soft, firm and youthful. A jar costs 35 cents; the lipstick comes in 55 cent and \$1 sizes.

Summer is no time to go wilted as to hair. And certainly, hair flopping down around the face is neither cool nor comfortable. Even the simplest daytime hairstyle deserves the support of a couple of bob pins and the romantic new coiffures with curls pinned high need just that much more! There are some on the market—made by a very well known firm, that are as invisible as they are strong. The outside of the crimped, curved pins has a rough finish that can't glare. If you are having a hard time deciding on a new coiffure, the card on which the pins come will be of assistance. It shows several smart and becoming new hairstyles. Just dial till you get the right "number" and the bob pins will hold it in place through any evening of dancing.

Notice those sandals that Rosemary is wearing? They're just a forecast of the open-toed, heel-less shoes we're going to see again this summer. You and I know just how comfy and light they are, how flattering to the foot. But we also know, that there's nothing which reveals the foot more. Corns and bunions show up just as much as a pretty pink toe, aren't nearly as attractive. The point of my harangue is this: get your feet in the pink of perfection before you go in for open-work slippers. There are innumerable foot aids that will help you correct corns, callouses, relieve bunions.

If you have a tender toe, there are some grand little pads to be applied to your feet which make new shoes feel as comfortable as old ones. They come in several sizes that fit neatly over a toe, heel, callous or bunion, protect it from chafing. From the same manufacturer comes a foot kit equipped with special foot powder, soap and massage cream for tired, burning feet. 35 cents buys the pads, \$1 the kit of three items.

If you'd like the names of any of these products, do write me. I'll be glad to tell you all!

To ward off summer problems like freckles, shiny nose, sunburn or excess perspiration, write to Denise Caine for the names of the beauty aids mentioned here. She'll be glad to help you with any of your face, hair or figure problems. Just enclose a stamped (3 cents U. S. postage) addressed envelope for her reply. Write to her in care of MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Hollywood's Trick Parties

PARTY-Casualty-of-the-Month: . . . the "run" that zipped up Joan Crawford's lovely leg as she sat in black silk tights, as a bareback rider at the Hawaiian Paradise circus party. Otherwise, the party was a success. Maybe even the "run" in Joan's tights heightened the success. It gave a swell excuse (was any needed?) to stare . . . Ringmaster was Joan's Tone . . . Most-photographed couple at the party were Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, in wild-west outfits. They must have been the "after-piece" to the circus. Taylor, quite camera-shy, gladly helped up a little dwarf but declined to do the Big Apple for Cameramen. Not bashful about big-appling, however, were Dick Arlen, Robert Young, Edgar Kennedy . . . Surprise of the evening was Margaret Sullivan's willingness to pose for photographers. A cool half-dozen of them nearly dropped dead of heart failure when she posed. She's one of the unposingest gals in movieland.

CUTEST Party-Invite of the Month:—was Dorothy Lamour's, to the cocktail shindig she gave for hubby, Herb Kaye, the orchestrator, when he opened at the Coconut Grove. Read the luscious Lamour's invitations:

"After all these months, my husband is coming to town. Although it means that Charlie McCarthy will have to take to the fire escape, I feel like celebrating. Join us at the Turf and Field Club of the Ambassador for cocktails."

Commented Charli McCarthy: "H'm—Me take to the fire escape. H'm—d'y' think I'm a dummy. . . ?!" . . . Cocktails for Dorothy and Herb included Jon Hall, the Stroud twins, Randy Scott, Ray Milland, Martha Raye, and that boy-friend of Charlie McCarthy's—er, what's his name?—oh, yes—Edgar Bergen.

MOST Unusual Guest-List of the Month:—the invitees to the big dinner party Martha Raye threw at the snooty Victor Hugo. The guests were all the doctors and nurses who attended her during her recent hospitalization.

MOST Unprintable Party-of-the-Month:—the Stag party given by W. C. Fields. It was an Italian party, with spaghetti and other Italian delicacies of lusty and vigorous sort to delight the gustatory souls of guests Gene Fowler, Gregory LaCava, Mack Sennett, Bill LeBaron, Edgar Bergen. Entertainment by Italian magician Ghilini. Conversation amazing—not even a microphone nearby to cramp Bergen's style. . . !

MOST Surprising Surprise-Party of the Month:—was the surprise party thrown by Bob Abbott for Jerry Asher's birthday. The surprise came when Abbott discovered, only after everybody had arrived, that Jerry's birthday wasn't for three months yet. . . ! But they had the party anyway. . . Trick-of-the-evening was Margo's, when somebody asked her to sing a Spanish folk song. She draped herself in a Spanish shawl, stood on a Spanish-style balcony, snapped her fingers in true Spanish style—and burst out with "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen."

KID PARTY of the Month:—was the one Baby Patsy Doris May, star of "Our Gang," gave on her fourth birthday in the trick, three-room-and-running-water playhouse that Hal Roach gave her for a last Christmas present. It's in her back yard now, stunning in blue and white. Guests were Our Gangsters Porky Lee, Alfalfa Switzer, Clarke Flake, Buckwheat Thomas, et al.

SWEETEST Party-Note of the Month:—a huge cake, on the surface of which gleamed the sugar-iced inscription: May Your New House Be Filled With Happiness and True Friends Always. . . The message was signed "Gene and Jeanette," and the cake was the piece de resistance of the housewarming party thrown to celebrate Jeanette's gift of a new house to her mother. . . Features of the housewarming included Jeanette's singing, monologues by her sister, Marie Blake, and Gene Raymond playing his own compositions: "You Little Devil, Will You?" and "You Captured My Heart." Guests included Mrs. Evelyn Offield, Mrs. Anna LeSuer, and Gene and Jeanette's press-agent Helen Ferguson with her husband.

BOY-Grows-Up Note:—Freddie Bartholomew gave his first formal dinner party, to celebrate his fourteenth birthday. . . Boy-Stays-Boy Note:—but later in the week, sans formality, Freddie threw an ice-cream-and cake orgy for his boy pals.

IN "At Home" at Joan-and-Tone's:—Sunday night. Opening event: playing of recordings of Joan, singing duets with Douglas McPhail. Item 2 —McPhail plays the piano and sings request. Next, buffet supper. Then, screening in the Joan-Tone's private theatre of *Second Honeymoon*.

THIS NEW
ODORONO ICE
GOES ON JUST LIKE
A VANISHING-
CREAM

YES—NO FUSS—
NON-GREASY
CHECKS PERSPIRATION
INSTANTLY

NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT Is greaseless and actually cooling —checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has *everything*—an ICE DEODORANT!

It's easy to put on! It's actually cooling! It's absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It *checks perspiration!*

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here's another thing about this new ICE that will thrill you. It checks perspiration the instant you apply it . . . banishes worry over stained dresses and

offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it's on, leaving you fresh, dainty—cool.

After the first application you'll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You'll never have another moment's uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charm. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow . . . only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

● "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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*** ODO-RO-NO ICE**
COOLING—NON-GREASY

Are You a MODERN CLEOPATRA?



THE GLAMOUR-QUEEN of the Nile knew this fascinating secret—the lure of a smooth and deliciously fragrant skin...



TAKE A TIP from History's No. 1 Charmer and keep always adorable with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. C, New York.



... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
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P I C T U R E P A R A D E

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—AAA¹/₂—



And the men can thank their lucky stars—and the women, too—for *There's Always a Woman* will delight you with its funny gags and situations. It's gay and breezy, and when the woman happens to be Joan Blondell the pleasure is triplefold. This is a different Joan you see here—a more attractive and more talented Joan—whose abandon in this comedy role proves that she is one of the ace comedienne of the screen. With her grand flair for comedy and Melvyn Douglas, they have the makings of another *Thin Man* team. Which, by the way, this comedy-mystery slightly resembles. But, it is much more insane. And, the assisting cast is nothing to snap your fingers at, what with Mary Astor, Frances Drake and Jerome Cowan among them. Melvyn Douglas a serious-minded detective loves his better (?) half distractedly, but when she distracts him with her muddled sleuthing, he nearly goes crazy. And you will go crazy glad laughing at the mad antics and frolicking of Joan. But in the end he's glad *There's Always a Woman* for if it weren't for Joan he'd never solve that murder mystery.—Columbia.

SAILING ALONG —AA¹/₂—



Jessie Matthews sails along in her inimitable style in this new English musical directed and written by her husband, Sonnie Hale. And for the English this is an extravagant production. It also has an extravagant cast, for in addition to Miss Matthews there's Jack Whiting, Roland Young, Barry Mackay and a host of other talented English players—and one American player, Noel Madison. The plot is on the whimsical side but it is charming and lively. And the music is very appealing, particularly one number which is sung in duet by Miss Matthews and Mr. Whiting. Maybe you already know it—it's "When Your Heart Skips a Beat and Runs Away". And as both Miss Matthews and Mr. Whiting are famous for their dancing skill they trip the light fantastic together, much to everyone's enjoyment. Miss Matthews is a stage-struck girl who is discovered by Roland Young, an eccentric millionaire. He backs a show, for Miss Matthews and she is catapulted to stardom. In the show within a show, Jack Whiting is her leading man. And there's your romance.—Gaumont-British.

Hollywood is Really On Parade

[Continued from page 52]

will be taken to the Warren William home where the famous movie star and his gracious wife will preside as host and hostess at a cocktail party. A score of the actor's film friends will be in attendance to help make this event a high-light. Members of Tour No. 2 are invited to attend a Sunday afternoon cocktail party at the home of Harold Lloyd and members of Tour No. 3 are invited to a similar social event to take place at the home of Bob Burns. After the cocktail party arrangements have been made so that members of each Tour will be special guests of a radio studio during the national broadcasting of a half-hour show sponsored by Woodbury Cream.

On Monday time has been set aside so that members, if they desire, can take side trips to Catalina Island, visits with old friends from "back home," motor rides into the Lake Arrowhead country, shopping excursions along Hollywood Boulevard and in the downtown retail districts of Los Angeles.

On Tuesday members of each Tour are taken from their hotel direct to Universal Studios for luncheon. There they will have a chance to see and meet such Universal stars as Danielle Darrieux, Deanna Durbin, John Boles, Sally Eilers, Bob Baker, Constance Moore and many others. Immediately afterward they will be taken on a tour of the studio to see how pictures are really made. Not only that, but they will be taken on a special motor tour that will include sets and sound stages of this major company.

From Universal to Max Factor's Make-up Studio is the next stop-over on this round-trip of fun. Then back to the hotel to prepare for the grand climax—a supper dance at the famous Wilshire Bowl, long the favorite nightspot of the movie colony. Les Parker's orchestra will provide the music. George McCall, famed radio commentator and intimate friend of hundreds of the top bracket stars, will be master of ceremonies. And not only that—he has received the promise of scores of his actor and actress friends that they will be there to help make this social even the outstanding one of all. Last year such notables of the screen as Wayne Morris, Judy Garland, Mischa Auer, Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart, Nan Grey, Anne Shirley, John Payne, Hugh Herbert and many others were in attendance.

Don't forget this—all of it is FREE! When you buy your two weeks' vacation ticket—that entitles you to everything—carfare, stop-overs, and parties.

Tour No. 1 leaves Chicago July 3rd., and arrives in Hollywood July 10th.

Tour No. 2 leaves Chicago July 24th., and reaches Hollywood July 31st.

Tour No. 3 leaves Chicago August 14th., and arrives in Hollywood on August 21st.

Remember—you still have time to make reservations to join Tour. Why not fill out the attached coupon—NOW—address it to Movieland Tours, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and obtain a booklet that will give you a more comprehensive account of these popular vacation Tours? Only DO IT NOW!

CUPID'S COUPLET

Alexander D'Arcy and Virginia Field.
There's another twosome that's congealed.



Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM
gives extra pleasure
and refreshment



WHENEVER YOU PLAY

... gum helps keep you "on your game"... it helps steady your nerves... keeps mouth and throat moist.

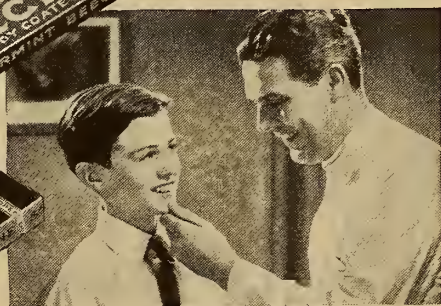
BEECHIES are the candy-coated individual pieces of gum... in three flavors... Peppermint, Pepsin or Spearmint... select the kind you like best.



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America.

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"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralene is specially made for this purpose. It's firmer, "chewier"... helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.

Always worth stopping for.

Stops PERSPIRATION FOR ONE TO THREE DAYS

ZIP CREAM DEODORANT
Destroys body odors. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; and ideal on sanitary napkins. Just a little under the arm and ZIP!—you're free of perspiration odor.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
THE BEST
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10c • 25c • 50c

STOPS PERSPIRATION

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For unwanted hair—
Zip Depilatory Cream

Cream Deodorant
A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

HAIR ON FACE ARMS, LEGS and BODY REALLY GONE!

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IT'S OFF
BEFORE
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EPILATOR

Simple. Quick. Leaves no trace of hair. With each package of ZIP Epilator, you get a large bottle of BOUQUET JORDEAU, a refreshing fragrance. This is a double value offer. Do not miss it. All good stores.

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Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Used for 40 years for clearing up embarrassing facial freckles. Your money back if not delighted. 65c at your drug or department store. Kremola, Dept. A-2, 2575 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
Send 10c For Samples.

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To be certain you will continue to look as lovely as the minute you set out—carry RUN-R-STOP in your purse. One drop will stop a run or snag permanently. Once used you will never want to be without it. A HANDSOME RED & BLACK VANITY protects the tube in purse. Ask for it at drug, chain, department and shoe stores.

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NEW FREE OFFER Send 10c for Camille's sensational New Mascara and brush in handsome plastic vanity for carrying in purse and we'll also send FREE a purse-size case of Nail White in a new convenient form. Address Dept. B.
CAMILLE INC. — 49 East 21st Street, N. Y. C.

One Man and A Prayer

[Continued from page 25]

had set foot on American soil for the first time barely two hours before, and now I was going skyward, with that soil receding by the second. It was fantastic, unreal."

HE SHOOK his head, with a grin, remembering the sensation.

"My first day here was just a blur of movement. I was met at the plane and rushed to the studio. The first thing they did was to treat me to a haircut. Next I found myself in a dentist's chair. Then I was having make-up tests. Then I was being fitted for some new clothes.

"In the midst of the fittings, a script was thrust at me. 'This is what you're doing first, beginning Monday,' they told me. 'Oh, am I?' I said, trying to be as matter-of-fact as possible. 'Good!' I looked at the title of the script. *Four Men and a Prayer*. I discovered I was to play a young Englishman, opposite Loretta Young.

"I wondered, then, why they were going to all the trouble of making these clothes for me. Just before I had left England, I had acquired two or three new suits. I considered them perfect specimens of the British tailor's art. I tried them on. But the studio shook its collective head. 'You don't look English in them' was the verdict.

"Saturday I had some more tests, and some more fittings, and found a place to live. Sunday I studied my lines. Monday morning, I was doing a love scene with Loretta Young."

Between his talking and my note-taking, neither of us had had any lunch. We made an effort to catch up with Arleen. Then I asked him if he was an actor by accident, choice or inheritance.

"The germ was in my blood," he said, chipperly. "The family has been on the stage for three generations. All my uncles and my aunts, my grandfather and grandmother, my mother and father were on the stage. I was born in theatrical 'digs'—lodgings—in Plymouth. My earliest recollections are of landladies, and lodgings, and trunks, and stage doors. We never lived in any one place more than a year. Though we did most of our moving around London. I went to a succession of schools, until I finally ended up at Cardinal Vaughan School.

"No, I wasn't a child actor. My mother couldn't stand child prodigies. She taught me a little elocution and let it go at that. I didn't put it to the test till one speech day in school, when I delivered 'Innisfree.' I got by, but nobody took me for a future David Garrick. In school, I was always in the plays. Except the time they put on a Greek tragedy—in Greek. To be in that was a scholastic honor. You had to have top marks. The things I did were Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw.

"And I did them as a matter of course, not out of any great inner urge. I had a succession of violent ideas of what I wanted to do when I grew up, but acting wasn't on the calendar. Once I wanted to be a farmer. Then a writer. Then a veterinary surgeon. Then a trooper in the South African police.

"There was also a time when I wanted to be a schoolmaster, to taste the fun of thrashing little boys. I was getting walloped myself rather plentifully at the time. I had a schoolmaster who was, probably, a very pleasant chap. But, to me, he seemed a most unreasonable man. He tolerated no excuses for my not doing my work.

"AS I look back on those thrashings, and the Greek and Latin I also hated and also had to take, I'm convinced they were good for me. I came out with an education. I also came out with an acute English sense of self-discipline. Occasionally, that can be an asset. I hadn't been educated in any specific direction. The sum total of what I knew was how to handle myself in civilized society. But I harbored the delusion that my family background, and those school plays, made me an actor of sorts. I decided to go on the stage.

"I didn't enlist my family in my campaign. I went to an agent. He landed me a job in a London production of *Antony and Cleopatra*. I walked on, carrying a spear, and said, 'Hail, Caesar!' I didn't like it. I felt that my part had no scope.

"After that, I was in the play, *Journey's End*, in a small part. My lines were so few that I took every possible second for each one. It didn't get me anywhere—except in a touring company going to Scotland.

"I was on the stage four years altogether, before this contract happened. During that time, I don't think I missed one of the outlying theatres of Great Britain. I'd played in about half of them, been on the stage about two years, and had all kinds of experience, when I decided I'd like to get in the movies. I didn't know how to go about it, but I canvassed agents and left my photographs here and there. Finally, I landed some crowd work.

"The profession of 'extra,' I discovered, was the strangest profession on earth. You could get into it with no questions asked. And the mere fact that no one asked you any questions worked against anyone's finding out what else you might be able to do. I gave it up after three months. One day, just before I quit, I was doing crowd work at Warners' London studio. An assistant director, named Mario, called me to one side. He said he was starting his own company and he'd like me to be one of his juveniles. He wanted me to keep in touch with him.

"I WENT back to the stage. I kept in touch with Mario. A year passed. Still he wasn't able to offer me work. But he did the next-best thing, he took me to a big agency, Film Rights, Ltd. They were the ones who got me my stage break in *French Without Tears*, which led to this. If I'd never been an 'extra' for three months, it would never have happened. I'm beginning to work up a bit of belief in luck.

"It wasn't so very long ago that I was broke. And that, by the way, was one of the happiest periods of my life—until now." He smiled at Arleen. "Another chap and I shared cheap lodgings in Bloomsbury, where every would-be London actor tries starving to death, some time during his career. We couldn't find any stage work, so we were 'filling in' with crowd work in the studios. And that wasn't too frequent. We'd take turns supplying the household money. When I finally landed a job that paid forty-five dollars a week—that was in the show before *French Without Tears*—we thought we were rich. And I'm not so sure but what we were."

When he said Goodbye to friends in London, he wasn't able to look forward to saying Hello to other friends in Hollywood. He "didn't know a soul over here." That situation, however, is correcting itself fast.

I asked if it had been as easy to get used to Hollywood camera-acting, as it was to get used to Hollywood camaraderie.

"After the first few scenes, I began to get the hang of it. I had to change my ideas of acting a bit. There isn't much abandon to screen-acting. Not when they tell you, 'Move your nose two inches to the right, Dick—you're casting a shadow on Miss Young's cheek,' and you're already embarrassed, playing a love scene for a camera for the first time. You see the prop men and technicians standing on the sidelines, watching you, and you suppose they're saying, 'Look at the guy—making a fool of himself.' But, after a while, you realize that there's nothing personal about their watching; it's purely professional. They're working on the picture, too. They're watching to see how it's turning out. And they give you tips on things to do and things not to do. You'd be lost without them.

"Acting is easier in films. Going into a stage performance, you're a bundle of nerves. You're all keyed up. The effect you create depends upon you alone—your technique, the acting tricks you know. On the screen, you act approximately two minutes at one time, and the effect you create depends on the director's conception of the scene, the lighting on the set, the cameraman, the sound-mixer, the cutter, and a hundred other things. But"—he grinned—"I like it."

I ASKED him if he liked, or didn't like, the way people were comparing him to this actor and that.

The question embarrassed him. "It's nice of them," he said. "It's a compliment to be compared to the chaps I've been compared to. At first, though, I felt a bit like a chameleon on Scotch plaid; I didn't know what was expected of me. I tried to be myself.

"I'm one man with a prayer, all right. I'm praying that the comparisons will die down and people will accept me as myself. And that I won't be the victim of any 'great lover' publicity. I don't want to be put on any 'spot,' as you Americans call it.

"I've had a taste of that being-on-the-spot business already. When I landed in New York, press photographers took my picture. I came out captioned: 'Richard (Dimples) Greene.' When I arrived in Hollywood, more photographers. Meanwhile, I had seen a paper. I said to the boys, laughingly, 'Can't something be done about sparing me in the captions? I don't want *that* burden.' So these pictures came out captioned: 'Richard Greene—And Don't Call Me Dimples.' So what do I do now? Laugh some more?

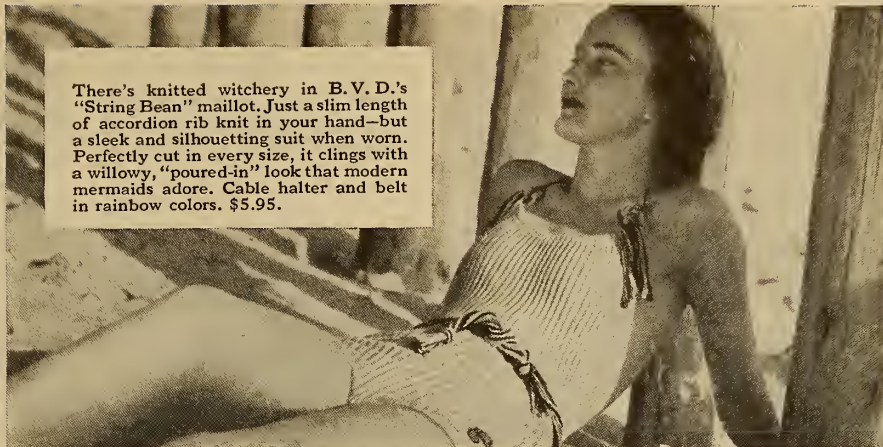
"Over in England, the only publicity a stage actor gets is the blurbs from the critics, the morning after a show opens. When I saw the streamer headlines here, announcing my mere arrival, I shuddered with horror. I rushed to the publicity department. 'My career's being ruined!' I cried. 'Richard,' they laughed, 'your career's only beginning.' He looked whimsically rueful. "I'm getting calloused very fast."

At this moment, Arleen was summoned back to work. When she had left, I asked Sonja Henie's new co-star if his heart were still whole. I mentioned no feminine names. Neither did he.

"It's too early in my young life," he said, "to be talking of romance. I'm in favor of letting things take their course. I've no intentions of settling down—yet. I want to get acquainted with America first."

And America, as soon as it lays eyes on him, will want to get acquainted with Richard Greene. And America, I hope, won't forget the final "e." Not only was he born with it, but, he says, he feels "like a vegetable without it."

There's knitted witchery in B.V.D.'s "String Bean" maillot. Just a slim length of accordion rib knit in your hand—but a sleek and silhouetting suit when worn. Perfectly cut in every size, it clings with a willowy, "poured-in" look that modern mermaids adore. Cable halter and belt in rainbow colors. \$5.95.



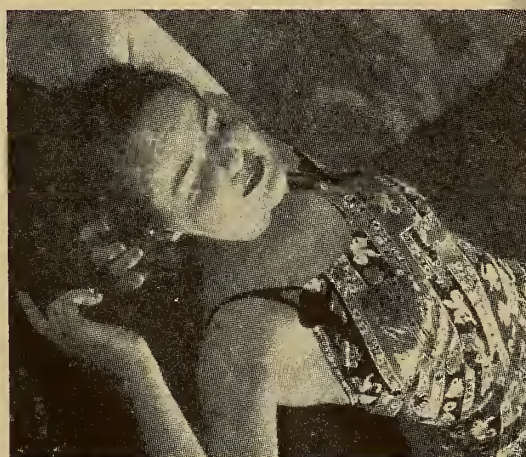
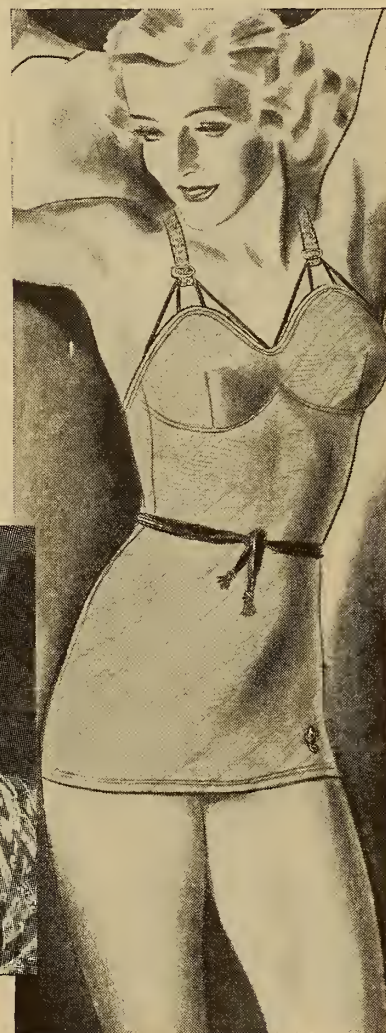
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...we designed these *B.V. D. beauty-line Swim Suits!

● That flash of slim grace is you—that beauty line is yours—in one of these B.V.D. Swim Suits. For B.V.D.'s superbly fitting fabrics and alluring fashions make every girl a goddess in her swim suit.

B.V.D.'s "Crow's Nest" skirted suit (right) fits like a dream. It gives you such triumphs of B.V.D. design as the new "Crosstide" stitch, self-adjusting elastic uplift and extra seat-fullness. The heart-shaped bra is smoothly lined (all B.V.D. skirted models feature bust-lining—maillots are fully lined). \$5.95.

"Egyptian" (below) — gay hieroglyphics leave their imprint of beauty on this shimmering "Sea Satin by B.V.D." Lovelier than ever in texture, and in colors that defy fading in sun or salt water. Designed with B.V.D.'s exclusive *Fantom Skirt* — a slim panel attached in front to give a smooth and slenderizing line. \$8.95.



The Sea Horse is the sign of beauty, of sculptured lines and exclusive features. Look for this emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions of 1938!

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Empire State Building, New York City

CORNS Here's proof Blue-Jay removes corns Root* and All

ACTUAL UNRETouched PHOTOGRAPHS

BEFORE

AFTER

Famous model removes painful corns this easy way

IF YOU suffer from painful corns read what Miss Jerry Harding says: "For the past 3 years I have been paring my corns. They always came back bigger, harder, more painful than ever. I decided to try a Bauer & Black Blue-Jay. Blue-Jay was marvelous—the pain stopped instantly and then in just 3 days the corn lifted out Root and All." Blue-Jay is scientific, easy to use. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Don't Worry Over GRAY HAIR BRUSH IT AWAY THIS EASY WAY

At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural appearing color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50¢—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM
KEEPS YOUR SKIN Young Looking

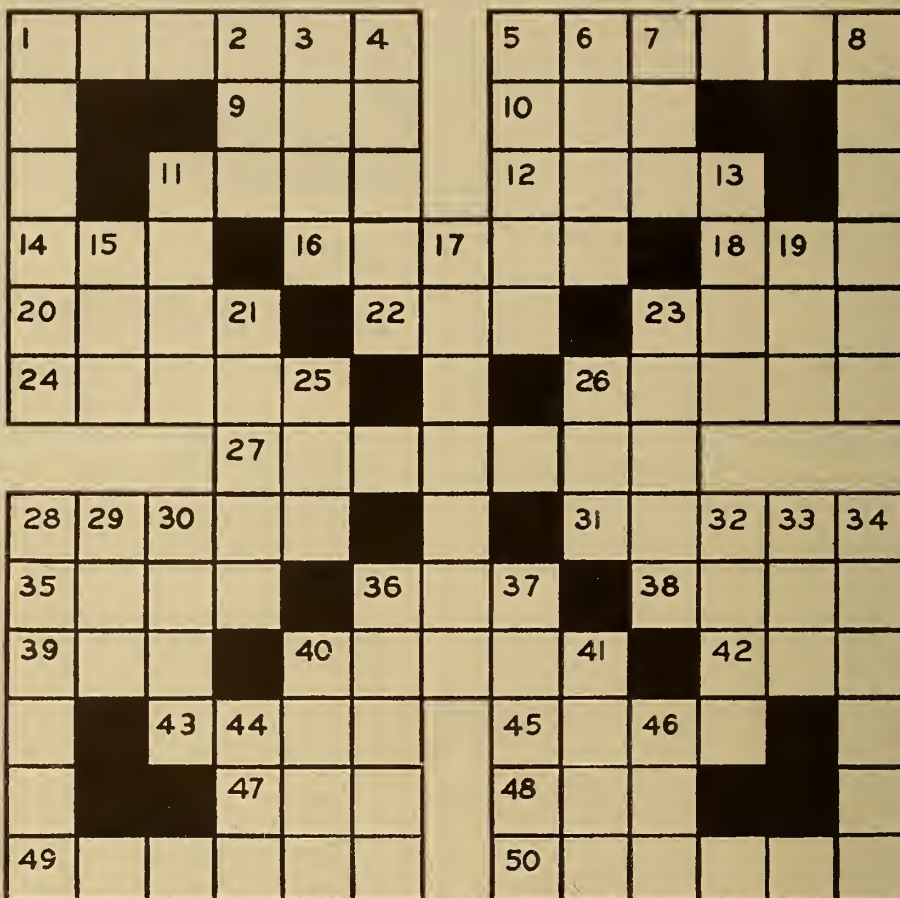
Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily
THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory
For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

Puzzle This One Out!



ACROSS

1. He had title role in *A Yank At Oxford*
5. She was *City Girl*
9. Donald Cook's native state (abbr.)
10. *Murder on Diamond* —
11. Director of *Heidi*
12. Movita and Warren Hull played opposite in *Paradise* —
14. Middle name of Marcia Jones
16. *Hazel Dawes* in *The Goldenwyn Follies*
18. The cowboy's mount
20. Buck Jones starred in *Black* —
22. *Ever Since* —
23. What the O'Leary cow started in *In Old Chicago*
24. It makes a nice bed for 18 Across
26. Lionel Barrymore is John's — brother
27. Constance Bennett has principal role in — *We Live*
28. What *Charlie Chan* solves
31. You saw her in *She Married An Artist*
35. Star of *Goldiggers in Paris*
36. Jackie Cooper was *Boy of the* — (abbr.)
38. His last name is Howes
39. Date in June on which Clive Brook was born
40. Something used by 35 Across when directing orchestra
42. *The Baroness* — the Butler

43. Karl in *Wise Girl*
45. First name of feminine lead in *Sudden Bill Dorn*
47. — *American Sweetheart*
48. Descriptive of a comedy
49. In some cities, theatres are closed on this day
50. Ramon Novarro had title role in *The* — *Steps Out* (pl.)

DOWN

1. The bartender in *Everybody's Doing It*
2. *Swing High, Swing* —
3. Descriptive of a speaking part
4. First name of Miss Adoree, now deceased

Last Month's Solution

W	E	S	T	W	I	N	C	H	E	L	L
I	R	I	C	E	O	H	I	O	T	B	O
T	L	M	A	F	L	A	T	T	B		
H	A	L	B	R	I	A	N	B	O	B	
E	D	N	A	A	N	N	B	A	B		
R	Y	B	O	Y	O	T	O	N	Y		
S	T	O	N	E	B	E	N	D	F		
T	R	U	E	B	O	N	O	B	A		
B	O	O	T	L	O	Y	I	N	E	Z	
R	O	Y	H	O	R	S	E	O	L	E	
O	N	D	O	V	E	N	J	A	N		
O	R	O	P	E	I	D	O	L	O		
K	E	N	N	E	O	Y	S	N	A	N	A

5. *The* — *Wore Red*
6. Songstress in *Big Broadcast of 1938*
7. Hooter in sound films
8. Bobby Breen is one
11. Shy animal friend of *Snow White*
13. Glenda Farrell was born in —, Oklahoma
15. To perform in a motion picture
17. Edward Horton's middle name
19. *Some Blondes* — *Dangerous*
21. What Master McKim is called
23. Dick Merrill of *Atlantic Flight* is one
25. — *Willie Winkie*
26. *The* — *Wyoming Trail*
28. John Wayne and Sheila Bromley had leads in *Idol of the* —
29. *Mama* — *s Wild*
30. *A Girl With* — (sing.)
32. Olsen and Johnson had a trained — in *All Over Town*
33. Date in October on which Johnny Downs was born
34. Whose role was that of *Ali Baba* in *Ali Baba Goes to Town*?
36. Alice Faye's role in *Sally, Irene and Mary*
37. You hear them in musicals
40. Mr. Lugosi's first name
41. He was *Ambrose* in *Bad Man of Brimstone*
44. Descriptive of the villain
46. Charlie McCarthy's right one sports a monocle

Buck Bennett Rides Again

[Continued from page 43]

and in all her doings an emphasis on good taste.

There were never any of the usual headlines:

"Is Joan Leaving Hollywood in Heartbreak?" There was no premature discussion of "Will Joan Leave Pictures Forever?" Nor would she talk about the romance possibilities of her friendship with Walter Wanger, to whom she is under contract, and with whom whispers were coupling her name. She just went, and now she's back, and bubbling over with the new world that her experiences opened up to her. She eagerly talked about some of them.

"It was a dizzy trip," she said, "and aside from never having worked so hard in my life, I don't believe I ever had so much fun. The first thing I have to mention right off is that, at last, I had an opportunity to get acquainted with my child—that's Melinda, I mean, the one who's four—because I took her with me. I put the older one, Diana, in school at Saint Margaret's in Waterbury, Connecticut, where I used to go, but even she spent Thanksgiving and Christmas with me. You see, at home here the only time I ever see the children is early in the morning and late at night and on Sundays, but on the road I could spend most of every day with Melinda, except when I had a matinee, and we always had early supper together every night. That's something you can't measure in dollars and cents, and it's an ad-

vantage the stage offers over pictures that I don't believe I've ever heard anyone mention before, but anyway to me it's one of the most important.

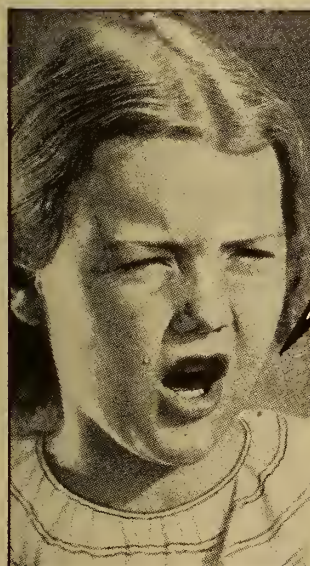
"Also I had a chance to see lots of old friends. It seems there were always schoolmates in every city where we went, and I talked to more women's clubs and attended more teas and met more people than I ever have. Another thing I did—I always tried to make it a point in every city to talk to a few motion picture exhibitors. I ran into some very interesting things there, it seemed that everyone remembered me in a picture I made six years ago with Spencer Tracy. It was called *Me And My Gal* and it was one of the few tough roles that I ever did. I liked it personally, and have always remembered it—anything you do with Spencer you can't help remembering—but I thought that everyone else had forgotten it ages ago.

"DO YOU know one question that people are always asking me?" There was actually a ferocious gleam in her eyes. "Miss Bennett," she mimicked, "won't you please tell me how you keep looking so young. I swear you don't look more than fourteen years old—and to have a ten-year-old child!" Joan managed a laugh but it was obvious that this was really a sore subject; only not in the way that it would be with many another star to whom even the mention of a ten-year-old child would be em-

barrassing. "Humph!" said Joan spiritedly, "I don't want to go on looking permanently immature, and I don't like to have people thinking that I am, and it really hurts me when they mention it. Heavens, doesn't anybody realize that I could be a grandmother in six years, if Ditty—that's Diana—should get married at sixteen as I did!"

This thought didn't seem to startle her at all: she looked quite proud about it. Then her face changed, "Of course not that I'd like her to get married that young, but then I mean that it could be. I've always been proud about my children. Why when I was seventeen I used to just love to go around talking about 'my baby' because of course nobody believed it, and I adored springing it on them. It made me feel important. I still feel the same way. And having Melinda with me on that tour was the most perfect thing about it.

"Of course the big kick was when I went back to Saint Margaret's with Ditty to get her settled. There she was sitting in the same classroom where I used to sit. She was the youngest in her class just as I was, and she's the first daughter of any of my contemporaries to come back. Incidentally, that's one reason I've taken her out of there since: she can go back when she's a little older; but right now I'm afraid she'd be spoiled too much. It was marvelous when I went in! All my old teachers said, 'Hello, Joan,' just as though I had only been away



GO'WAY! YOU'VE GOT BAD BREATH!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO TELL MAMA ON ME, AUNT CAROL! 'CAUSE IT'S TRUE! AND I BETCHA MR. NED THINKS SO, TOO!



NED HAS BEEN AVOIDING ME LATELY, SIS. DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT COULD BE THE REASON?



WELL, I APOLOGIZE FOR DOTTY, CAROL—BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

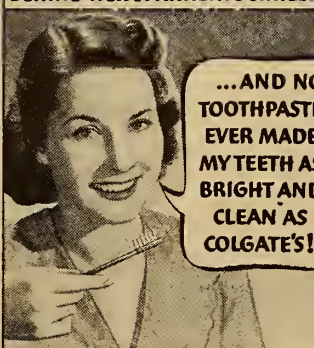
6 WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M GONNA TELL MAMA ON YOU, AUNT CAROL!

ATTA GIRL, DOTTY! AND TELL HER THAT AUNT CAROL'S JUST PROMISED TO BE MRS. NED, WILL YOU?



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



When Excitement Makes You Perspire

dew

WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

Careful women avoid underarm odor
with DEW, the easy deodorant

Hot weather and exercise are not the only things that increase perspiration. When you are excited, you perspire. And it is in exciting, intimate moments that you want to be sure underarm odor does not offend. The other person will never mention it. You must be on guard in advance. Use DEW.

DEW is kind to your skin and easy to use. DEW is the choice of smart women who want the poise, the charm, the assurance that come from freedom from perspiration odor. Ask for DEW today at drug stores, toilet goods counters, 10¢ stores. Three sizes: 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. DEW will keep your secret.



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Only Shoe-Hi

A most practical
money and mending
time-saver

20' PAIR

-At Hosiery Counters



YOUR YOUTHFUL SKIN A MASS OF PIMPLES?

Take steps now to help keep your
blood free of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those repulsive-looking pimples . . . and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important glands develop. These glands change upset your system. Waste poisons from the intestines are often thrown into the bloodstream and are carried to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful hickies.

You must help keep your blood free of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have done so, just by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. The millions of tiny, living plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help you fight pimple-making poisons at their source—in the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 30 days or even less! Get Fleischmann's Yeast now. Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

for my summer vacation instead of years and years. And they said that Ditty was so much like me that it was like a dream—that they could almost believe it was I who was coming there again.

"Then of course I had to make a little speech in the Assembly Hall and for the first time in my life—you probably don't believe it, but it's so—I had stage-fright. I was scared to death. I hadn't worn any make-up, and was wearing a simple little dark tailored suit, but I was still so afraid that the faculty might disapprove of me. Then afterwards I shook hands with every girl in the school. It was both wonderful and awful: I felt such a nostalgia, wished I really were back again. The speech had been the worst problem; I had rehearsed it all the way on the train. I worked more over it than I ever did on any part. I didn't have any problem like that with the women's clubs. I always managed to hit on something that interested them, and without being tipped off either. In Indianapolis I had noticed how dirty it was, and right off I started talking about the soft coal situation and that made a terrific hit because it seemed the women of the town were all up in arms about it themselves, just at that time. Did I get into the papers!" Joan laughed. "Joan Bennett's Views on the Soft Coal Situation"—that's a novelty, isn't it!"

BUT then, we might interrupt, so does everything about Joan drop into that classification. Hers is the most delightful frankness and naturalness on any subject and in any situation—so that it has to be called a novelty, especially in this town. She is one of the few people out here who has absolutely no star consciousness; that is, she seldom thinks of herself as a star, so consequently forgets about this consciousness in others—which occasionally leads her into very difficult moments, as happened several times on this recent tour, when she was mobbed and all but torn to pieces.

"The first time was in New York," she related. "I went into Macy's to get a few things and when I went up to the handbag counter one of the sales-girls asked me if I wanted a guide. I said no thank you, that I had been there before and knew my way around, and I thought to myself that this was probably some new customer-service. But she didn't let it go at that. She said, 'Well, I think you ought to have one!' and she said it a couple of times and I kept saying no, and I couldn't understand what it was all about. Then suddenly I could feel a crowd beginning to gather around me and I got the idea. What she really meant was a guard, I guess, and then I could see that she was on the phone, and a couple of minutes later three policemen pushed their way through to me. They got on each side of me, and one protected me from the rear, and with these three and the counter in front forming a complete armor around me I finally got my shopping done.

"That wasn't nearly as bad as the other experience though. That was later, in Pittsburgh. I went shopping again and this time I tried to disguise myself a little. I had on an old black hat, pulled down around my face, and my glasses, not dark glasses, just my own glasses which I have to wear now and then. And I was so sorry afterwards! They recognized me all right, and this time the crowd was so eager to get at me that I had to take refuge behind one of the counters with the sales-girls. I just stood there; I couldn't say anything; I was too surprised. And besides all I could think about was why hadn't I dressed up a little?"

"You know, it reminded me of something that happened years ago. I was fifteen

and had quite a crush on some boy, but his fancy had been taken by someone else—the 'other woman' in the case—and I loathed her. Well, I was getting ready to go to Europe at the time, and Constance was taking me shopping. I looked particularly horrible that day, messy and mussed, and—well, you can imagine what happened. I ran into not only the boy, but the boy and the girl, and she looked wonderful! She was very sophisticated anyway, and she was perfectly groomed, absolutely stunning. I didn't get over it for days; the frightful embarrassment of it. And all Constance said was, 'Well, let it be a lesson to you. Never go anywhere when you're not looking your best, because you never know who or what you might run into.' I knew she was right, and for years I remembered it; of course the one day I did forget it would be the day I was mobbed in Pittsburgh!

"But anyway it's an idea which I'm now trying to instill in Melinda and Ditty. I spend a lot of time and attention on their clothes, because I think it's important that they start out in life with this habit of always looking well-groomed.

"THERE are other things I have to keep an eye on too: pictures I have to see first before I ever let Ditty see them. She has only seen me in two, incidentally, and Melinda has never been to the movies. There was the problem of *Tom Sawyer* recently. I had to deny Ditty that one, because I was sure she would get the idea, like Tom did, that he was too much picked on by his parents, and since she has also threatened to run away several times, I was afraid that the example of *Tom's* actually doing it would be too much for her."

Thus the iron hand with which Joan manages her home and controls the destiny of her children, a hand certainly more mature than her face would appear to be, and now we can understand a little of why she resents being likened to a fourteen-year-old and why she yearns for something beside light, fluffy roles in pictures. But with her new success which her tour in *Stage Door* has brought her she won't have to worry so much in the future about the latter.

She has settled in a new home, the decorating of which she started before she left and is only now completing. She entertains a lot there because, as she admits, "When you have a place you like, you can't help wanting to have other people in to see and enjoy it, too." She has more friends than anyone in Hollywood, and these aren't the flighty, built-on-fame kind of friendships either. They are mostly people outside the industry, old friends she has known for years.

AFTER her stage experience of the last year she is terribly anxious to keep on with it, working in pictures when she can, and right now she is contemplating a two weeks' engagement for next summer with a little theatre in Connecticut. They will pay her \$500 a week and expenses, and while many a star would snort at such an amount Joan looks forward to it enthusiastically because it means that she can also spend a month or so living a completely rural life, there in Connecticut, in some quaint New England cottage. After that she may open in the same play in New York, in the fall, or perhaps she will do a light operetta; she doesn't know now, but at least she will do something behind the footlights, because stage producers are clamoring for her. Far from having had her picture career suffer, she is even more in demand here now than she was before she went away, so you can see that she's riding high, wide and handsome in both directions.

Men Don't Marry Glamor Women

[Continued from page 38]

as a splendid person. . . . The same is true of Virginia Bruce, and other women I have known.

"GLAMOR by itself is neither intriguing nor lasting. After all, you get used to beauty, even overwhelming, rare beauty. You begin taking it for granted. . . . I frequently notice that when visitors come to Hollywood and see a gathering of the stars, they sort of catch their breath with the sheer perfection of every girl present. If they remain long enough, they get hardened to beauty and glamor, and start picking their favorites for their human qualities.

"Personally, I think glamor is highly overrated. Primarily, it is a fabricated quality and it has very little to do with the essence of a human being. It is certainly no index to character. . . . There are some men who ask nothing more of the women they love than they be glamorous. If a woman attracts attention by her beauty, it is enough for them. They require no other quality—ask for neither companionship nor mental stimulus. All such men want is someone to feed their vanity.

"I was in love once," he recalls. "The only time in my life. And that girl I consider a truly glamorous woman, for she possessed all the qualities which to me spell authentic glamor. She wasn't beautiful in the accepted sense. For not one of her features, with the exception of her eyes, were remarkable. I was twenty-three then. And she was ten years older. But we felt no discrepancy of spirit. I had then what I've been searching for since.

"We were both appearing at a Miami, Florida, hotel—I as a dancer, she, as a singer. Marriage was out of the question. My future was still uncertain, and she was an established artist. We had to wait. But in the meanwhile I was happier than I had ever been in my life—or have been since.

"Yes—she was a real glamor woman, if you define glamor as the power to complement a man completely. Unfortunately it ended. I was cast in *Strictly Dishonorable* and later in other productions which took me on the road. We had already been separated a year when she was called to England for an important musical comedy role. She was absent two years. When we saw each other again we had been separated for three years. We had both changed. I was a little older, and she had acquired a certain sophistication which destroyed our perfect unity. It was over!"

ESSENTIALLY a dreamer is this tall, sensitive Cesar Romero. He has shyness which his assured and brilliant characterizations on the screen belie. On the surface he is sophisticated, self-sufficient.

But—"When a man passes thirty, he isn't self-sufficient," he declares. "His family isn't enough; his friends aren't enough; his career isn't enough. Only a woman he loves and who loves him can give purpose to his life. Can dissipate that loneliness which is the lot of the average man. I know. I am lonely!"

He speaks concisely and surely as a man does whose words are an expression of frequent thought.

"I think," he continues, "every man has certain dreams about the one woman. I hope the woman I love will have a gift for companionship. That to me is the one essential. Companionship implies to me, tastes in com-

mon, ambitions in common, dreams and hopes in common. I hope she will possess a sense of humor to lighten some of the tough spots that are part of every marriage.

"I hope she is blonde—because I am partial to fair-haired women. I should like her to be a woman who has an understanding of clothes, because I admire well turned-out women. If she is beautiful, I'll be glad, because I react to beauty quickly and it gives me artistic satisfaction.

"Definitely I would want the woman I marry to love children and to desire them, because no marriage is complete or wholly satisfying if there are no children. I hope she will possess strength of character and will-power, because I believe I am the sort of person who needs that in a wife. I am easily deflected and influenced. I would want someone to help me maintain perspective. She must certainly be intelligent, because I like women whose minds are active, who can keep right up with me in conversation, or even in discussion. . . . It sounds like a large order itemized like that. Perhaps one phrase would cover everything I want—a real woman, a human being with sympathy and tenderness and gentleness in her make-up, who will take marriage seriously and bring all her gifts to it to help make it a success.

"The extraneous things, after all, are of small moment. We don't always love the person we think we'll love. We might even marry the opposite of our dreams. In the final analysis, only the qualities of the heart and the mind are vital."

AS COLORFUL as the personality of this dark-haired, dark-eyed Latin, has been his career. . . . While born in New York City, all the tradition of a noble Cuban family, men and women who have written pages in history, is part of his background. His mother is Maria Mantilla, the Cuban concert singer whose godfather, Jose Marti, was the Liberator of Cuba.

Cesar attended boarding-school at Redding Ridge, Conn., the Riverdale Country School at Riverdale-on-Hudson and the Collegiate School in New York. Upon graduation, he was a bank-runner at the National City Bank in that city. Soon after, his great dancing skill prompted Lisbeth Higgins to persuade Romero to become her dancing partner. He appeared with her, and later with other partners, at many of the outstanding night-clubs in the country.

He was dancing at the Montmartre when Brock Pemberton, the producer, discovered him. And so Cesar made the transition from dancing to drama. He was cast in *Strictly Dishonorable*, in which he established himself as a first rate actor.

Other hit plays followed. And in April, 1934, he was brought to Hollywood by M-G-M for a featured role in *The Thin Man*. His debut was auspicious.

When Shirley Temple's *Wee Willie Winkie* was released, his portrayal of Khoda Khan, the chieftain, won critical acclaim. He was placed under long-term contract by Darryl Zanuck, and shortly cast in *Happy Landings* with Sonja Henie, which brought him new laurels. He will again be featured with the Norwegian Flash in her next picture. . . . His career destiny is set. His love destiny time will reveal!

But rest assured—when Cesar Romero marries, it will not be a girl whose chief stock in trade is glamor!

GANTNER

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THANK YOU

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please,
"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

How To Make Salads and Influence Slimness

[Continued from page 53]

set. A rightly combined salad may be as satisfying and more healthful than a heavy meal, and carry with it no danger of overweight. But always remember that the salad dressing or mayonnaise contains a great deal of pure oil or fat, and that fat counts the calories! So select your salad and dressing carefully for both appetite and health and you may be sure that you and your family will be more fit and comfortable during the long siege of torrid summer.

IF WE could page through a large cookbook devoted exclusively to salads, we would find that the countless recipes fall chiefly into these main groups:

1. Bowl Salads
2. Ring Salads
3. Plate Salads
4. Platter Salads
5. Loaf Salads

The *Bowl Salad* is the most informal and economical of salads and its service is best suited for everyday family use. Sometimes, when the ingredients are unusual or more de luxe, the bowl salad may be served at a party buffet, but it is always a help-yourself salad. Almost any mixture can be tossed together with the aid of a light dressing, and served preferably in a genuine wooden salad bowl or other large salad bowl. The common garden vegetables either cooked or raw, adapt themselves readily to the bowl salad, and it's a grand way in which to thriftily use up bits of left-overs. Here is a recipe for using canned seafood with green vegetables and eggs which makes a hearty type of mixture sufficient for a complete meal, along with a beverage, and perhaps fruit or cookies.

SUMMER SEAFOOD SALAD (Bowl Salad)

- 2 small (7-ounce) cans crab, salmon or tuna
- 2 cups cubed cucumbers
- 2 cups cooked new peas
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup chili sauce
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- Green pepper strips
- Stuffed olives

Flake fish, and toss lightly with cucumbers and peas. Blend mayonnaise, chili sauce, lemon juice and salt, and mix lightly with fish and vegetables. Arrange in large bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Garnish with outer ring of sliced hard eggs, and place strips of pepper with olives set between them in center. Chill. (Serves 8)

THE next type, the *Ring Salad* is very popular because of the pleasant contrast afforded by the refreshing chill gelatin and the crisp vegetables. Probably the Tomato Ring is best liked of all, as it is easily made at little cost and the tangy taste of tart tomato is included in the gelatin mixture. The best and easiest way to get this taste is by using canned tomato juice, as in the following recipe which also gives delightful possibilities for filling the ring:

TOMATO JELLY RING with Variations (Ring Salad)

- 1¼ tablespoons granulated gelatin
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 2 slices onion
- 2 whole cloves
- ½ bayleaf
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice

Soak gelatin in ¼ cup cold tomato juice. Simmer remaining juice with spices 10 minutes. Add soaked gelatin, salt and lemon juice, and enough additional liquid to make exactly 2 cups. When slightly thickened, pour into oiled ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold, serve on lettuce, and fill center with any of the following mixtures:

1. Finely shredded cabbage moistened in mayonnaise, dusted with paprika, and garnished with ring of stuffed olive halves.
2. Finely chopped cucumbers combined with chopped celery, garnished with ring of sliced radishes.
3. Equal parts cubed cooked chicken and tongue with horseradish, mayonnaise and garnish of gherkins.
4. Cottage cheese seasoned with onion juice and garnished with minced chives, sliced radishes and ripe olives.
5. Cooked or canned shrimp seasoned with lemon juice and chili sauce mayonnaise and garnished with watercress.

THE *Plate Salad* is an individual service ranging from the simple mixture the housewife serves herself at noon to the de luxe fancy guest luncheon salad. Either vegetables or fruits may be used, and in either case the ingredients are arranged with an eye to balance, color and other qualities which make a salad into a "poem." This one is informal and very suitable for family use:

STUFFED TOMATO AND ASPARAGUS SALAD (Plate Salad)

- 2 medium potatoes, boiled
- ½ cup chopped celery or cabbage
- 4 large ripe tomatoes
- 4 tablespoons mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- 12 tips cooked asparagus
- Heart lettuce
- Midget sweet pickles

Cool, peel and chop potatoes and combine with celery. Cut slice off tomatoes, scoop out pulp, and add to potatoes and celery. Blend dressing of mayonnaise, onion juice and salt, and add. Pack mixture into tomato shells. Arrange 1 tomato on each plate. Cut eggs in half and place ½ egg in each tomato, leaving opening in which to insert 3 asparagus tips. Garnish each plate with lettuce and 2 sweet pickles, and pass additional dressing separately. (serves 4)

Another and very smart plate salad of

seasonable summer fruits makes a fine company offering:

LUNCHEON MELON CUP SALAD

- 2 small cantaloupes
- 1 cup cantaloupe balls
- 1 cup watermelon balls
- 1 cup fresh peach wedges
- 1 cup small ripe strawberries or raspberries
- Honey Fruit Dressing
- Mint sprays

Cut cantaloupes in half crosswise, remove seeds, and cut balls from pulp. Prepare other fruits. Chill. Just before serving combine all fruits and sprinkle lightly with Honey Fruit Dressing. Heap in melon shells, and arrange shells on individual plates covered with lace paper doily. Garnish tops with mint spray. (Serves 4)

Variations: Use 2 cups cantaloupe balls, omitting watermelon balls; and substitute huckleberries for other berries.

Use avocado balls, and substitute diced oranges and banana rings for berries.

Honey Fruit Dressing: Whip 1 cup chilled heavy cream, and gradually beat in 2 tablespoons strained honey and grains salt. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and serve immediately on any fruit salad. (Makes 1½ cups)

PLATTER SALAD is merely arranged as though several plate salads were served on one platter. Thus, in the above recipe for Stuffed Tomato and Asparagus Salad, the entire recipe, instead of being divided on to 4 individual plates, might be served at the table from 1 platter on which all 4 tomatoes etc. had been attractively arranged.

The **Loaf Salad** is less commonly prepared, as it is a more elaborate and fancy concoction in the form of a loaf or brick, usually composed of layers of chopped vegetables and sliced cold meats embedded in aspic jelly, and served in slices.

Everyone thinks a salad is easy to make, yet it may not be amiss to mention again some do's and don'ts of salad success:

1. Have all ingredients well washed, rinsed and chilled.
2. Dry lettuce, celery, etc., in a wire basket or between paper towels.
3. Arrange everything neatly, and never overload bowl or plates.
4. Avoid all excess dressing or sloppiness, as a watery salad is an abomination.
5. Never have mixtures look messy, as if a formless chopped mass, like hash.
6. Use pleasing color contrasts in simple arrangements, avoiding all over-fancy "millinery" effects.
7. Seldom combine more than three different vegetables or fruits, with salad green additional.
8. Always use chilled plates for serving.
9. Never add dressing until within a half hour of serving.
10. Vary the dressing to suit the type of salad and the meal in general.

SPEAKING of dressing brings up the point that it is often the dressing which makes the salad, since in every case the dressing binds the ingredients together and makes for uniformity no matter how varying the ingredients. In the first place, use the best quality oil, vinegar, spices or bought dressings. There are chief or basic recipes for dressing which can be varied endlessly. Learn how to make each well. They are: French Dressing, Mayonnaise, and Cream or Boiled Dressing.



When Jackie Cooper made his Eastern personal appearance tour he visited Grant's Greenwich (Conn.) Chain Store and discovered that Grant patrons like Fawcett magazines

French dressing, made with oil, vinegar and seasonings, is most suitable on all green salads and for toning up other ingredients. Mayonnaise is more suitable to fish, seafood and particularly lobster, and to vegetables when used in a small portion, as a top garnish. Cream dressing is popular on cabbage and other coarse-textured vegetables. Fruits need no dressing, or only the lightest kind made with delicate oil and honey to blend with the fruit juices.

Vary the dressing to make it interesting. Even various oils have their own distinctive flavors: Olive oil, peanut oil, corn oil, cotton seed oil and others each give their dressings a slightly different flavor. Vinegars, too, may be varied: A malt flavor is quite different from a cider flavor, and those with herbs like tarragon, etc., differ from both. The use of onions, chives, garlic and the pot herbs (marjoram, thyme, basil, chervil, etc.) all do much for even the simplest of salad greens. Chili sauce, horseradish, ketchup and Worcestershire, all familiar standbys in the pantry, should be called forth to aid in making piquant dressings.

So choose the salad way to health this summer, while keeping slim and amazing the family with your ingenuity.

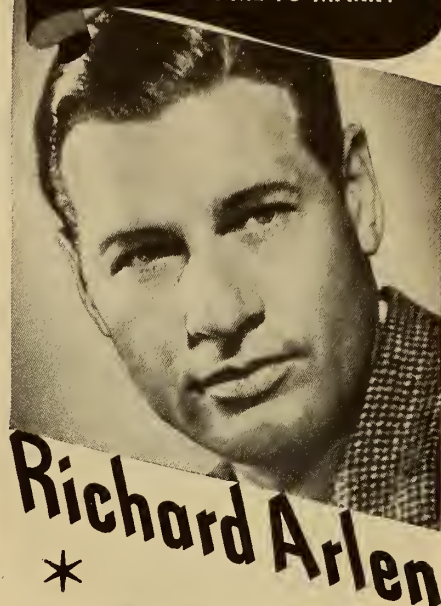
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From Blue Grass To Green Pastures

[Continued from page 48]

came from players who have years of legitimate stage experience behind them. They not only voted for her—but told her their reasons why—and who can blame her for regarding each ballot cast in her favor as a big, bright feather in her theatrical cap! Marjorie, probably due to her good bringing-up in the fairly deep South, harbors no grudge against the man who so summarily tried to put the well-known quietus on her stage career. On the contrary, she thinks his judgment of her at the time was an honest and true one.

"I was awful," she admits, "and deserved what I got. If our positions had been reversed I know I would have done as he did—only quicker. Honestly, I was so terrible that the Grand Bounce wasn't even a blow to my Southern pride! I wasn't even angry about it. Later—although I wasn't wildly enthusiastic about a theatrical career—I began taking dramatic lessons from a member of a stock company then playing in Louisville, and through him, when I was only fourteen, I began to play roles in the company. I kept this up for the following three years and while I enjoyed the experience I was never more than luke-warm in my interest for the stage. During the year I attended the University of Kentucky and the three that I spent at the University of Indiana I took part in a few plays, but by then I was majoring in English, social science, and psychology and was looking forward to being a social worker after graduation. As a matter-of-fact, I was engaged in this work in Louisville during the summer of 1936.

"NOW it's almost the summer of 1938 and here I am in Hollywood, in pictures and, if you've been a close follower of movie news from day to day, very much in the headlines."

Headlines! There, indeed, was the word that gave us the opening we'd been waiting for! What we wanted, now, was the true answer to the question that had had Hollywood all agog and in a deep dither for the past few months.

Was she, or was she not, married?

We said we couldn't tell from what we read beneath the headlines or what we listened to over the ether waves because one day the movie commentators would have her happily married and presto, chango, they'd have her unhappily divorced the next!

We said further, that the Hollywood boys and girls who write their daily stints for the local and syndicated columns about who's who and what's what in Flickertown, had become pretty much provoked about the whole mysterious affair and that, according to our unbiased opinion, the publicity she was getting now was far removed from what a good press-agent would call A No. 1. This idea, we added for good measure, of being quoted one day as being married and quoted the next as being single was beginning to back-fire.

Knowing Marjorie for the good sport that she is, we didn't mince words when we told her that if this "off-again-on-again" romance was her own idea of a bright publicity gag it not only had taken a detour but was just about ready to lay a very bad egg—and much quicker than she expected. The whole business, we went on, was a mystery for no good reason and if she were the smart girl we gave her credit for being, she'd give us a very emphatic "yes" or "no"

to the "are-you-married-or-not" query that had been hurled at her a thousand-and-one times this Spring.

With all this off our chest, Marjorie came right back with as pleasant a surprise as an interviewer could wish for.

"I'll not only do that," she said, suddenly serious, "but I'm going to let you be the first person who knows the complete story from beginning to end. First, though, I want to tell you what I've been telling everybody all along. I am NOT married, I never HAVE been, and I honestly don't know when I WILL be. I've told this over and over to reporters, radio commentators and movie columnists, but apparently none of them believe me. I know they have quoted and unquoted me in a number of contradictory statements. I've admitted my marriage. Then I've denied it. I've confessed to a divorce. Then denied that. Believe me or not, but except to you, right at this very moment, I've never uttered a single word beyond 'I am NOT married' whenever the question was asked. Whatever else has been added to those four simple little words is not of my invention. If I were married to Kenneth Schacht, the naval ensign with whom my name has so often been coupled—and uncoupled—I'd be happy to admit it.

"NOW—I'll tell you something else I've never told anyone else before. I do have a license to wed. Not only that, but Kenneth has one, too, and sometime we'll go before the proper authorities and one or the other license will be written in according to law. But we haven't done so yet and don't know when we will. You see, Kenneth will soon be transferred to a submarine base in China where he will do what he calls a three-year 'hitch,' and when that's over he'll be transferred somewhere else.

"It may sound a trifle odd that each of us should be carrying around a license, but maybe it won't when I explain that last year, when he knew he would have time for a stopover in Louisville on his way to the Coast, he brought one along just in case we suddenly decided to marry. And when I knew he was to visit me I prepared for the same eventuality by obtaining one for *myself*. And that's as close as we've come so far to being married.

"Now about this so-called marital mystery of mine. It really goes back to the Notre Dame-Navy football game played at South Bend. When the editor of a navy journal discovered that my mother had been invited to attend and that an invitation had been sent to me in Hollywood, he thought he was putting two and two together very cleverly and wrote a little story to the effect that it looked as though the Annapolis boys were to have the pleasure of not only witnessing a football classic, but a wedding as well. Marjorie Weaver of the movies wouldn't come as far East as South Bend merely to sit through a football game. And if she did it would be only the prelude to the ceremony.

"Just as soon as this appeared in print, it was picked up by the news services and since then I've been kept busy denying a marriage that as yet has not occurred. But despite my denials, I've been made the author of a score of absurd statements. And no one knows better than I that it hasn't been good publicity. Nothing would make me happier than to be assured that from now on I would never have to read another

line nor hear another word about the whole affair."

Well—that should settle the controversy. Marjorie is NOT married! She never HAS been! And she doesn't know when she WILL be!

The star from Kentucky's Blue Grass came to Hollywood's Green Pastures via the "longest-way-round-is-the-shortest-way"-to-success method. As she frankly admits, there was a lot of luck in her getting started toward the West Coast at all.

"More than likely," she reveals, "I would be engaged in social service work were it not for Judy Parks, my room-mate in the Kappa Gamma sorority house. Without telling me about it, she entered my name in a Ruby Keeler Dance contest, sent in a photograph of myself, and for some reason or other I was chosen as the winner! After graduation Judy and I set out for New York."

IT WASN'T long before the talent scouts began to hear about the beautiful dance-contest winner and it wasn't long before they began to park themselves on her front door-step to convince her that she should "be in pictures." But the little girl from the fairly deep South was too smart for 'em. She had won a dance scholarship and, since she was in New York, why not learn about dancing before she tried for something else? To say that the talent scouts were flabbergasted would be putting it very mildly, indeed. It didn't make sense, they said. Here they were ready, willing, and able to send her to glamorous Hollywood. But Marjorie had come to Gotham to dance and the jig was up so far as the smooth-tongued scouts were concerned.

Well—she used up her scholarship and the talent scouts, still keeping their professional eyes upon her, used up a lot of blandishments and this time she fooled them. She took the test and signed a movie contract, and then took the first train to Hollywood.

"I was ready to take the first train back," she says, "almost the minute I arrived. I wasn't so keen about being in pictures and I was homesick for old Kentucky. I promised myself, though, that I'd stick it out for six months and after that, if I wasn't satisfied with my progress, I'd give up screen work forever. The months went by and I went into one picture after another with roles no bigger than that of a secretary. Most of them couldn't be classified as high as 'bits,' even, and discouragement began to take the edge off whatever enthusiasm I had for the screen.

"Finally I asked for a release from my contract. I was never going to get anywhere in the movies until I had some stage experience and the only place I could get that where it would count was on Broadway and if the studio would let me go I'd come back in a year or so with a knowledge of acting that would be of as much value to the studio as to myself. That was the argument I put up and it must have been convincing for it won me my freedom."

Low Schreiber, casting director at 20th Century-Fox, had been keeping his expert eyes upon Marjorie and the minute he learned she was free for other commitments he jumped to the nearest phone and put up what he now considers the best sales talk of his life. It wasn't at all necessary for Marjorie to go to New York for further experience. She was plenty good enough for what 20th Century-Fox had in mind for her. A little more training, maybe, in the studio's dramatic school to take off the rough edges, so to speak, but after that—well, went on Mr. Schreiber, there really wasn't a limit

to the good things in store for her. Before the year was over he'd have her name on a thousand marquees. And so on and so on.

"It all sounded very intriguing," Marjorie confesses, "and so I stayed. More than once, though, I had my grips packed, a ticket in my purse, and a 'good-bye, Hollywood' on my lips. Fortunately for me Mr. Schreiber finally argued me into signing a contract and my grips have been unpacked ever since—and I hope they always will be."

FOR the first few months her screen work consisted of bit parts and walk-ons but with this great difference. The few scenes she had now were sufficient to bring her charm and ability to the attention of every executive on the lot and rumors began to spread from one front office to another that 20th Century was just on the verge of discovering another "find." Which is just exactly what happened. When the time arrived to start casting for *Second Honeymoon* none other than Marjorie was selected to play the second feminine lead—and that splendid performance was the springboard from which she jumped to fame.

"That role gave me the biggest thrill I've ever had since coming to Hollywood," she frankly admits "for then, for the first time, I was able to have Judy Parks, the girl who practically shoved me into a screen career, as my stand-in. Judy's shorter than I am, but the cameramen get around that difficulty by making her stand on a block of wood while the lights are being set up."

The little girl from the fairly deep South, pretty enough to win the college beauty contest four times in a row, is beautiful, but very far from being dumb. She's got a keen mind of her own—and never fails to use it. She isn't fooled for a minute by the illusions and glamor of Hollywood.

"I'm not even a good actress, yet," she confesses, "and I don't know when I will be. Success in this business seems to depend a lot upon luck—and nobody has to tell me I haven't been lucky. I know it. Give a girl good parts and a good director with a good story and she'll give a good performance whether she knows anything about acting or not. That's my story and maybe I'm stuck with it, but I have my own experience to prove it."

Now that, as we say out here along the ocean front, is putting it on a bit too thick. She can belittle herself as much as she wants to but the fact remains that this good-looking girl is an equally good actress. Don't take our word for it, take Darryl Zanuck's, the big boss. After *Kentucky Moonshine* he has cast her for one of the leads in *Three Blind Mice*. She didn't win that coveted role because of her looks. Not by ten miles of film on the cutting-room floor! She got it because Zanuck knew she could handle the part more than capably well.

DIGGING into her private life we discover that Marjorie is a Daughter of the American Revolution, an honorary Colonel in the ROTC at the University of Kentucky, and one of the famous Kentucky Colonels. Her pet hobby is sailing and last year her 20-foot racer was the fastest in its class. Before coming to Hollywood she posed for some of the biggest advertising accounts in the country. You'll probably recall her as the lovely girl who figured in the illustrations in *Colliers* as the heroine of the Sax Rohmer stories. She can ride a horse like the jockey who won the recent Irish Sweepstakes and can swim like a fish. And—

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She never HAS been—

And she doesn't know when she WILL be.

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How To Break Into The Movies

[Continued from page 27]

She looks beautiful with a carrot crown and a spinach cape. Issy sees her. He tears his hair. 'She's a natural! A wow! And I discovered her. Am I wonderful! And so Minnie becomes a star . . .'

The truth is, of course, that Fanny, herself, is one of the finest little Columbuses who ever came to town. And probably the most blessed. Ask the young Darryl Austins, for example. They're artists from Portland. They arrived in a car that hung together by the grace of heaven and little else, and they decorated a garage as a studio-home. Fanny heard of them. Presto, under her wing they went. She arranged a show—and thirty of their pictures sold in one day. She found out that Mrs. Austin also did exquisite fairytales in water colors. Fanny telephoned producer Mervyn LeRoy. "You're doing *The Wizard of Oz*, eh, Merv?" she made her voice sound detached. "Look, there's some pictures I want you to see . . ."

Merv was interested. He sent for the art. And now don't be surprised if a lady called Austin does the cartoons for his opus . . .

"I felt like a mother trying to get her child in radio with *Baby Snooks*," said Fanny. "She practically grew up in New York, you know—as an orphan. Nobody wanted her. For years I've been trying to play *Snooks*, but I was the only one who had faith in her. I used to hedge close to kids on the sidewalk so I could listen to them, learn their psychology. Then I'd work it into my skits. As a kid, myself, I was mad to do *Topsy*. I think *Snooks* is kind of a white *Topsy*. But I've had to fight for her. Last fall I started to call the whole thing off on this current air program when they wouldn't let me do her. They *had* to let me!"

IMAGINE—a world without *Snooks*. She was a riot on the screen. Today she's listed among the Ten Best in radio personalities. And nobody wanted her . . .

"Most of my life I've been an accident," said Fanny. "How did I get on the stage in the first place? *Vell*, I tell you. *I was pushed twice and picked once!*"

Frank Keeney's theatre in Brooklyn was the scene of the original pushing. It happened like this: Fanny had sewed all day on a neighbor's dress to earn twenty-five cents to go to the show that night. Amateur night it was. But by the time she got there all the quarter seats were sold. A little thing like that, however, has never stopped Fanny. She went to the stage door. "Mr. Keeney, can I be a *amachure* tonight?"

The manager grinned. He'd seen that long-legged youngster around. "Sure, kid. Get inside." That's all she wanted. She'd watch the show until the act preceding her's—then disappear. But it wasn't Fanny who disappeared. It was another girl on the program. And Keeney pushed her right out on the stage to fill the vacant spot before she could think. Fanny stood there frozen. Footlights . . . Faces swimming in back of them . . . Suddenly the newsboys in the gallery who were part of her "gang" shouted, "Give us a song, Fan. You know—" And they started whistling it. The orchestra took it up. And Fanny, grinning, queerly at home now, began "When You Know You're Not Forgotten By the Girl You Can't Forget"—a sad, folksy ballad—and the audience started roaring. What's more to the point, they started throwing coins! In between tear-jerking lines Fanny would bob her head, "Thank

you . . . 'And You Know You're Not For-got-t-en' . . . *Thank you!*" She had them rolling in the aisles. Yelling for more. She took fifteen dollars home to her mother that night . . .

Fanny was an actress! She got a job in the chorus of a burlesque. The fact that she couldn't dance didn't matter to Fanny. She bribed the other girls to teach her—by giving them shirt waists she made between rehearsals. She also understudied the soubrette. Such a healthy creature as that soubrette was. Fanny used to dream about the fancy entrance she'd make in her place. How she'd swivel out on the stage with the *grand gest*. Uh-huh. But when the soubrette *did* fail at the last minute they simply gave Fan a push—and there she was. Smack in front of the audience with all the lines scared out of her.

She ad-libbed wildly. The stuff was so good they kept it in the show—and Fanny in the part. It was the soubrette who went back to the chorus!

THEN Ziegfeld came, saw, and signed that girl named Brice. That was the time she was "picked."

When you go to see Fanny today a butler opens the front door. The house she has rented is a miniature Versailles, fountain and all. "Ain't it grand?" grimaces Fanny. There's nothing changed about that twinkle in her eye! "That *pool* now . . . You know what Billy Rose said?" (She always calls her famous impresario husband Billy Rose like that as if it were one word.) "You see, the first six months I was out here I drew salary—without working. One day a friend asked him what Fan was doing. 'Swimming for M-G-M!' says Billy Rose."

They may be in the throes of divorce—Fanny doesn't speak about that—but they have a keen admiration for each other.

THERE will be no idle Brice days in the future, however. Her five year contract with M-G-M is pat. She's going into *Lucky Star* and there is talk of a *Baby Snooks* series of shorts. Moreover she's bought a house . . . A charming Georgian home in ultra-ultra Holmby Hills.

"Everybody in the world is trying to sell me something for it. But when they're dealing with me, they're dealing with wholesale Fanny! I can tell you to a nickel what a thing costs, what it *should* cost—and how much you can take off your profit tax! I didn't visit all those stores for nothing all those years I was on tour . . . You bet the kids know me!"

That's Frances (18) and Billy (16), her attractive daughter and son.

"It's funny about those two. *She* wants to show horses and he wants to paint. I better keep *working!*"

The telephone buzzed. I heard Fanny say into the mouthpiece, "Good! Good! Oh, that's wonderful!"

She came back wagging a finger. "That's it. Like I tell you. Hollywood is *Dipsy Doodles*. I know this girl in New York. She comes out here for a job. Does she get it? No! She buys a ticket to go back home—and they pull her off the train to do a big part. *You've got to leave this town if you want to stay here!* You've got to make them think they're importing you! Put a sign on yourself, *Made In China*, and they'll love it.

"You bet—it's *skadiddish* . . ."

Cupid, Stay Away From My Door!

[Continued from page 37]

license doesn't mean a thing to him. He never learned to read. So you can get yourself out of your own mess. Or stew in it, for all he cares."

I asked him about these self-appointed deputies. "Well, you know—" He waved his hand vaguely. "People who want to promote love. Your friends, for instance, who are happily married themselves and want you to be the same. They mean well by you. Gosh, but *how* well they mean. No matter how comfortable you are, they can't help feeling sorry for you."

"Suppose your friend comes in and finds your pajamas in a huddle on the bedroom floor. 'If you had a wife,' he tells you, 'that wouldn't happen.' Smug, all of a sudden."

"Anyway, that's how the men work. They take it out in talk. The girls like action. You're sitting round the fire, with a good dinner under your belt and nothing on your mind but the next round of highballs. 'Jimmy,' says the hostess, 'a girl I went to school with is coming out to visit next week. I've said to myself so often, there's the girl I want Jimmy Stewart to meet. They're just each other's type.' 'S' right,' says the host, 'she's a honey.' He's never laid eyes on the girl, but he knows all about her. His wife told him."

"SO YOU get this big build-up, and by the time the girl blows into town, she could be Helen of Troy and Garbo and you'd still pass her up for Baby Snooks. She feels the same way. After all, Columbus wouldn't have been so excited, if somebody'd dumped America into his lap."

"So you're asked to dinner to meet each other. Now your friends can be the most sensitive people in the world. But about this they've developed a blind spot. Like parents about their kids, I suppose. This is their baby and it's beautiful, and they're going to nurse it and coddle it and bring it up tall and strong. Only like other parents, they're misguided. They don't know what's good for the brat. They kill it with kindness. They sit around looking at you, sort of affixing the seal and stamp. They put their heads together and coo at the pair of you. They waylay you in corners and bleat, 'Isn't she marvelous? Aren't you crazy about her?' They all but drag you out to buy the wedding ring."

SINCE friends and relatives seemed to hinder without helping, how about girls he'd met under his own steam? In what guise did romance come to a movie actor who deals in romance on the screen?

"Look," he said, "I'm not going to give you that guff about life being different from stories. We all know it is. Just the same, I believe some of the love stories happening right here in Hollywood could be filmed. They're romantic, they make sense, and they end well. So far, mine haven't."

"Try filming this, for instance. Boy meets girl on set shortly after arrival in Hollywood. Boy likes girl. Girl seems to like boy. They start dating. Pretty soon boy gets a little confused. Something's wrong with the picture. It begins to look more like a timetable. While nothing's said in so many words, the idea finally sinks through the boy's skull. This isn't the romance, but the business, of going together, strictly the boy-and-girl racket, worked out by the book. You call her up every so often. You send flowers at certain intervals. You have din-

ner together so many times a week. If you miss, it's a breach of the game. You go to the doghouse."

"Well, I've got a bad memory. I forget to call up. I forget to send flowers. Besides, I always had the notion you sent 'em when the impulse moved you, not when the hands of the clock reached a certain point. So it petered out."

"That was the business-like romance. Then there's the catch-as-catch-can. When I lived with Hank Fonda before he was married, there was a girl he didn't know well at all who kept calling him up. She was romantic all right. She'd give him this spiel about the beautiful evening and how the moon was shining and how the birds were singing and how lonely she was. Sure, I know the birds go to bed at night. Is that my fault? She wasn't a realist. She just wanted a date. I'd sit there and howl, listening to Hank squirm out of moonlight and roses by a different exit each night. He'd come away from the phone, sweating, wanting to know what's so funny, you big baboon?"

"Once it wasn't so funny. The phone rang, Hank was out and I answered it. I heard this girl's voice asking for him. I said he wasn't in. She said: 'You're his friend, aren't you? Isn't it a lovely evening?' Then it was my turn to sweat. I was kind of awed, too. After all, there's something breathtaking about that kind of straight-ahead drive."

SUDDENLY his eyes kindled. From his breast pocket he drew a sheet of paper, worn at the creases, and handed it to me. "Treat it gently. I treasure that."

"Dear Mr. Stewart," I read. "I am eighteen years old. I am five-feet-three inches tall. My hair is brown and straight. If you like, I'll get a permanent. They have pretty good ones for five dollars, but I imagine you'd want me to have the best. My eyes are brown and large. I have a slight cast, but people say you can't notice it unless I'm tired. I will try not to get tired. My father is an undertaker. I live with my family. This is a proposal of marriage to you. I can cook pretty good, I can clean a little, and I have dimples. If you accept this proposal, there are three things you will have to do. (1) Let my mother live with us. (2) Hire a girl for the housework, as I guess you can afford it. (3) Wait for me till I'm twenty-one. My mother says eighteen's too young and you should be patient. Please answer by return mail."

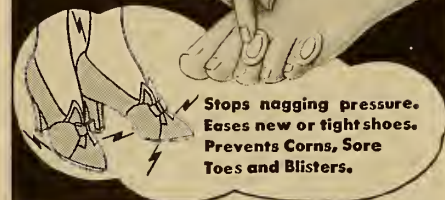
He folded it and replaced it in his pocket. "I didn't answer it," he said gravely. "I thought five-foot-three was too short for me."

He was silent for a moment, suddenly meditative. Then he spoke abruptly. "Clowning aside, if you want to know what I really think about marriage, I think these friends of mine who come around boosting it are absolutely right. I think there's nothing you can get out of life better than a home and kids and a wife you love. I think anyone's screwy who doesn't climb on the bandwagon."

"Only what I said before goes. There are too many phony Cupids around. If the only original came to my door, I'd grab him by a wing and haul him in to the fire and get out the beer or the Grade A milk or the nectar. I'd air the guest-room myself. I'd black his boots. My only complaint against him is, he takes too long. What the hell's he waiting for? I'm ready."

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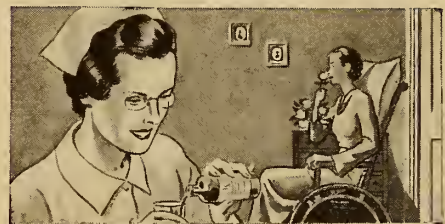


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She Gets Away With "Moider"

[Continued from page 23]

Irene laughed a lovely, warm laugh.
"Well, what exactly am I getting away
with that's darned unusual?" she asked.

Her unique marriage to the noted New
York dentist, Dr. Francis Griffin, for one
thing, I told her. She said she thought that
was taken for granted by this time.

THAT'S just the point. It is taken for
granted and sleeping dogs let lie. Yet
let any other Hollywood glamor girl be
madly in love with her husband and live on
the Pacific coast for ten years while he
hung his hat on the Atlantic side of the
continent and it wouldn't be taken for granted
in a thousand years. It would be hashed
and relished in vivid and imaginative detail
in the public prints year in, year out. De-
vious reasons would be ascribed for the mys-
terious separation, criticism and gossip would
fly right and left. Rather than leaving it to
pursue its natural and logical course as it
has done for Irene and the doctor, Holly-
wood would worry that marriage like a
terrier puppy until it had been destroyed
completely.

"Yes," she mused. "I see what you mean
and I am afraid I have no answer unless it
could be that we ourselves set the pattern
of thought by attaching no special signifi-
cance to it or making a public whoop-ti-do
about it."

Those separations, fortunately, are get-
ting fewer and of shorter duration. They
happened in the first place, you know, quite
by accident. When Irene first left New York
City and her husband for Hollywood she had
no inkling the move would become almost
permanent. Originally it was to be a jaunt,
just time enough to make her first picture
(which she thought would be her only one).
When the doctor saw her success and the
opportunities to be grasped he insisted she
remain to make the most of them. His own
successful career had taught him what such
work could mean to another.

It may be true, as Irene contends, that
the separations are getting fewer because
her stellar ranking gives her the privilege
of making fewer pictures and hence more
time for reunions. But since I notice the
doctor is coming west with greater frequen-
cy, I'm inclined to think Missy is responsible.
Missy, of course, is Mary Frances, the
adorable little daughter they adopted.

"But Missy brings up another how-do-
you-get-away-with-it," I said. "She is one
of Hollywood's most famous babies yet I've
never seen a picture of her in a newspaper
or a magazine. That's nothing short of
heresy!"

"You never will, if I can help it," Irene
said quickly and with a show of temper.

INCIDENTALLY, in case you don't know,
she's about the most enthusiastic of Hol-
lywood mothers I have encountered. She
glows when she talks about Missy and to
hear her tell it, no other baby possibly could
be half as smart, beautiful, and altogether
wonderful as hers. She spends hours every
day with her, even though it means crowding
the rest of her day's schedule to a fever
pitch and snapshots of the child are forever
popping out of her purse, her pockets, her
scripts. With or without invitation or provo-
cation she exhibits them anytime, anywhere.
It's almost a complex!

"That's two," Irene said. "What else do
I get away with?"

Tranquil vacations, quiet parties, being
seen rarely in public, even her home itself,
to mention but a few *coups*. Take vacations.

"Is that so remarkable?" she asked.

No, but the fact she is allowed to do just
those things without benefit of a studio
press-agent making it a gigantic exploita-
tion stunt with receptions, interviews and
milling mobs of fans all along the route is
more than remarkable. It's unheard of!
How, for instance, did she manage to stay
at a famous resort in Santa Barbara for
four days, with her name plainly written on
the hotel register, without once being ac-
costed or bothered?

There was a naughty little twinkle in her
eye when she answered, "I have an idea
it may be because I stop being a movie star
when I leave Hollywood," she said. "It can
be done, you know."

"But the studio. . ."

"The studio knows now I prefer it that
way," she said quietly.

She *prefers* it that way! Just like that!
Those anguished moans you hear in the dis-
tance are a lot of other stars saying "Don't
we all!" And a lot of good it does them.

THEN take the matter of entertaining.
That unwritten law of Hollywood
glamor demands lavish and unique parties
whose extraordinary features are publicized,
photographed and talked about for weeks.
Despite that, Irene confines her hostessing
to intimate affairs of eight or so for dinner
and then on to a concert, the theatre or
dancing for all the world like Joe and Betty
Doakes who live next door to you. Parties
nobody ever hears about out here because
there's nothing spectacular to hear.

When she celebrated the preview of *The
Awful Truth*, for instance, she took her
business manager and her publicity counsel
to an inconspicuous corner of a famous cafe
and discussed the merits and faults of the
picture over one glass of champagne. Yet do
you know what the code says for preview
celebrations? A whale of a big shebang with
everybody connected with the picture having
one elegant time at the star's expense!

Studios frequently insist on their glamor
girls being seen in public places in the com-
pany of some handsome man. Sometimes
they even provide the man! It's supposed
to add to the aura of her romantic appeal
for parties of the first and second part
or something, even if it's dull as dishwater.
Well, only once in a blue moon will you
ever see Irene in another man's company
in Hollywood when the doctor is in New
York, and the studio big-wigs can take it
or leave it.

Irene has a charming home in Holmby
Hills, an exclusive Hollywood suburb, and
here again she's guilty of stellar insubordina-
tion. It's no typical movie star's home at all!
It has no swimming-pool, no stables, no
kennels, no courts. Not even a high wall
around it in protection from the vulgar gaze
of the public. It's just a home in good taste
such as any cultured, well-to-do couple might
build anywhere in the United States.

"You know that's treason," I said.

"Uh huh," she agreed, "but it happens to
be the kind of house we wanted, and so we
have it that way."

Yes, Irene Dunne gets away with murder
and nobody knows exactly how or why. But
a lot of people out here would like to find
out.

The Private Life of Margo and Francis Lederer

[Continued from page 31]

brought them together, did not think it would lead to marriage, but I was sure it would. Margo and Lederer had a natural affinity for each other. Margo, and only Margo in Hollywood, could give Lederer the spiritual union and understanding he craved. . . . So the other day, in their apartment, Margo told me in detail how she met and married Lederer.

"ONE night Jerry Asher took me to Francis' house for dinner," she recalled. "He had told him about me. I found him a very interesting young man. When I read your story in *MOTION PICTURE* I got the impression that he was very serious. But now I saw he had a sense of humor, too. He could laugh. I have no objection to seriousness; I'm serious myself, but what makes life so wonderful is the ability to laugh.

"It wasn't love at first sight. I liked him very much, though. We met again at lunch the next day. Then he went on location and I didn't see him for a few weeks. I never thought I would marry him. I couldn't imagine such a handsome and successful person falling in love with me. He says he knew from the very beginning I was the one girl he wanted to marry. As we came to know each other better, we found we were interested in the same things, could laugh together at the same things, and I liked him better and better.

"Still, I considered him only a good friend, and marriage was the farthest thing from my mind. I felt that a person like him deserves a girl whose career would be to make him comfortable, make a home for him. I didn't know whether I could attend to the job of being a good wife and a good actress and dancer at the same time. He proposed to me several times, but I couldn't give him a definite answer. I was afraid, and not because I didn't love him. I was afraid of marriage. I realized that when I married I would enter another world, and I was very cowardly about it.

"Well, to make a long story short, on the night of October 15, 1937, a year-and-a-half after we first met, he was in my house, and we were talking about marrying. I realized that if I didn't do it that night, I never would, and that I would never know any more about him than I knew right then, unless we got married. It wasn't a question of whether I could live with him, but without him. I felt, I couldn't. And so, at last, I said 'yes.'

"I wanted our wedding to be as simple as possible," she continued. "I felt I'd run away if there was to be any ceremony. I'll never, never forget the glorious sunrise we witnessed that morning, on our way to Las Vegas. It was the most beautiful morning you can imagine, as if God had transformed nature into a grand cathedral for us. Before we went in to get our marriage license at Las Vegas, Francis took me aside and told me he would do everything in his power not to make me regret it. I was shaking, my knees threatened to collapse under me. I realized for the first time that this wasn't just another pleasure trip Francis and I were making, but we were going to get married. The very thought of it terrified me, but I was also very happy.

"We went to a church and prayed for five minutes. Marriage is such an important step in one's life, that it needs a great deal of praying. Then we went to the house of what

do you call? Oh, yes, the justice of the peace! I was glad it was he who was going to pronounce us man and wife. But I told Francis I would take out the word 'obey.' I didn't believe, I told him, in obeying anybody. I didn't mean it though."

There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. "The justice of the peace read every word slowly and thoughtfully. I answered him in a loud, booming voice, but Francis managed to utter only a few squeaks. It was funny. There was some mix-up in rings. Anyhow, the ring was finally produced and put on my finger. He had had my ring for a year. The optimist! I didn't have one. My aunt was weeping her head off. Francis had to carry me out in his arms, because, happy though I was to be his wife, I hardly had enough strength left to stand up."

THANKS to her husband, who is a combination of medieval monk and debonair cane-swinging boulevardier, with a dash of the eternal boy, Margo has been able to solve the problem which she dreaded before her marriage—reconciling the duties of wifehood with the discipline and obligations of her art as dancer and actress. When you have two sincere artists in a household, both tremendously serious and full of the joy of life, you are bound to have an instinctive understanding and appreciation of each other's problems and needs.

Margo has proved to be the "inspiration" Lederer was for so long seeking, and he, on his part, has been a source of courage and inspiration to her. To them life is a thing of beauty, keenly aware as they are of the sorrows and ugliness of the world in which they live. Lederer has spent a small fortune for the realization of a pet idea—World Peace—which certainly is not a one-man job, but I, for one, have nothing but profound admiration for his magnificent, even though a bit naive, idealism.

But to return to the more mundane affairs in the private life of these two passionate dreamers. Currently, Lederer is cavorting on the stage with all his Continental charm in the coast production of *Golden Boy*. The rehearsals made it necessary for them to move, temporarily, to an apartment house in Hollywood. Their regular abode is a ranch of 250 acres, 45 minutes' spin from Hollywood, commanding a superb view of San Fernando Valley.

They planted rose bushes, petunias and rhododendrons with their own hands. A woman servant cooks and takes care of Margo's clothes, while Lederer has a valet, a necessity for one leading such a hectic life. Both indeed, are the most bohemian dressers in Hollywood, totally devoid of clothes-consciousness, but very critical about each other's appearance!

Margo keeps good accounts and knows the value of the dollar, but she is so absent-minded when it comes to marketing that she might order turkey, be given pork chops instead, and she wouldn't know the difference. She is always thinking how she is going to play a scene or of something she has read she must tell Francis about. And she can't cook. She was always practicing a new step or reading a book when her mother cooked.

But even though she can't cook, Lederer will tell you she is the best little wife in the world, and she on her part will assure you she is rapturously happy with the most wonderful husband a girl could have.



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The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 14]

LOOKS like Betty Wood is going to join Joan Blondell as an ex-Mrs. Barnes. . . Betty, who dances, has slapped a divorcee suit against Cameraman George Barnes, who used to be Joan's hubby not so very long ago. Betty says that George just can't stay single-minded about his women—that despite being married to her, he went out with other women and got himself gossiped about—even in Hollywood!

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Greta Garbo and Mister Stokowski—Is their marriage on—or off-sky?

TALKING of the Garbo-Stokowski business, Ol' Man Tattler can assure you that nothing in many, many moons has so tickled Hollywood's sense of humor as the report that Garbo's mama doesn't want her to marry him. Imagine the mysterious, unearthly, so-different Garbo having anything so ordinary and prosaic as a mother. . . !

COUNT that month lost whose end Finds no West more love-item penned.

—and so your faithful Tattler hastens to pen this month's Westmore item: it's a boy at the Monty Westmores!

EVEN BET: When you read this, Gloria Brewster will probably be Mrs. Claude Twin Stroud.

JOTTERING up and down the hospital corridor, Bob Burns managed to wisecrack: "I hope it's a girl—because I don't want a boy to have to go through what I'm going through now!"

Two hours later, Mrs. Bob Burns granted Bob's wish. It was a girl. . . Proud Papa Burns ran home, got his bazooka, obliged news-cameramen by posing on the other side of a hygienic glass-screen, tooting a bazooka at his first-born.

CUPID'S COUPLET:

British Cecil Howard and pretty Frances Drake;

Are they incandescent?—why, for goodness' sake!

HOLLY-WOULD Like To Know:

Just exactly when Kay Francis is going to become the Baroness Barnekow? Whisperers whisper that it's going to be a surprise marriage, very soon. Kay, herself, insists that all the whispering in Hollywood can't rush her—and that she won't marry Raven Erik until midsummer or early fall, at the earliest. See page 29.

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Studios Scream For Him

[Continued from page 34]

Pogany merely shrugged his shoulders.

I haven't the slightest idea where THAT particular domestic picture of John Barrymore is, now. But I do know that the domestic picture that embraces John, Elaine, and Elaine's mama (John's mother-in-law, by heaven!) is plain in Hollywood.

THEY live—idyllicly, it is said—in a rented Beverly house. All together, for mother-in-law Jacobs lives there with John and Elaine. For the most part, all is serene. If it were all serene all the time, it would be suspicious. That is why it seems quite reasonable that now and then there's a bit of a tiff. Hollywood every now and then giggles over the details of some public battle that has been staged between John and Elaine. But by now, Hollywood has learned not to hail these occasional entertainments as the prologue to another John-Elaine separation. They're just—oh, dear!—"love spats," it seems...

As a well-known columnist once cracked: When John and Elaine quarrel, it's in Grand Central Station; when they make up it's at a microphone!

The fact remains that today—more than a year and a half after that airplane-elope-ment-marriage-in-Yuma-when-John-had-to-borrow-two-bucks-from-Elaine-for-the-license, back in November of 1936—John Barrymore is still utterly gaga about Elaine Barrie, the girl who's 33 years younger than himself.

"She is," he says, without even a wiggle of an eyebrow, "the most brilliant woman I have ever known."

"She is," he soberly assures me, "a great actress."

He even descends from the crackling heights into platitudinous observations about happy marriage. With the minimum of four-letter words, he says: "Marriage IS a fifty-fifty arrangement. One must make concessions. It is give and take. We try to understand each other."

CERTAIN it is that he and Elaine practice what he preaches, in those words. Elaine, for example, is one of the world's worst sailors. John, on the other hand, loves boats. So what? So they go boating. True, John doesn't own a yacht any more. His beloved "Infanta," whereon he and Dolores at times, and boon companions at other times, went a-sailing, went the way of other possessions during the bleak, black days not so far back. But John can again afford to charter boats, buy ship tickets. He does—and Elaine, swallowing hard, goes along.

On the other hand, Elaine just loves concerts. John thinks they're the blank-blankest bore extant. So what? So John escorts Elaine to concerts. He dresses up in hard shirts and collars, sits down with Elaine and mother-in-law Jacobs, and listens dutifully to Debussy and Brahms and Wagner and what-have-you? Now and then, he probably admits to himself that he'd rather be joining in a convivial chorus of "hinky-dinky-parley-voo," but inasmuch as Elaine goes yachting with him, why shouldn't he go concerting with her?

Turn about again: John loves prize-fights. Elaine isn't hot about them. But among Hollywood's most regular prize-fight-goers are Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore. After the fights they go to a nite-club or two, and that makes up the balance, because

while Elaine likes them, they're too la-de-da in John's eyes.

Those old brass-rail days are another past-tense chapter in John's life. He has learned that indulgence mixed with age is about as safe as gin mixed with gasoline. And, incidentally, you needn't ever hush-shush around John Barrymore about that age question. He's 56. Or is it 57? He's even been quoted at 60.

"I don't give a blank what they say about my blank age," bellows John, these days. "I'm blank blank blank sick and tired of lying about it! I've been blank blank blank sick and tired of lying about my blank blank blank age for many blank blank blank years!"

TOO, John has discovered that an ounce of prevention, et cetera. So he carries a trainer around with him. Every day, the trainer puts Barrymore through a good stiff hour's physical workout. That has worked wonders. His waist is still leaner than any man of 56 or 57 or even 60 has a right to expect. His eye is clear, his skin is firm, his step is strong, his chest sticks out. And his eyebrows are in wagging form.

John sticks to his self-denial regimen earnestly. If he shows a sign of slipping, his trainer puts on the brakes.

THEY yearn for the stage, do John and Elaine. They make elaborate plans. Right now, John has bought the rights to a new play called *My Dear Catherine*, and there are plans afoot for it to be produced first in San Francisco in August, and then on Broadway. It is the story of a girl who reforms her wild-oats-sowing father. Elaine would play the girl, John the father.

"I should do it well," he contends. "Have I sowed wild oats?"

But personally, I don't think it's likely that the plan will mature. Hollywood wants John too earnestly, and what Hollywood wants, it takes. It's not probable that John will escape those fat movie contracts long enough to co-star with Elaine in any stage play, for a long time to come. It will disappoint both John and Elaine. But the numbers that are written in those movie contracts are great disappointment—salve. And John has never been one to put his Art before his check-book.

So he will probably go wending his way, with his Elaine, through the Hollywoods for a long time to come. These little spats they will have, now and then, are not to be taken seriously, any more than John's occasional visits to the hospital. He is a bit susceptible to what they call ptomaine, now and then.

Age has mellowed John, but little else. He may still be depended upon for an occasional incident or remark that will give Hollywood food for chuckles or guffaws. Usually they're the sort of thing that has to be retold and retold in intimate groups.

Hollywood still loves John always will. Hollywood accepts, admires, respects Elaine. And all the time, Hollywood wonders what John Barrymore will do next. Why, Hollywood wouldn't even be surprised if John had another baby to add to his other children.

As a matter of fact, I know he's considered it, himself.

"Let's," he once suggested to Elaine, "for the sake of my reputation, have a baby."

"Let's," countered Elaine, "for the sake of my figure, not!"

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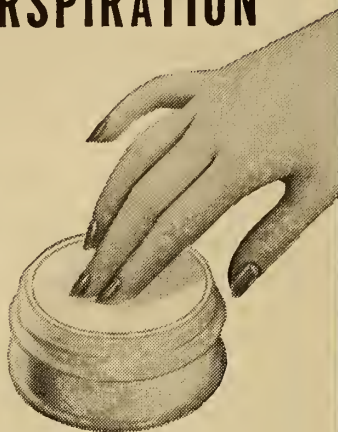
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Kay Francis Signs Lifetime Contract!

A Baron takes a Queen. A nobleman from Germany and a queen from film-land have discovered each other. This we all know—but the public has not been informed of the amazing motive behind this scintillating star's betrothal announcement!

Get the July issue of **SCREEN BOOK** for a detailed, inside story in which Kay Francis gives an exclusive interview. Other absorbing stories in this all-star issue include:

ROSALIND RUSSELL'S NIGHT OF TERROR!

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SCREEN BOOK

10c

What A Girl Needs Most In Hollywood

[Continued from page 55]

down to protecting yourself. You're sensitive, or you wouldn't be acting. You're easily hurt. So you go out of your way to avoid hurting other people, and—they return the favor.

"Acting can be fun—more fun, probably, than any other work on earth. Particularly for a girl. But it would be even more fun if you could concentrate just on acting. You can't. You have a thousand other things on your mind.

"On the set, your maid or your wardrobe woman is always hovering over you, patching your make-up, straightening your clothes. Your hairdresser is always fixing your hair, maybe in the middle of a rehearsal. You may have to eat lunch under a drying machine, to have a hair change after lunch. A prop man may spoil a love scene by sneezing. The leading man may go up in his lines at a crucial moment. *You* may go up in *yours*. On the sidelines, you can see your secretary waiting for you. Other people are waiting, too: publicity men, designers, photographers, script writers, reporters. Between scenes, besides talking to them, you have to go over your lines for the next 'take.' A thousand things complicate your life, crowd it with details. If you let yourself go, you could blow up a hundred times a day. Especially if you're tired, and so busy that you can't even think of a vacation—or, for that matter, have much of a home-life.

"I'M NOT complaining. Far from it. I'm just pointing out some of the confusion of life in Hollywood. I'm a realist. I believe in facing things as they are. And I'm just proving my point: You need an even disposition to simplify your life, smooth over the rough spots, have fun."

I asked Ginger if there had ever been a time when she was sorry she had a habit of smiling. She smiled, and said:

"Yes. I made a test once for a certain studio—one of the longest tests ever made. It ran for nine minutes on the screen. The test director was very proud of it. (Just between you and me, so was I.) But the producer said, 'Well, we'll take you. We'll be able to use you in small parts, here and there. But you really haven't a chance on the screen. Your smile is too big. It isn't ugly, but—it's unfortunate.'

"I dragged home, horribly depressed. I moped all evening. I kept looking in the mirror, trying to find out what made my smile all wrong. I didn't see how I could ever smile again without being self-conscious.

"Then RKO suggested a test. When this producer heard about it, he upped his offer fifty dollars a week. That was all I needed, to put everything I had into the RKO test. It looked as if this producer's not wanting to pay me fifty dollars more a week was what made my smile so 'unfortunate.'

P. S. Ginger worked two more nights, after this interview, on *Having Wonderful Time*. Then, for two solid days, she posed for necessary advertising and publicity art for the picture.

About that time, someone noticed that she was exhausted. She was given two weeks to rest before starting the strenuous dance rehearsals for *Carefree*.

And Ginger—who had never flown in her life—hopped a plane for an unknown destination.

Jitterless Jane

[Continued from page 50]

to a sharp-edged marble staircase. Traveling at about thirty miles an hour she cracked her head and back pretty hard."

"I had to do the scene over, too," said Jane, "because Mom jumped in to see if I was hurt."

"Another scene that had to be done over was in *Little Miss Nobody*. Harry Carey was supposed to be in a fight with another man, Jane had to grab some papers and run out of the door. She got right in the middle of the fight and got a punch on the nose. She didn't make a sound; just got the papers and walked out."

It was in *Gypsy*, too, that Jane nearly got run over. She and Rochelle Hudson were supposed to run across a street and Rochelle Hudson was to fall down and get run over. Of course it was to be done by a dummy—but it was Jane who was the dummy. She caught her heel in a street-car track and sprawled out right in front of an auto. It pulled up with the wheels touching her. Everyone was so flustered by the incident that when, a little later, they made the "take" again, nobody but Jane noticed that a studio sign-board had been left on the set.

MRS. WITHERS has had a hard time—but don't feel too sorry for her. She's got what she wanted and what she always meant to have: a daughter who was an actress.

Mrs. Withers decided on Jane's career not only before Jane was born, but before she (Mrs. Withers) was married; and she's been right after it ever since. She'd wanted to be an actress herself, been thwarted by her parents. So before she'd even accept Mr. Withers' matrimonial offer she made him promise that their first girl child should be trained to be a star.

To this pre-natally arranged career Jane, herself, only once offered any serious resistance. That was the only time on record or in the living memory that she has ever had an attack of the jitters and she was only two and a half at the time. She was already at a theatrical training-school. Program'd to lisp a piece at the annual pupil show-off, she stood out in the wings, and when her turn came crouched tearfully behind her mother's skirts, refused to perform. But that was her last act of non-cooperation. Before she was three Mrs. Withers had signed her up as a radio singer, impersonator.

Jane had a little cat and she was very fond of that, but she preferred the large police dog who went with her to kindergarten every morning. Leaving the dog was only one of the sacrifices the Withers made when Mrs. Withers decided to make the great trek from Atlanta, Georgia, to Hollywood, California, in search of fame. But that trek was nothing to the trek around the studios year after year. Five years of charity matinees, false starts, small parts with big chances—which ended, like a lot of other big chances, on the cutting-room floor—would have discouraged anyone less determined than Mrs. Withers. But eventually her faith was rewarded and the Withers family were reunited in a modern style farm house upon one of Beverly's Hills. And Jane could have as many pets as she liked to make up for the police dog.

Jane chose the ten-room house herself (it was right across the street from the University of California in Los Angeles and she looked forward to getting a grand view of the football games). Mrs. Withers approved be-

cause it was a model house simply crammed with labor-saving devices. The Withers moved in and the house was named La Californiana which is a model name, itself, though not labor saving. The devices include electric burglar alarms, gate-openers, washing-machines (dishes and clothes), garage doors that can be—and are—opened with one hand of a little child.

As to Jane's pets... well, she likes to tell about those herself. And about their dwelling quarters.

"My live pets," says Jane, "have special places to live. We have a knotty pine chicken-house where my ten turkeys, and twenty-four white Leghorn chickens, and two Chinese silkies (they're hens too), and ten pheasants and the baby bantams live. And we have little houses and run-ways where my dogs—Rex, a Belgian police, Lord Redfield, Jr., a champion Irish setter, two fox terriers, Scrappy and Danky, Corky, a Dalmatian puppy, Shadow, a Scotty, and two cocker spaniels, Buddy and Tippy, play. My four cats—the three Ritz brothers and Snow White (I recently changed its name from Snowball) are all over the house and very good friends of the dogs. Senorita cries if you don't talk to her. She lives in her cage in the patio. Ranger and Maud, the big turtles who live in the cactus garden, eat lettuce out of my hand. I also have Dizzy and Daffy, baby goats, a guinea pig and a real live baby fox, but the neighbors objected to these so some friends are taking care of them for me. The last time I counted there were 189 tropical fish in our pond, but it's pretty hard to get them sorted out.

"Then, of course, there are my horses. Red Fox, a chestnut sorrel, and Bingo, the buckskin pony I got from Jackie Searl."

JANE is an excellent rider. One time when her stand-in's mount got out of control, Jane galloped after her, caught the reins and got control of the horse.

Jane's love of animals is one of the things that have made Mrs. Withers' heart beat faster than nature intended. There was the time Jane was crazy over the circus. Mrs. Withers got two frights. First when she came home and found Jane in the yard practicing bareback circus tricks on Bingo's back; next, when Jane joined the circus for a day.

When the circus owner promised Jane that she could be a clown in the show for one performance he didn't reckon with the length of Jane's memory. Jane kept right on after that promise, even to bullying her family into getting the special permit which was required by the Board of Labor. So she got into the circus... and terrified her mother by fondling one of the lion cubs—which wasn't such a cub as all that.

Then there are the stories about her hobbies: her 600 dolls of all nations—and how she is learning geography by fitting them into suitable backgrounds and occupations.

One day when I was up at the Withers' listening to all these stories about Jane, Jane got bored and went outdoors. Soon I could hear the pop-pop-pop of a motor scooter tearing around the house. Mrs. Withers was just telling how this was Jane's latest hobby when bang... crash!... we rushed out of doors to find Jane standing cautiously in front of a large gap in the fence.

"It's all right, Mom," she called cheerfully. "The scooter wasn't damaged at all!"



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Heartlines Behind Kay Francis' Headline Romance

[Continued from page 29]

completely from the scene and not try to double up on careers.

"Don't misunderstand me. I'm grateful, terribly grateful, to films and to the public for the nine successful years that I have had, and the support that has been given me. No one is fool enough to ignore the truth that I have had an exceptional opportunity, one not given most women, to become financially independent. That, to me, because I have worked almost all of my adult life, has meant a great deal. So, very naturally, I am grateful.

"As for permanent retirement from the screen," continued Kay, taking another sip of the purple grape, "the answer is probably 'no.' I reserve the right to return and make a film, every now and then, as I feel that I want to, and if I find the right story, director, and all those things that are so important. After all," she said with a positively effulgent smile, "I couldn't be expected to turn my back, absolutely, on something that has been so much a part of my recent life, could I?"

Effulgent is probably the word that best expresses the Kay Francis of the moment. She has the radiance of a woman in love; a sublime indifference to events that might have infuriated her not so long ago. Last summer she sued her contracting studio because they did not star her, as they had promised, in the film made from the stage success *Tovarich*. The suit was finally adjusted. Now she shrugs her shapely shoulders, tawny from sun-tanning, and laughs when she is cast as the mother of six children in *In Every Woman's Life*.

IN LOVE, Kay has not always been a realist. On too many occasions she had led with her shapely chin, and taken the count from Kid Cupid. It is reckless to attempt to tabulate the number of times that tall, talented, humorous Kay has been in love. Her marriages have been three, each one entered into with the hope, even the prayer, that at last she might find what she sought—companionship, devotion, a monogamy that didn't grow stale with the things that usually corrode matrimony.

What was wrong with her marriage to the socially qualified William Gaston, Dwight Francis whom she divorced in Paris in 1925, (and whose name she kept for her professional career), and Actor Kenneth McKenna who married her in 1931, no one knows. Francis is not the one to say. "I have never known why an actress should not have the same privacy about her personal life that a business woman has," she has always said. And she still says it.

"I will talk on anything," she says. "Recipes for white sauce, knitting, plays, books, dogs, tennis, but I refuse to give out intimate gossip about how I live my life. I don't mind telling that my real name is Katherine Edwina Gibbs and that my middle name is a compliment to a favorite Uncle Edwin in our family. And that my mother was an actress by the name of Katherine Clinton, and my father's name was Joseph Sprague Gibbs; that my theatrical name came about quite by accident. I was married to Dwight Francis when I made my first appearance with Basil Sidney in a modern version of *Hamlet*—I did the Queen in the play within a play. Quite naturally, my legal name was Katherine Francis, and it was shortened to Kay to fit

the marquess. No, I don't mind things like these, and sitting talking like this in an interview, but I do stop short at boudoir revelations."

Herr Barnekow—the Baron, if you will—is less accustomed to Hollywood publicity tactics. Although Kay halts, absolutely silent, when events surrounding her marriage are mentioned, her fiancé answers romantic questions with simplicity and a considerable evidence of what is Teutonically known as *gut kinderstube*. In fact, Baron Barnekow, with an eleventh century title, wears the outward signs of "good nursery," good family, good breeding, with a great deal of continental charm.

"Yes," he answers, with sincerity. "It was love at first sight . . . on my part."

THIS meeting between famous film star and the member of an old world family took place in July, last year, as it should, in the home of the Countess Dorothy di Frasso. It was a perfect setting for an international romance. The Countess' home with its swimming pool, its tennis courts, its spacious lawns and many-roomed house.

To Baron Barnekow all this meant nothing. It meant, simply, that he had been for years a friend of the Countess', of her brother New York's Bertrand Taylor, of the Countess' Italian husband, and he was meeting another one of their friends when he met Kay Francis. Barnekow knew Kay Francis as a motion picture actress, and as a beauty, but he was not prepared for the unaffected young woman, in her early thirties, who dropped in at the Countess' for a little afternoon tennis on that hot July afternoon in 1937.

To Kay, the Baron was a delightful man in his forties who had been a part of von Richthofen's pursuit squadron in the World War. Later, she discovered that he was officially credited with fifteen air victories; was wounded once. Too, that in 1914, Barnekow had joined his father's regiment in the Royal Horse Guards, and then, in 1916, was transferred to more dangerous service with the Royal Air Force. Gradually she learned that his mother is the eldest daughter of the late philanthropist Count Sholto Douglas, founder and owner of the Westerdeln Potash Mines; and that his aunt, Countess Angus Douglas, Princess of Carolath, is a cousin of Empress Hermine, wife of the Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. There were other excellent connections, too. The names of Moltke and Van Rensselaer and Schulenburg—pre-Hitler names, all of them; backbone of a deposed monarchy—ran through Barnekow's reminiscences.

"But I want you to know that I consider myself an American," Barnekow has said, on occasion. "I am not just another arrival in Hollywood from a foreign land. I have been in the United States since 1922 and have applied for citizenship papers."

What interested Hollywood most when Kay began to be seen more and more with the tall, blond, distinguished-looking German, and less and less with Scenarist Delmar Daves, her constant companion for several years, was that Herr Barnekow was a business man. He was not just another pond-jumper with a title, out to snare a glamor girl—with money. The Baron's family controls two chemical works and one mineral water plant in Germany, and Barnekow is heir to his father's castle

and country estates in Pomerania, Northern Germany, where he was born on March 10, 1897. Specifically, he plans to erect an aircraft factory in Southern California for the building of commercial and military planes. It means that the Barnekows will live in Southern California.

"Oh, yes, I am quite sure that we will," says Kay. "My Coldwater Canyon house is just finished—it's the first home of my own that I have had in California—and I am sure that we will use that as a starting and stopping place for our travels. But don't ask me any more about our plans."

However, the carpenters' hammers are already knocking out noisily in the quiet canyon as an additional wing, obviously designed for a male occupant, is started on Francis' new house. The home, small, compact, comfortable, will need it. "I haven't even a guest-room in the house," Kay says. It's not because she has no friends, but because she seldom entertains. When she does, it is for small dinner parties that include the smarter Hollywood set; the set that manages to get away from film-making occasionally, and is as much at home on the French Riviera as it is in nite-clubs. The Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, are friends, and for Sylvia Fairbanks Kay is neatly stitching a petite point backgammon table-cover.

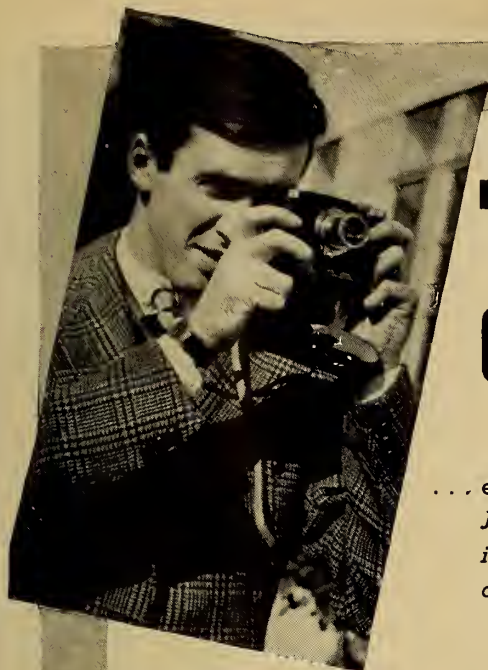
FOR anyone who is as engagingly worldly as Francis, with her *soignee* get up, her general awareness of the smarter things of life, she is made unorthodox by her love of domesticity. Seldom does a girl who can stalk her way through the French menu without getting dizzy care about messing around in a kitchen making white sauce and grilled lamb chops. Francis does.

Certainly in all of Hollywood's glittering annals, there never has been a star who more enjoyed a good hearty belly laugh. And often at her own expense. As an example, there is the traditional story of *La Francis* and her inability to pronounce the letter "r." All of her career, Kay has been dogged by the fact that she has not been able clearly to enunciate words that contain "r." She has been the critics' game ever since she first tried to say "favorite" and "weady."

"I made up my mind on *Angel of Mercy* which was the story of Florence Nightingale," tells Francis, "that I would make one picture in which I would not be forced to drop an 'r' so we went through the script, all of us, writer, director, and myself, and eliminated and substituted other words for every one that contained an 'r.' Only once did I have to pronounce the heroine's first name, and I practiced that until I did it right."

"The only real trouble was when we got to the oath that all nurses take and that was full of 'r's.' We managed that. I learned it, so that every 'r' came out clearly, and then we shot the film. When the picture was released, I waited for the critics' notices. Always before, they had said 'The R-less Miss Francis Back in New Film' or something. This time the sillies wrote 'Miss Francis, Complete with 'R's' Back in New Film.' Isn't that stupid? They didn't stop to listen and hear that there were practically no 'r's' in the whole film. After that, I gave up trying to perfect my 'r's.'"

This is the manner of girl who will become Baroness Barnekow; fun-loving, domestic, lazy (by her own admission). glamorous Kay Francis.



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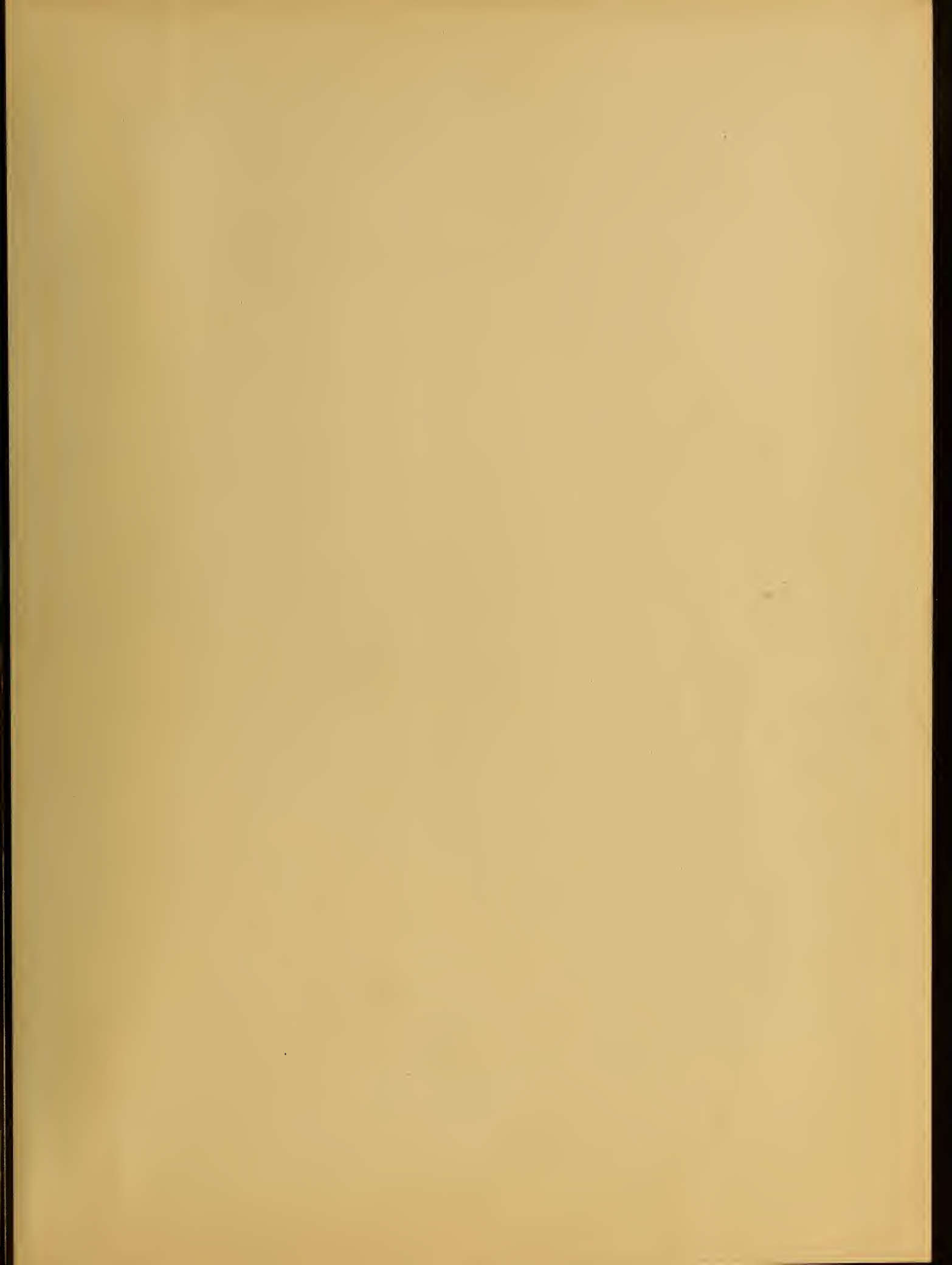
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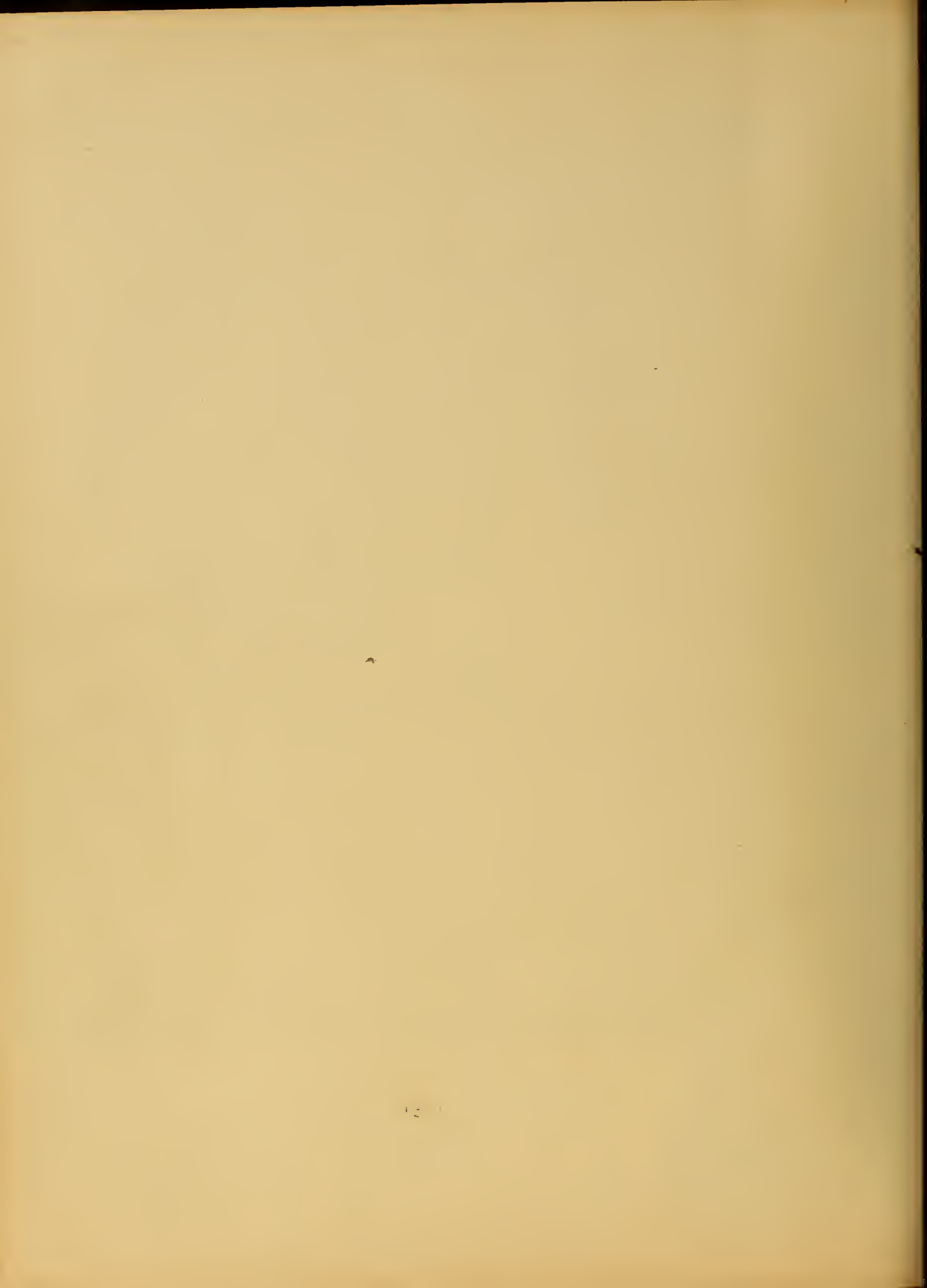
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